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THE WELLS OF SALVATION:

SONGS FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL,

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUL 5 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY

JOHN R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

(Authors of "The Quiver," "The Garner," Etc.)

PHILADELPHIA:

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PREFACE

In that day there shall be a Fountain opened to the house of David for sin and for uncleanness.
Zech. xiii. 1.
I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.
Isa. xliv. 3.
With joy shall ye draw water out of the Wells of Salvation.
Isa. xii. 3.
The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.
Pr. xiv. 27.
The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.
Jn. iv. 14.
Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.
Rev. xxii. 17.
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
Ps. xxiii. 2.

May the eternal truths contained in these Songs and Hymns, as rills from the Wells of Salvation, carry joy and refreshing to many souls.

JOHN R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

FOR an explanation of HOOD'S NOTATION, adopted in this work, the musical student is referred to *The Quiver of Sacred Song*, page 3.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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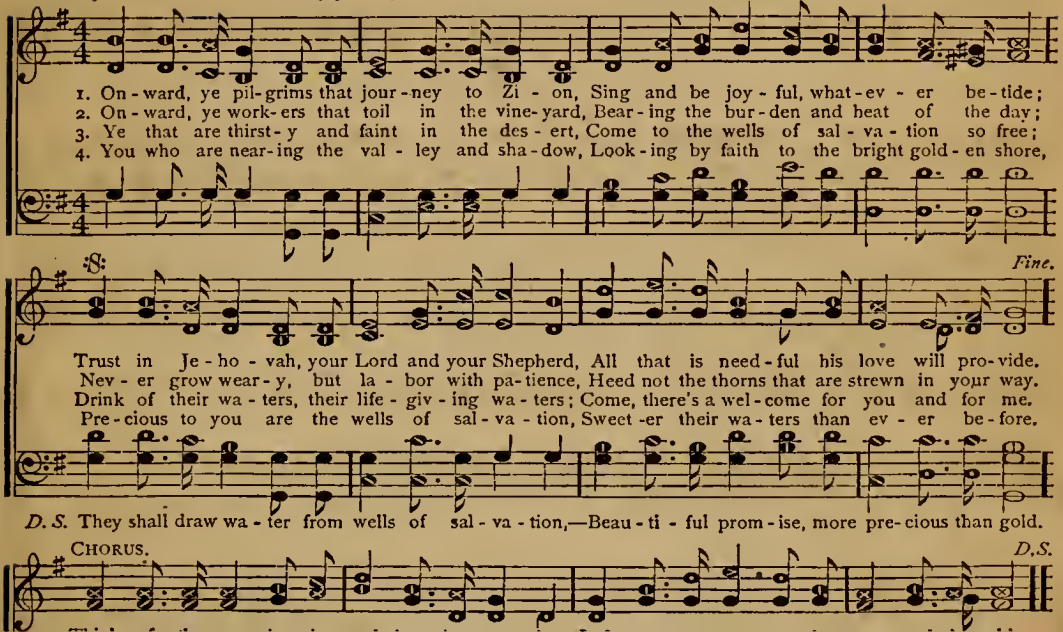
JOHN J. HOOD,
Electrotyper and Publisher.

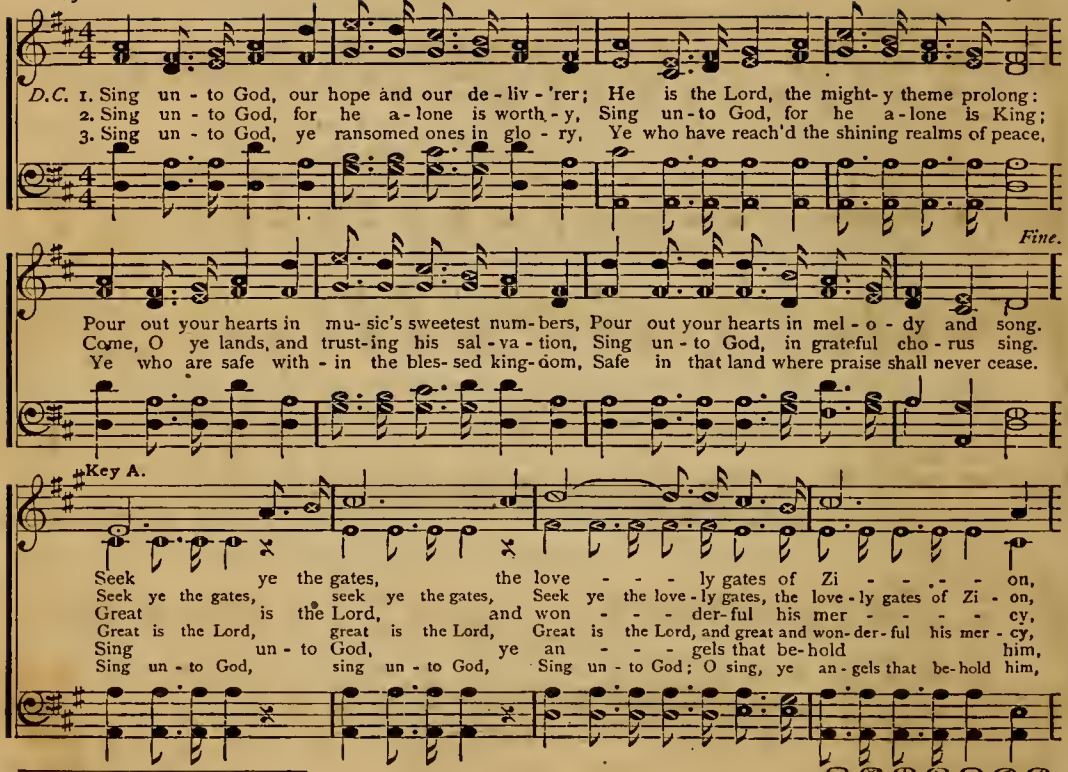
THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isa. xii. 3. JNO. R. SWENEY.



Sing unto God.

F. J. C. W. J. K.



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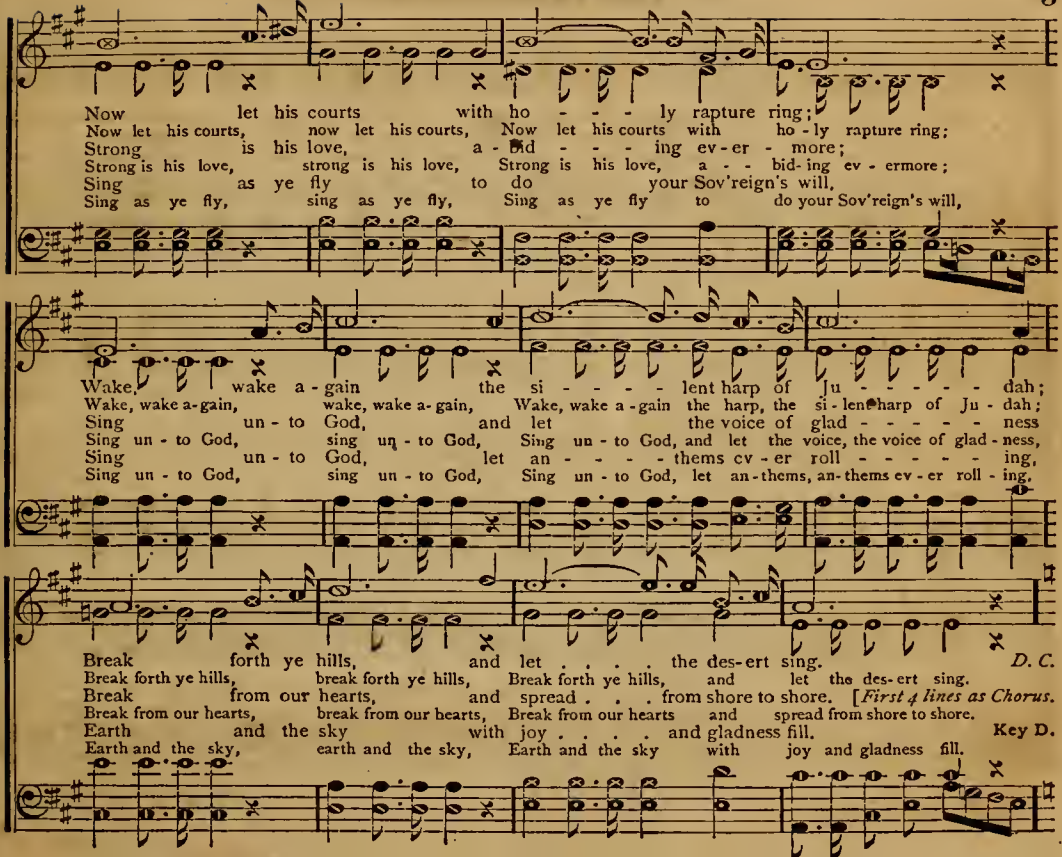
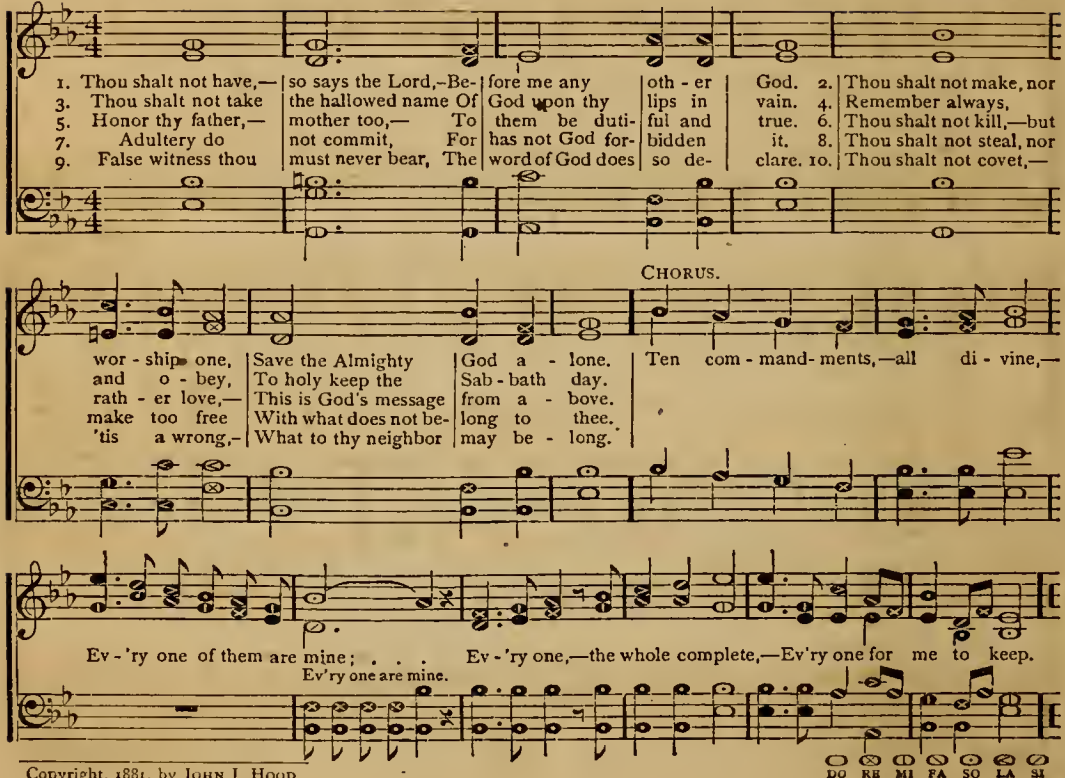

Now let his courts with ho - - - - ly rapture ring;
Now let his courts, now let his courts, Now let his courts with ho - ly rapture ring;
Strong is his love, a - bid - - - - ing ev - er - more;
Strong is his love, strong is his love, Strong is his love, a - - bid - ing ev - ermore;
Sing as ye fly to do your Sov'reign's will,
Sing as ye fly, sing as ye fly, Sing as ye fly to do your Sov'reign's will,
Wake, wake a - gain the si - - - - - lent harp of Ju - - - - - - dah;
Wake, wake a-gain, wake, wake a-gain, Wake, wake a-gain the harp, the si - lent harp of Ju - dah;
Sing un - to God, and let the voice of glad - - - - - - ness
Sing un - to God, sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, and let the voice, the voice of glad - ness,
Sing un - to God, let an - - - - - thems ev - er roll - - - - - - ing,
Sing un - to God, sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, let an - thems, an - thems ev - er roll - ing,
Break forth ye hills, and let . . . . the des - ert sing. D. C.
Break forth ye hills, break forth ye hills, Break forth ye hills, and let the des - ert sing.
Break from our hearts, and spread . . . from shore to shore. [First 4 lines as Chorus.
Break from our hearts, break from our hearts, Break from our hearts and spread from shore to shore.
Earth and the sky with joy . . . . and gladness fill. Key D.
Earth and the sky, earth and the sky, Earth and the sky with joy and gladness fill.

The Ten Commandments.

W. H. Flaville. Exodus xx. 3-17. Jno. R. Swenev.



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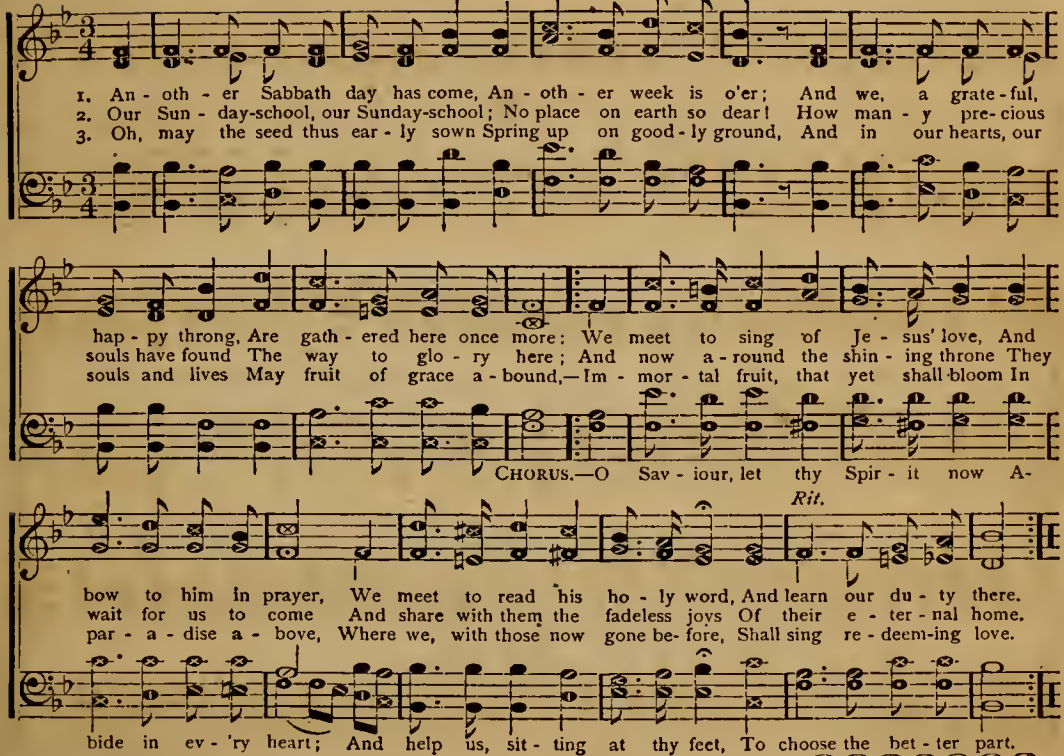
Opening Hymn.

F. J. C. T. C. O'KANE.



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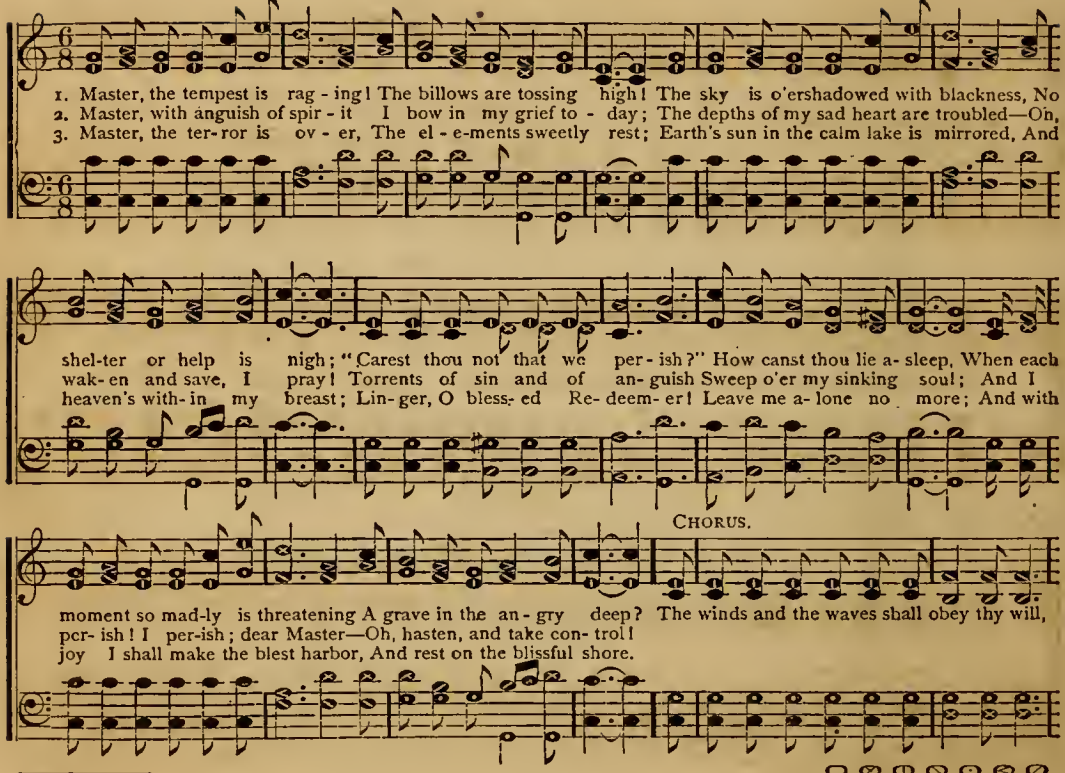
M. A Baker.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. Palmer.



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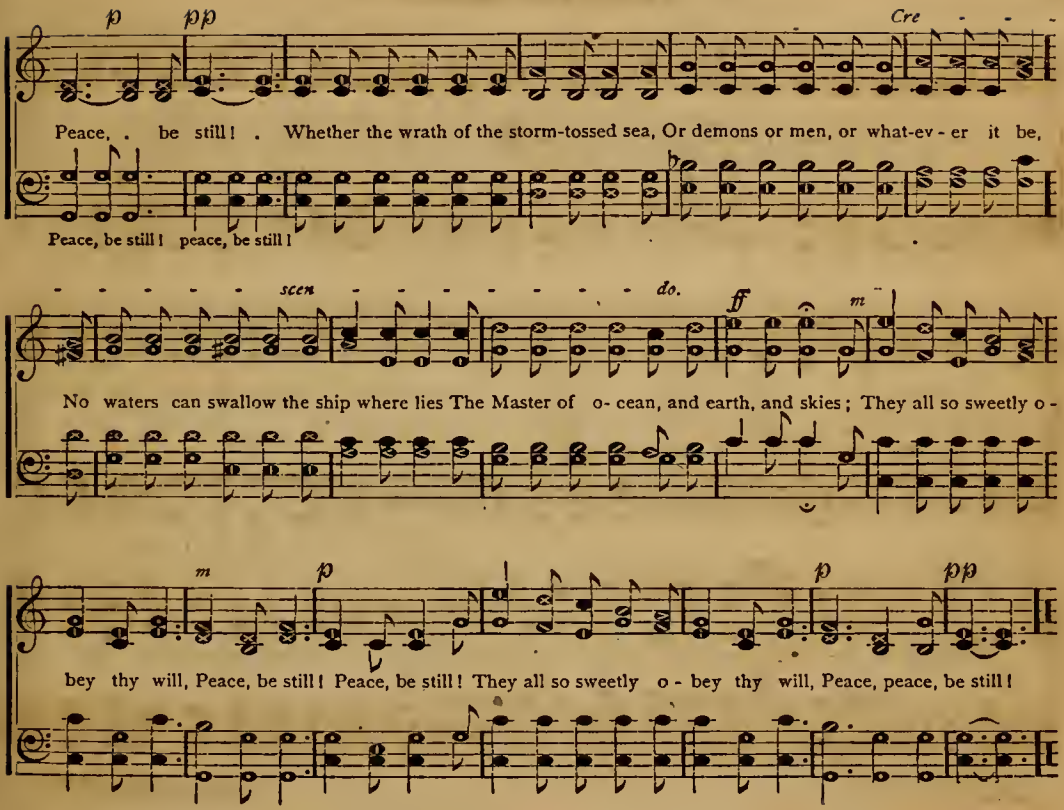
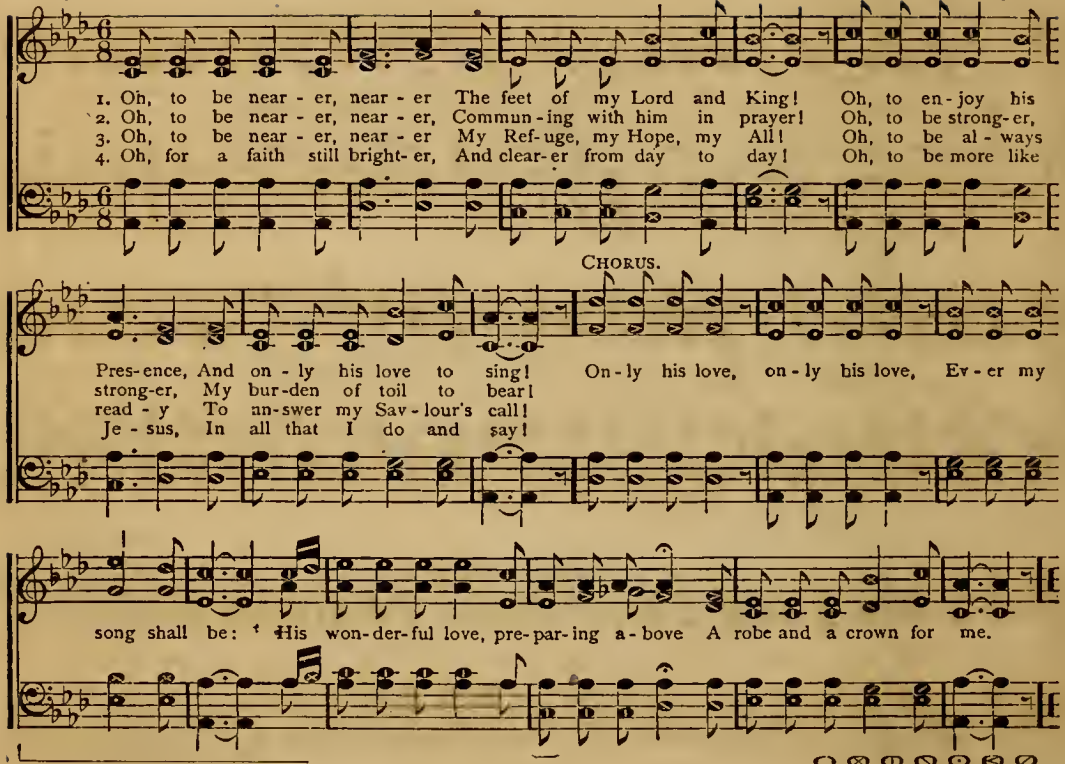

p
pp
Cre
Peace, . be still! . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or what-ev - er it be,
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
scen
do.
ff
m
No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of o- cean, and earth, and skies; They all so sweetly o -
m
p
p
pp
bey thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o - bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Only His Love.

F. J. C. W. J. K.



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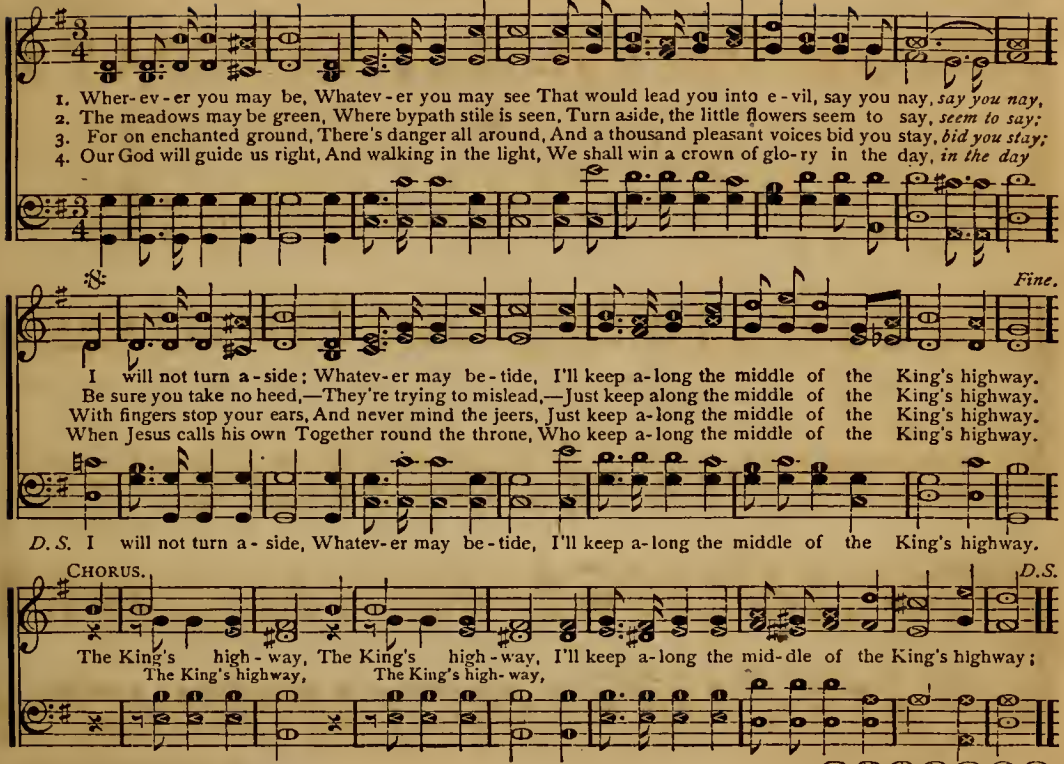
The King's Highway.



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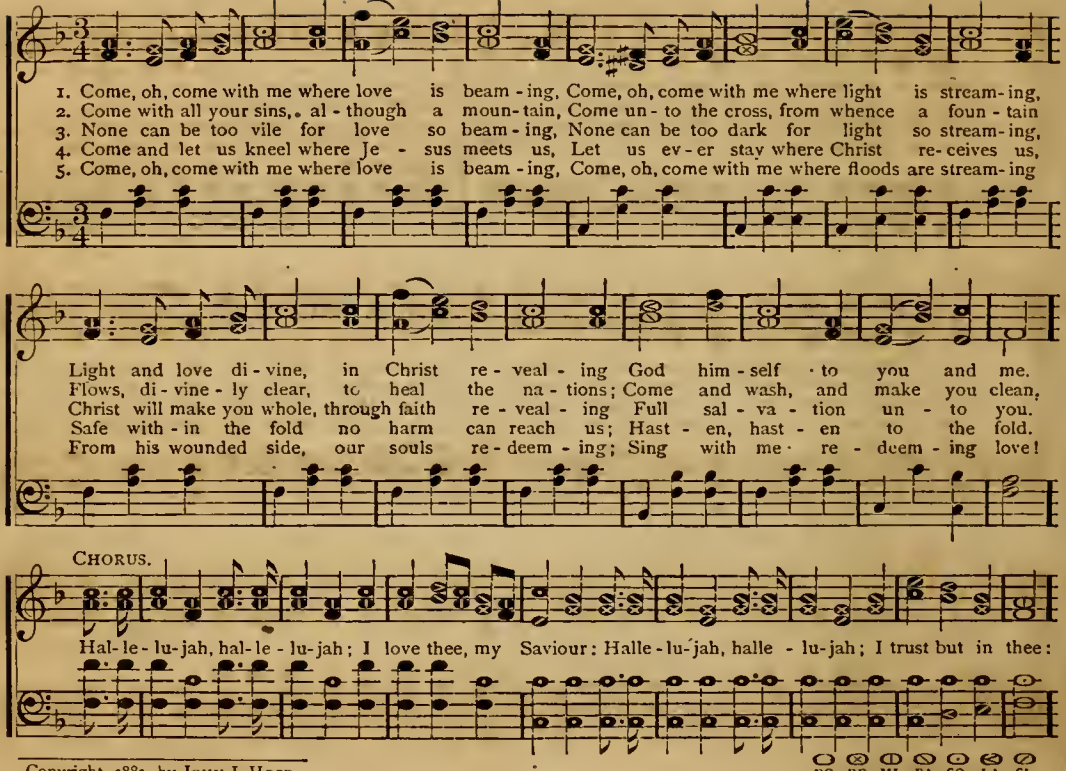
Come, oh, come.

Mrs. Edward Anderson. J. R. S.



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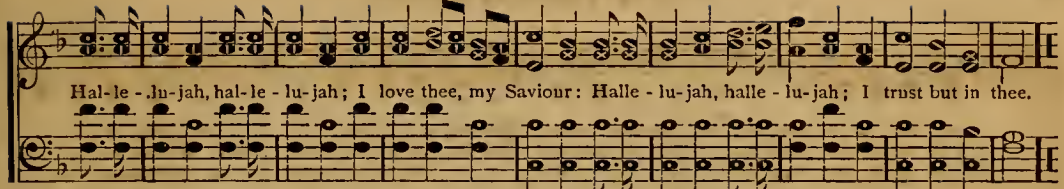
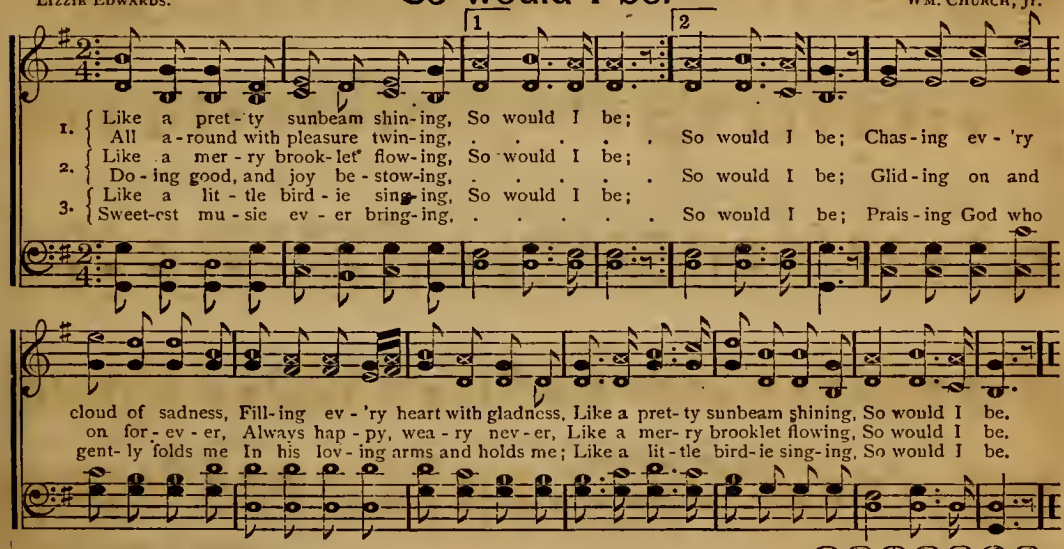


LIZZIE EDWARDS.

So would I be.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.



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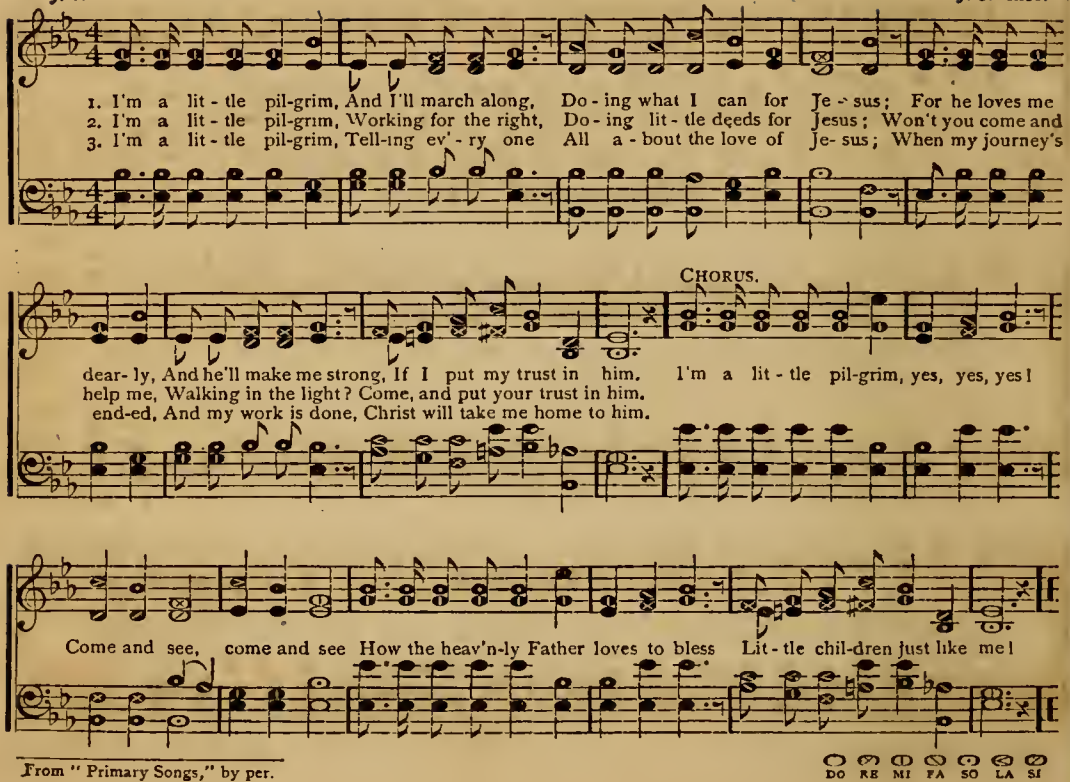
I'm a Little Pilgrim.

J. C. M. J. C. MACY.



From "Primary Songs," by per.

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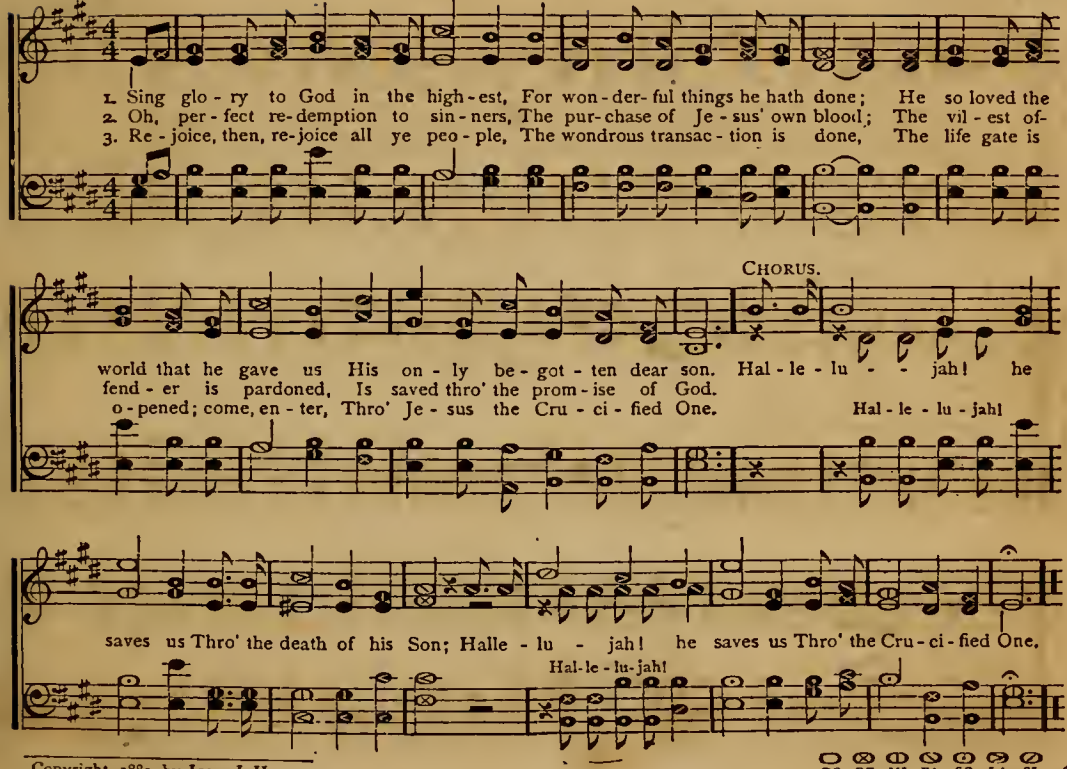
Hallelujah, He Saves Us.

FRANK M. DAVIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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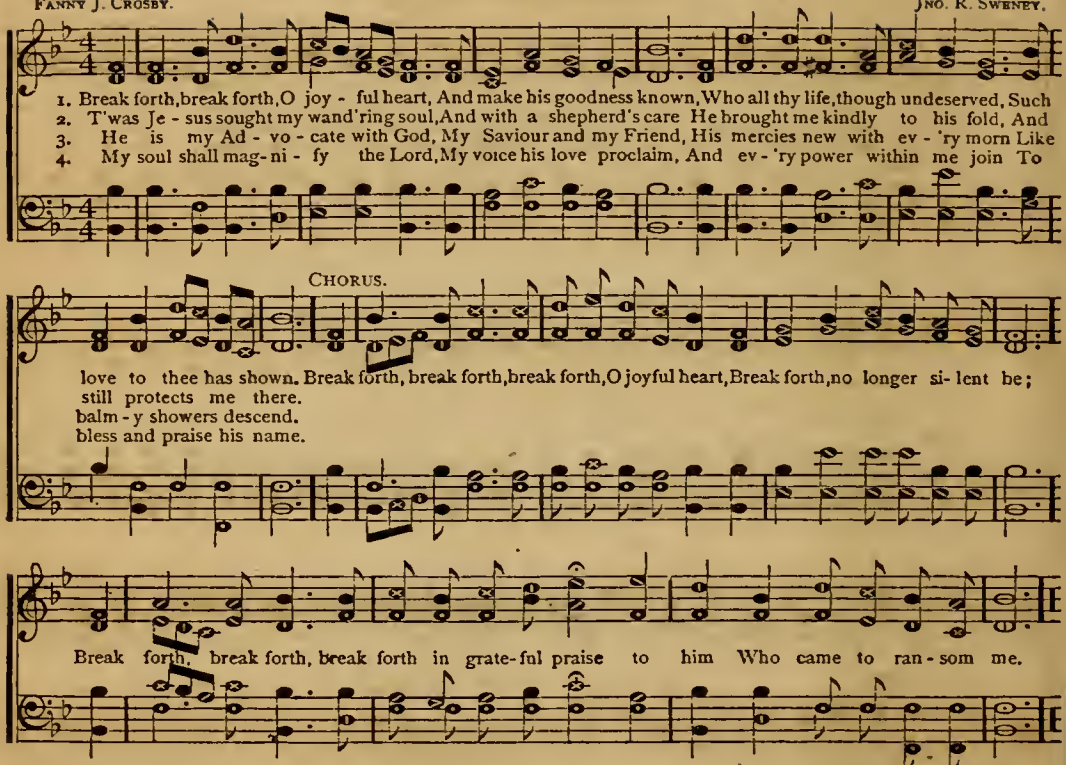
Break Forth, O Joyful Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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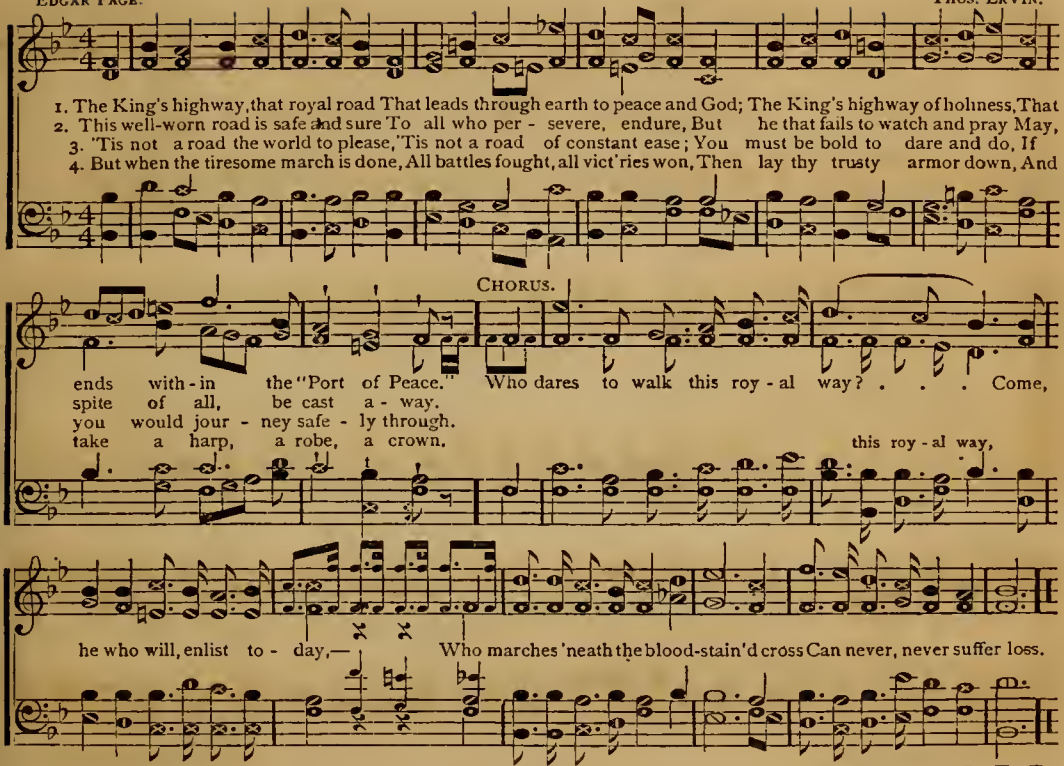
The Royal Road.

EDGAR PAGE. THOS. ERVIN.



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[Small notes for Cornet or Organ.]

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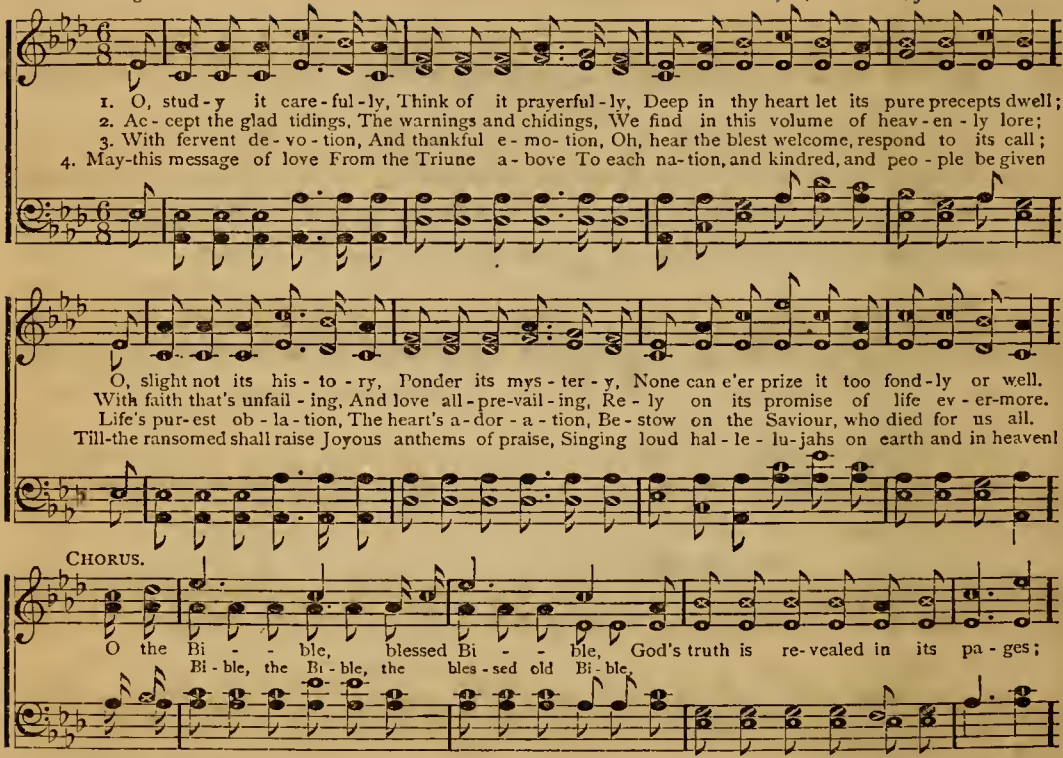
The Bible.

Words arranged. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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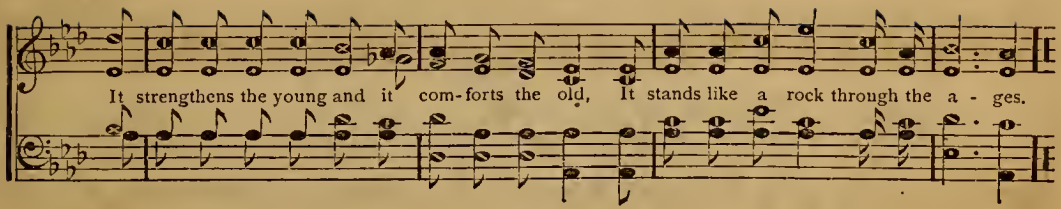
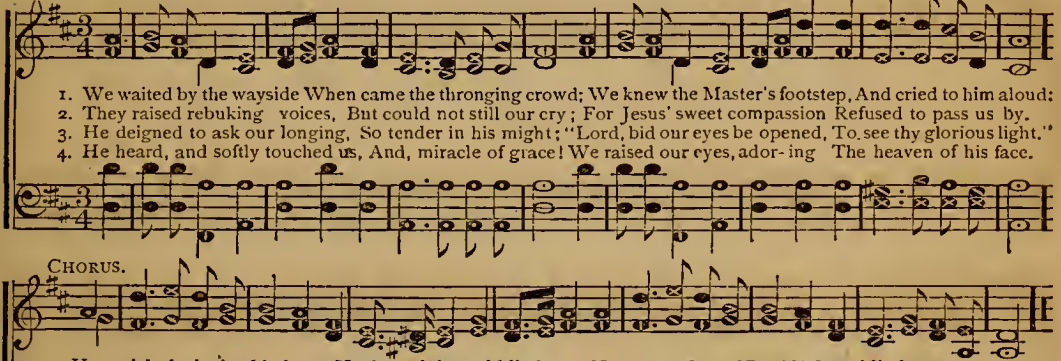


Answered Prayer.

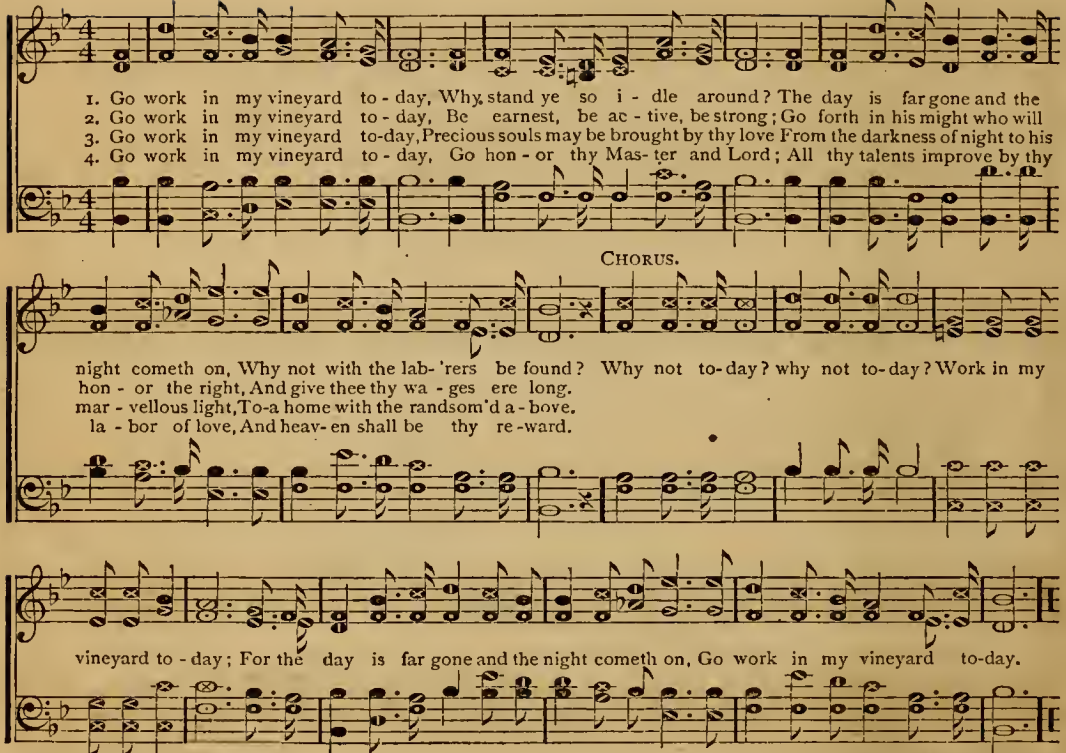
FLORA B. HARRIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



Work To-day.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

Wm. M. Morris.



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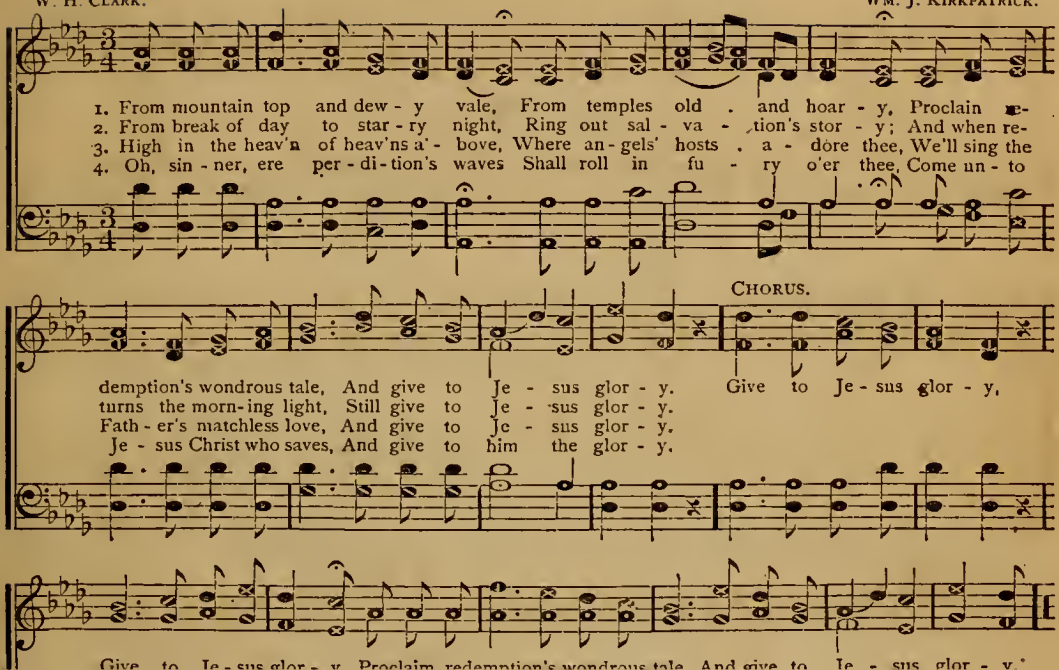
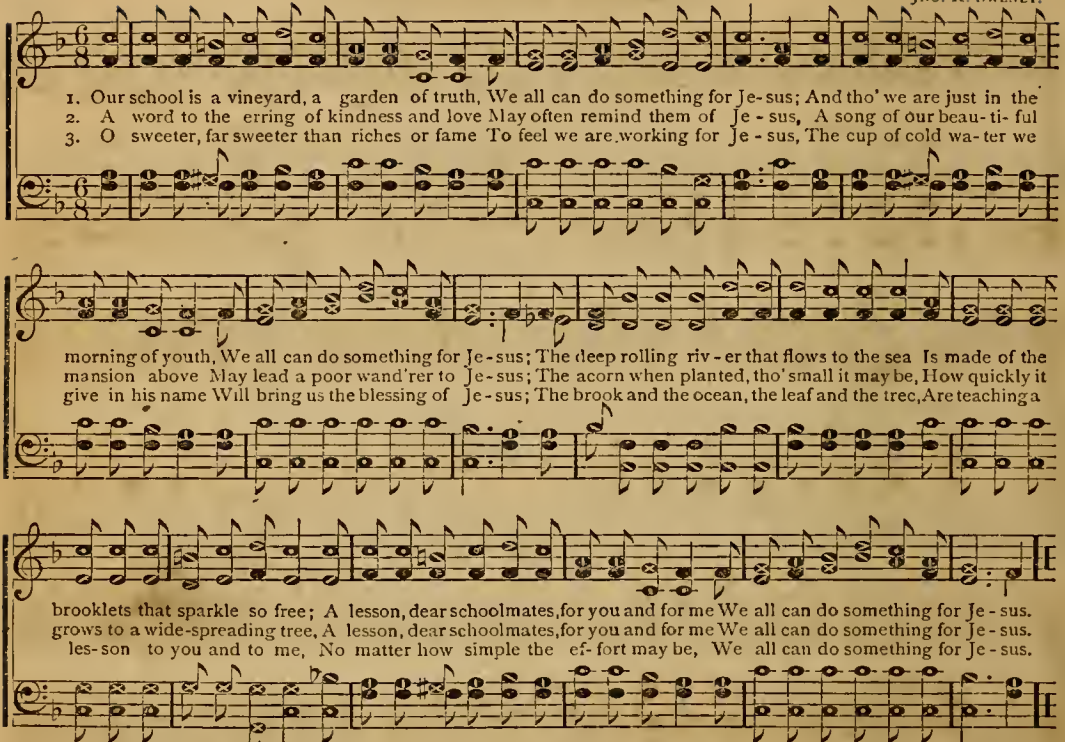
Give to Jesus Glory.

W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



We all can do Something for Jesus.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



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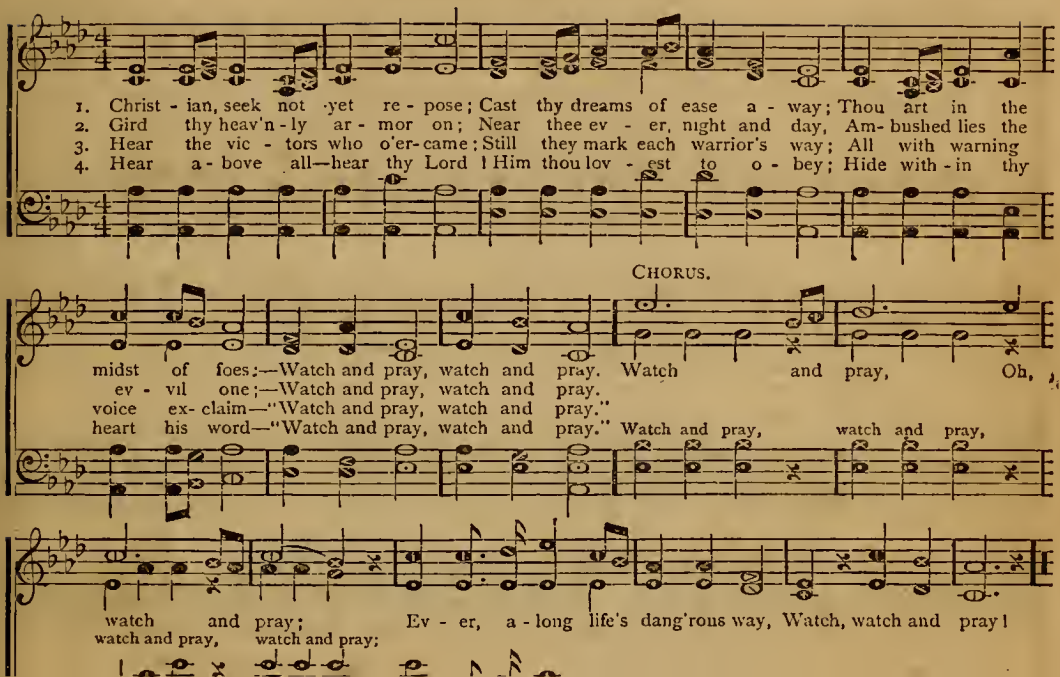
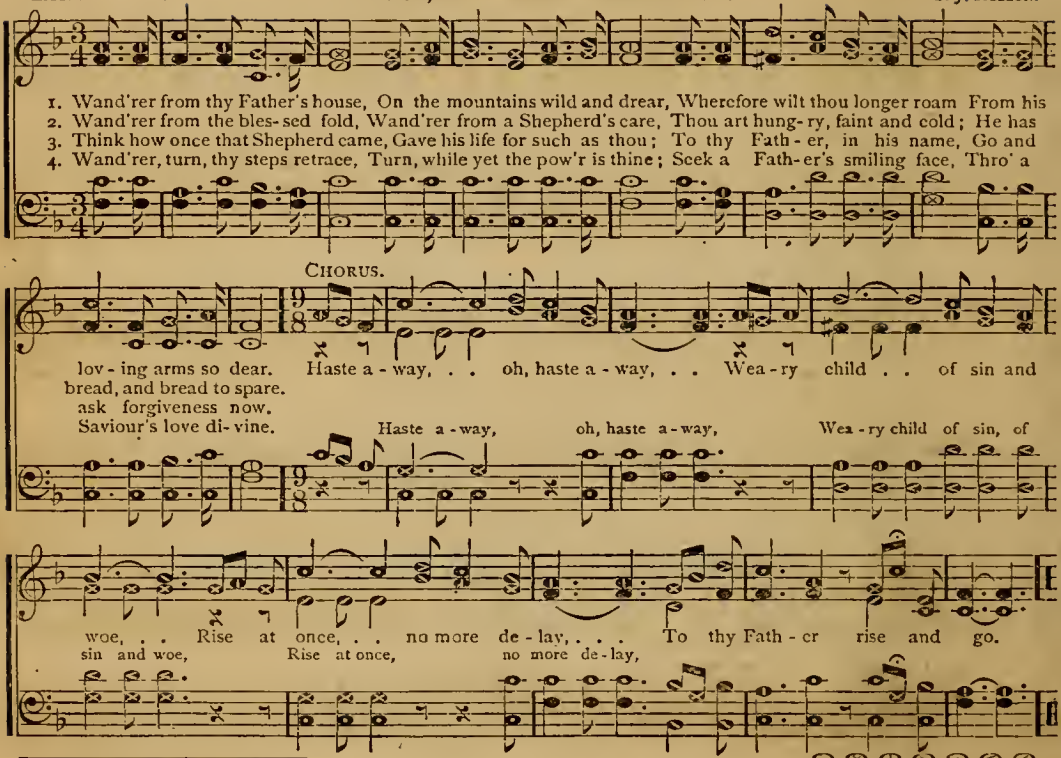
Watch and Pray.



To thy Father Rise and Go.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. "He arose, and came to his father."—Luke xv. 20. S. J. ROBSON.



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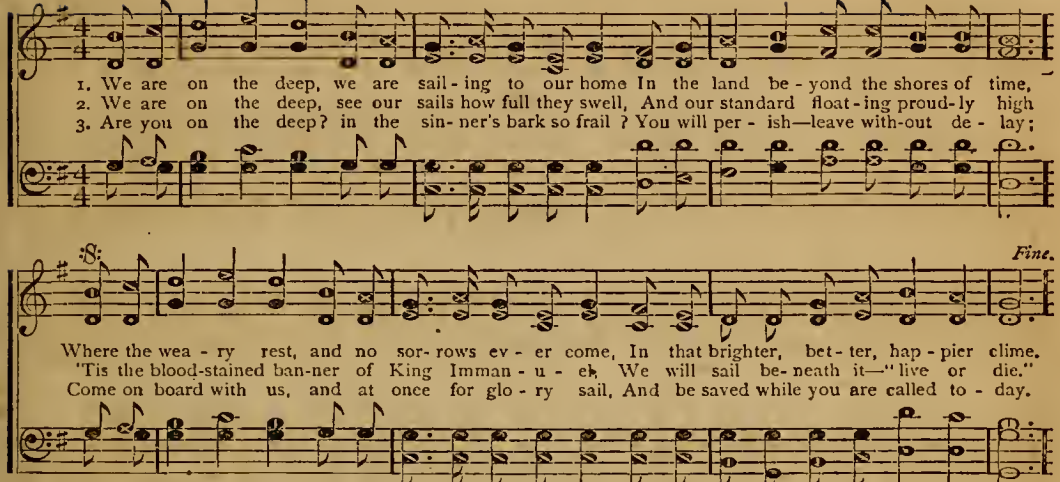
The Old Ship.

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea."—Mat. xiv. 24.

T. C. O'KANE.



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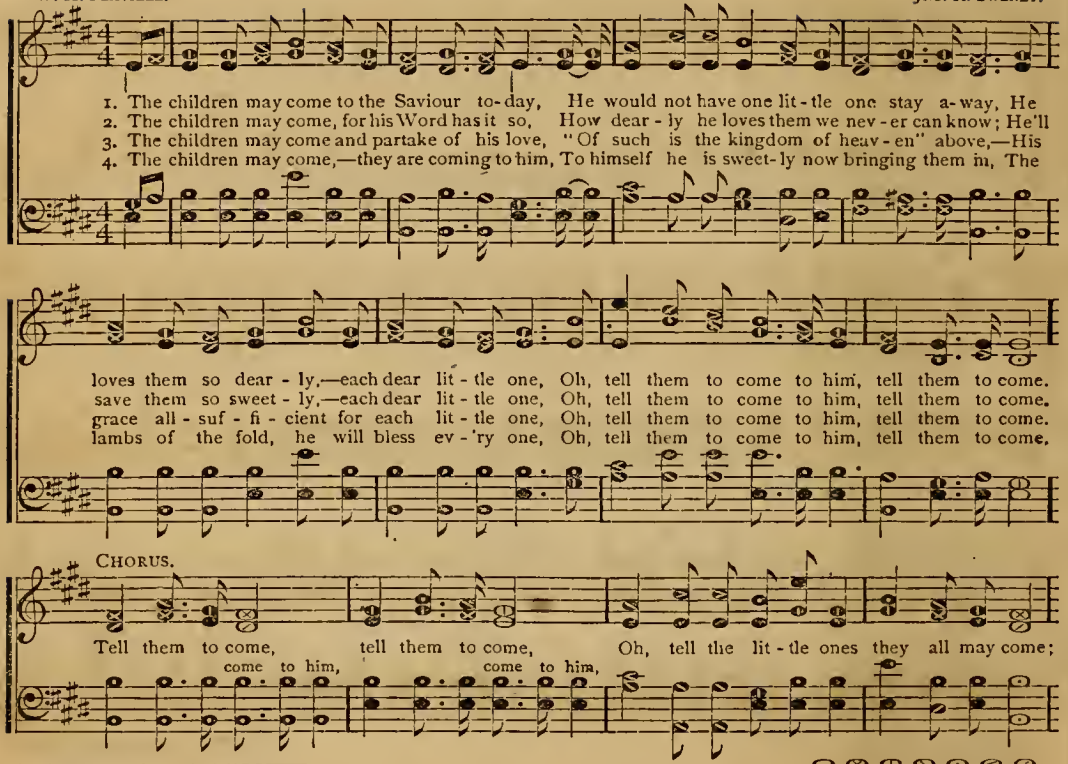
The Children May Come.

W. H. Flaville. Jno. R. Sweney.



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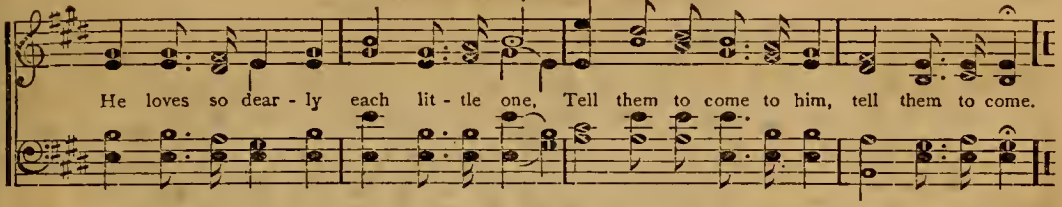
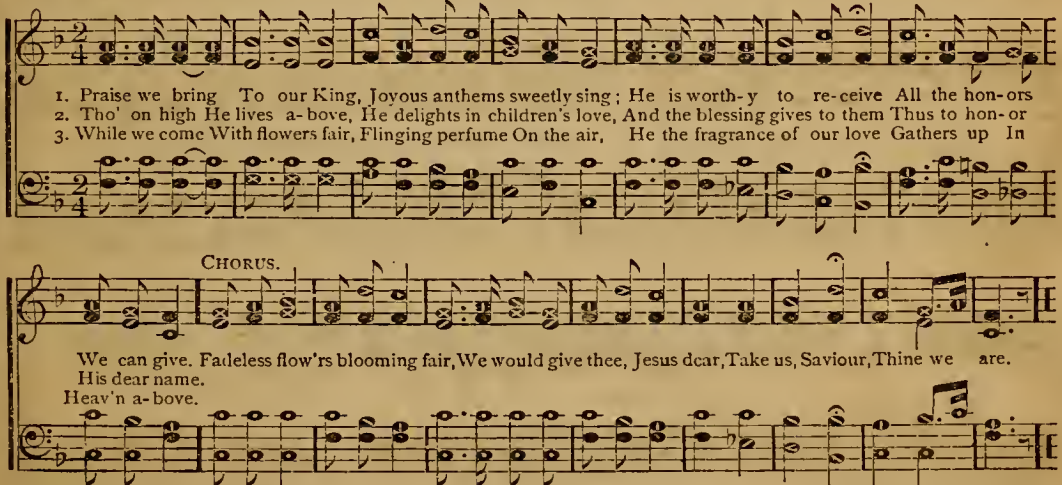


Fadeless Flowers.

Mrs. A. M. Chance. Jno. R. Sweney.



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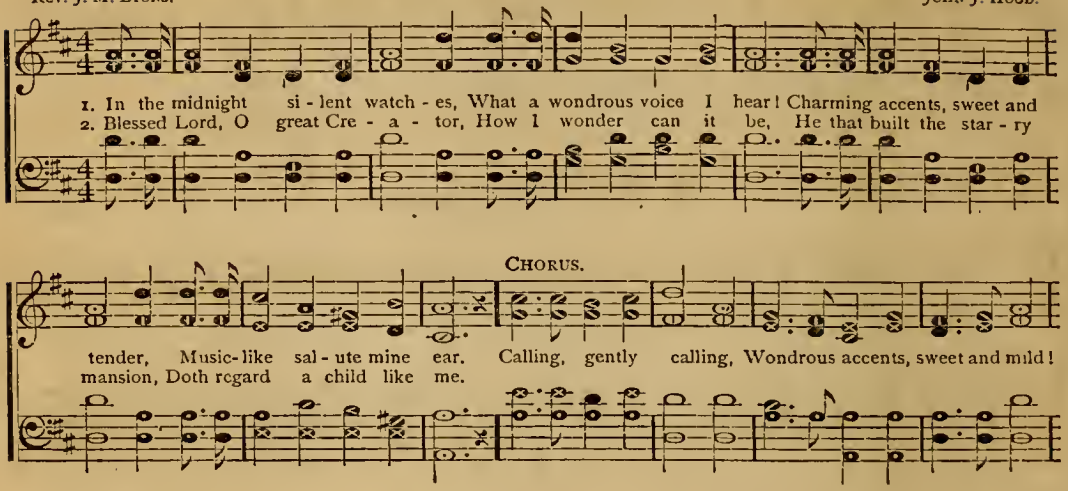
Calling, Gently Calling.

"And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth." 1 Sam. iii. 10.

Rev. J. M. Lyons. John J. Hood.



3 There again I hear thee calling,
In such tender accents near;
Her am I! oh, yes, I listen;
Speak, and I will gladly hear.

4 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth;
Help thou me to understand;
Here I wait to do thy errands,
And obey, Lord, thy command.

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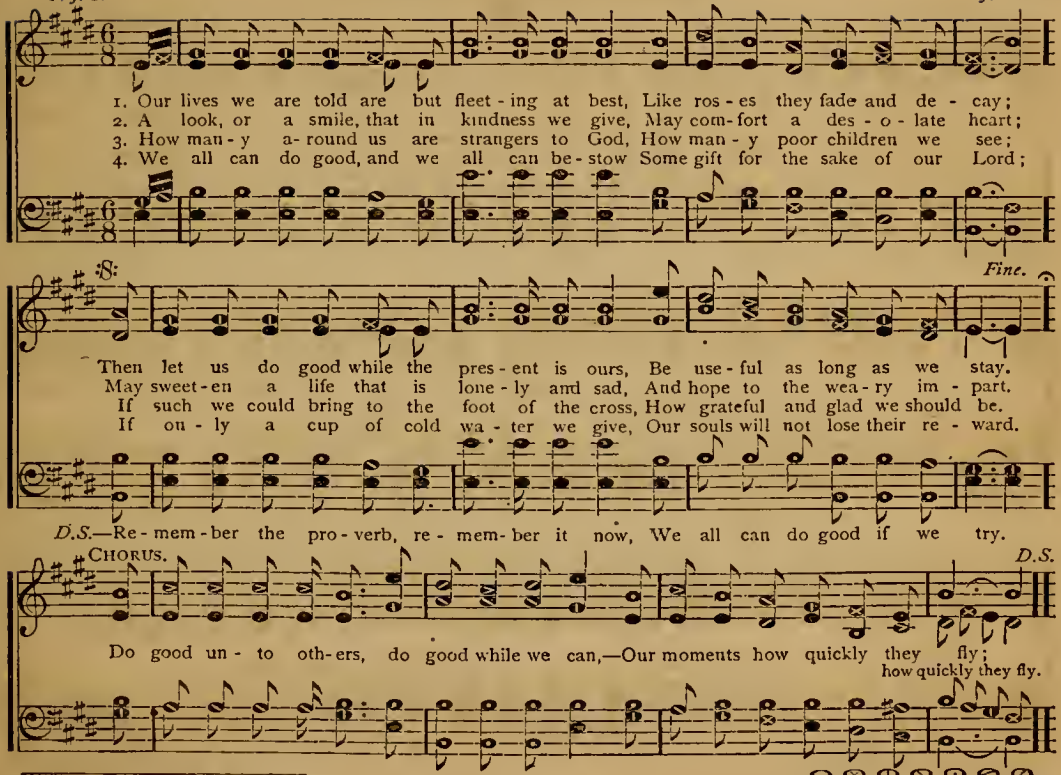
From Silvery Echoes, by per.

We all can do Good.

F. J. C. J. R. S.



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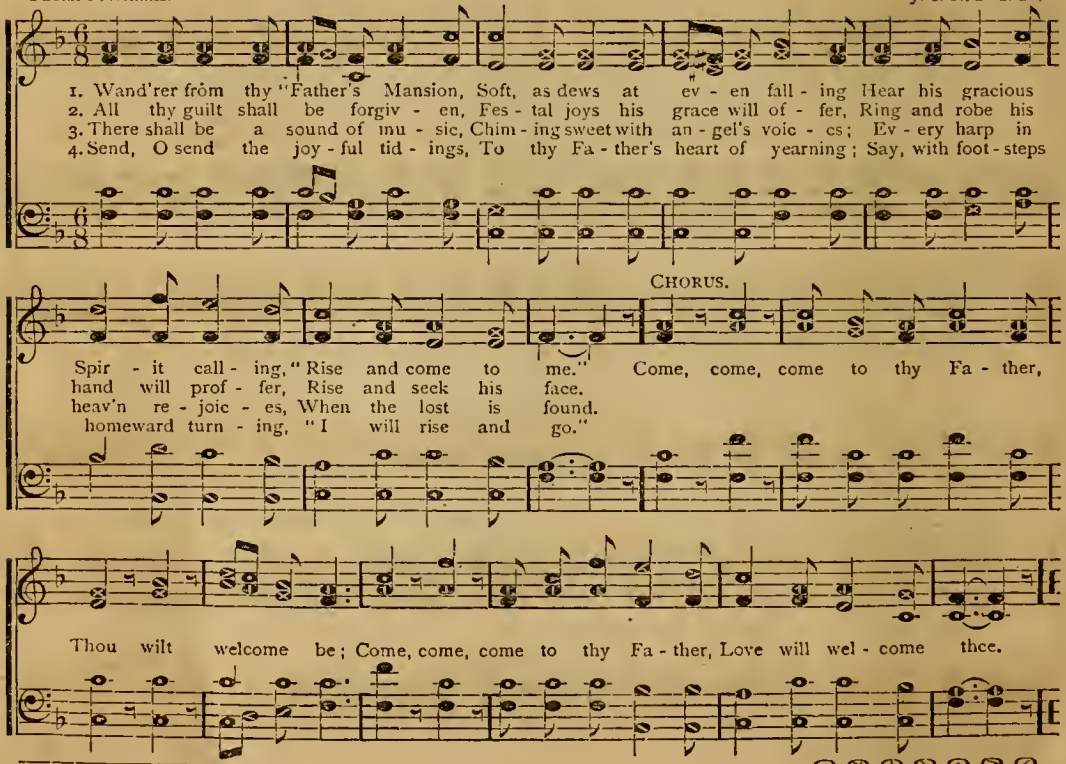
Come to thy Father.

FLORA B. HARRIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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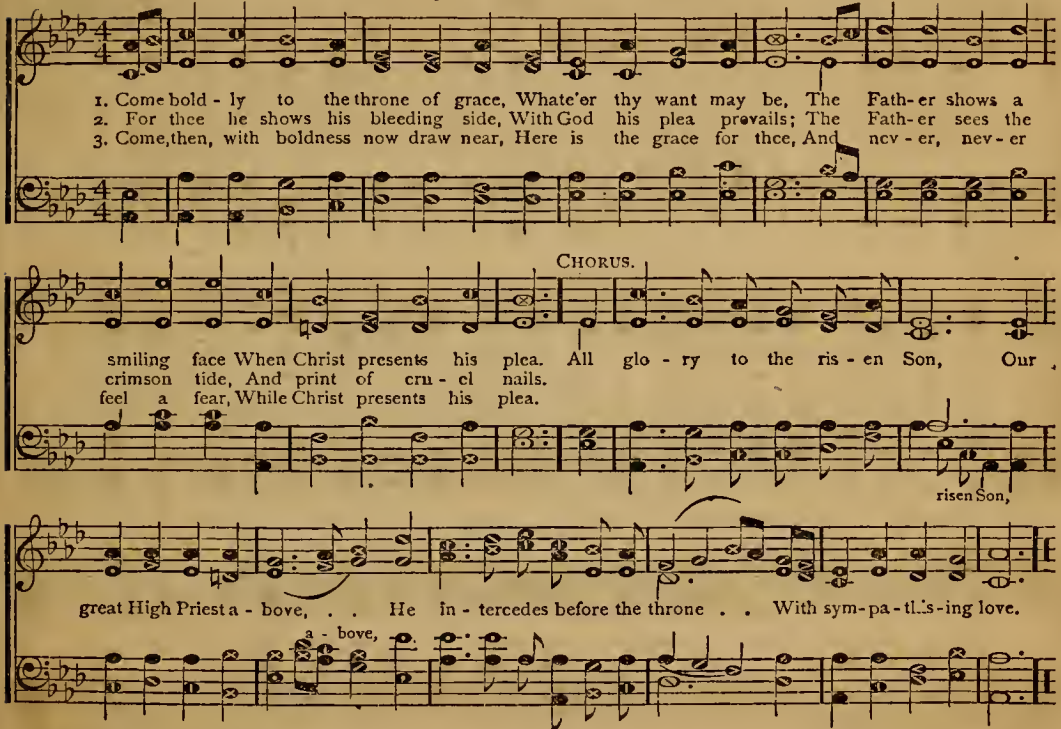
Our Great High Priest.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv, 16.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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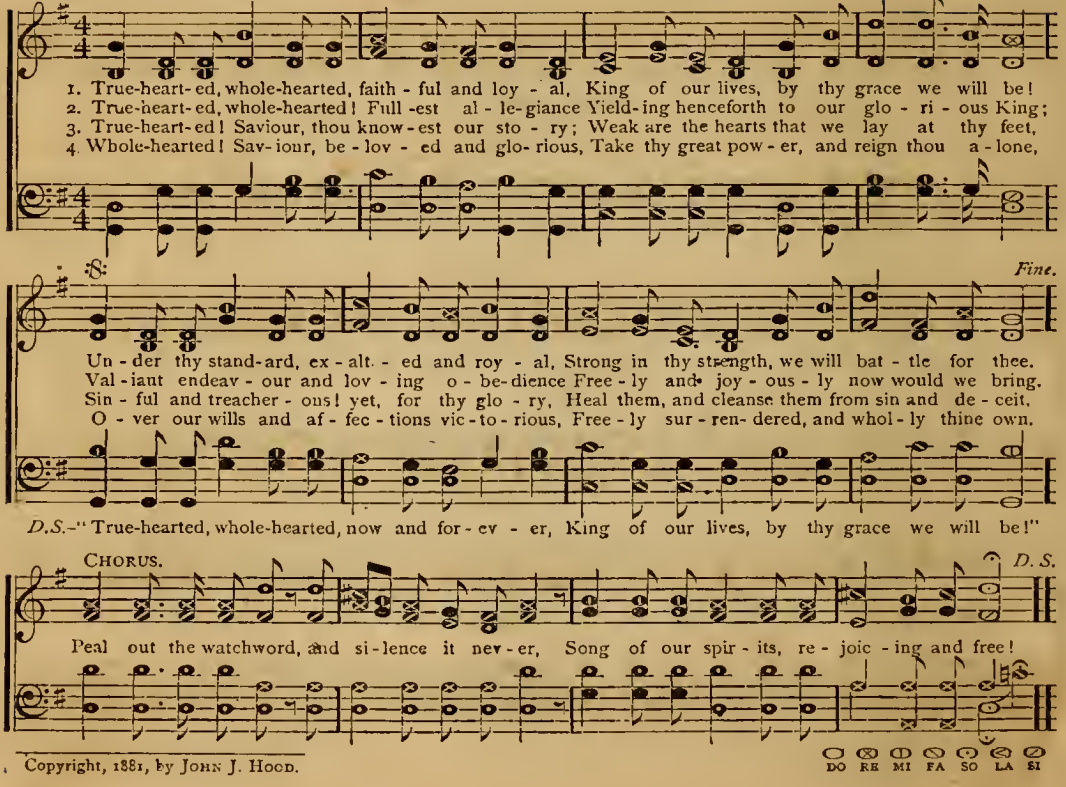
True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. W. J. K.



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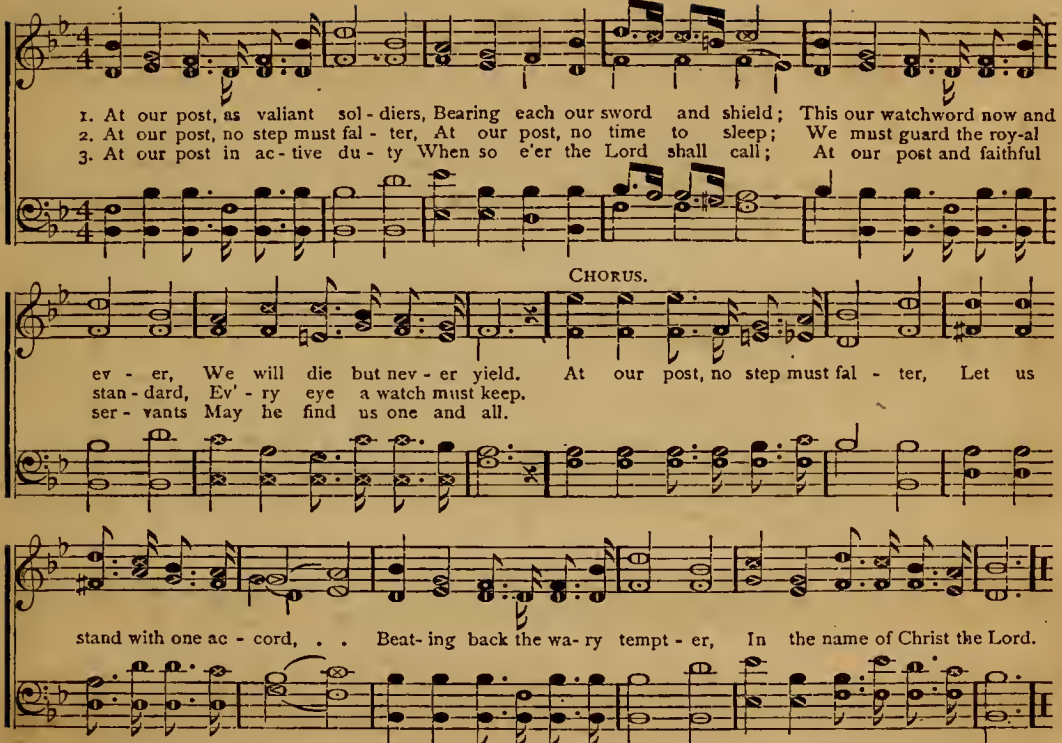
At our Post.

J. JACKSON. S. J. ROBSON.



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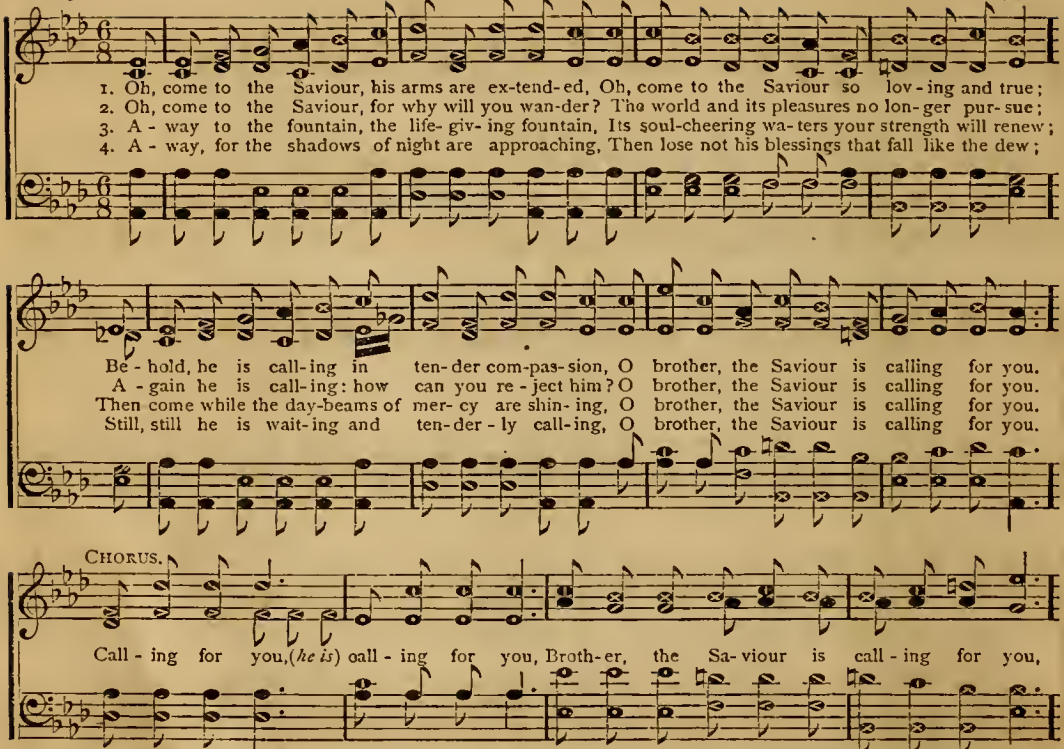
Calling for You.

F. J. C. W. J. K.



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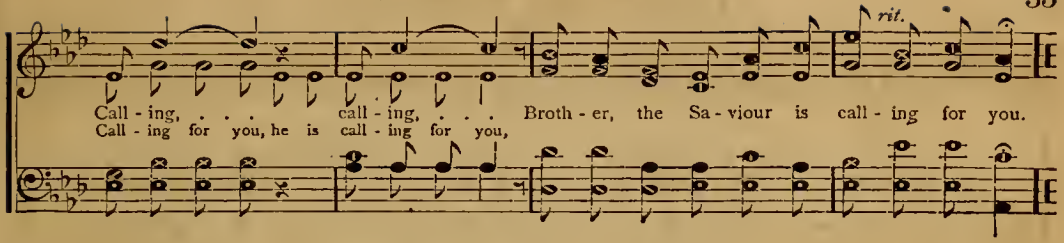
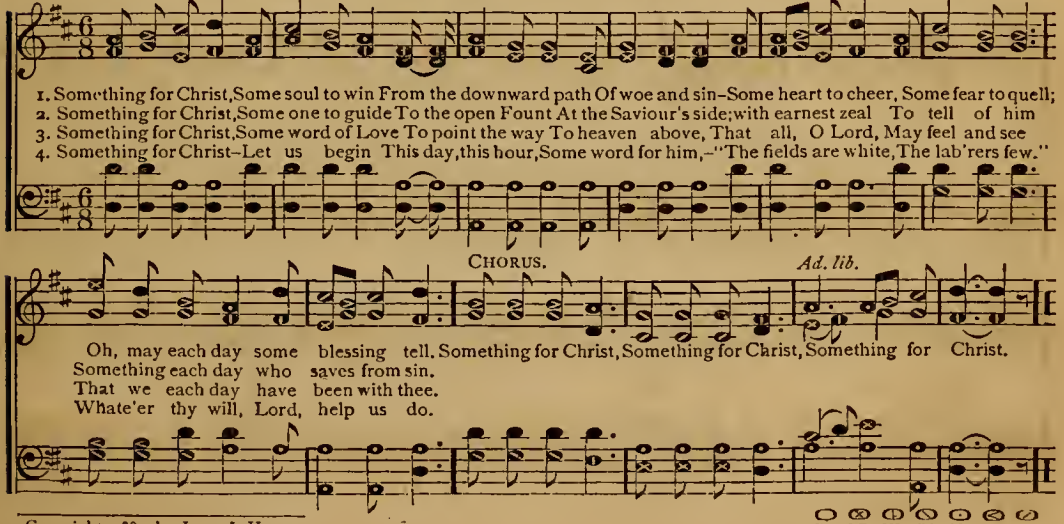


Something for Christ.

ANNA M. MILLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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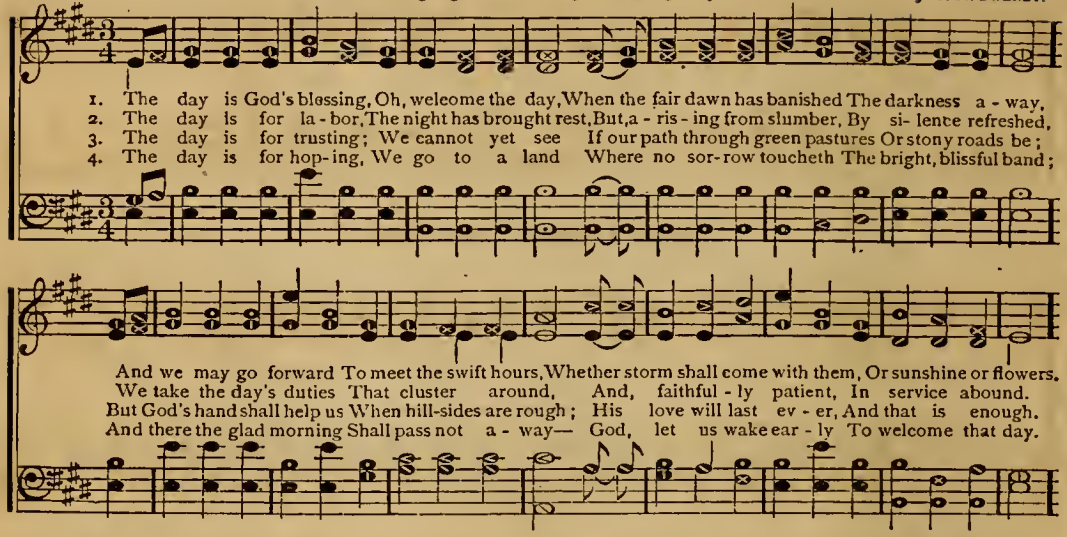
There's Joy in the Day.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."—Ps. lxv. 8. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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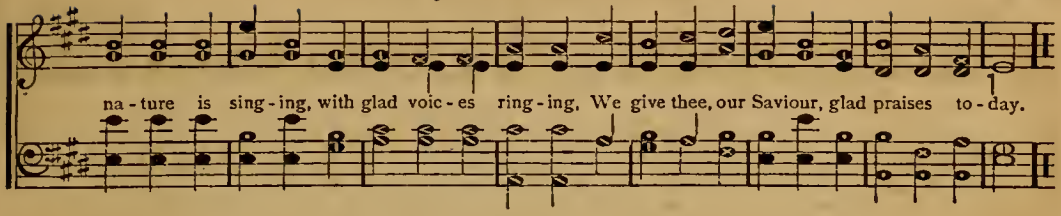
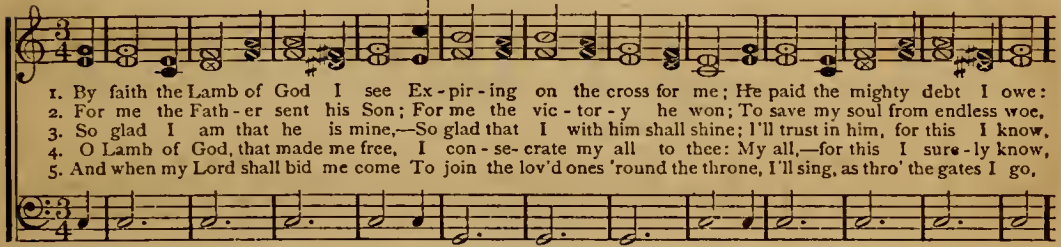
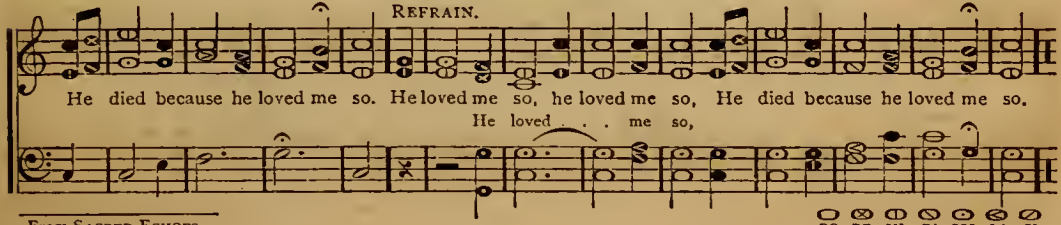


He Loved me so.

E. O. E. "God so loved the world." E. O. Excell.





From SACRED ECHOES.

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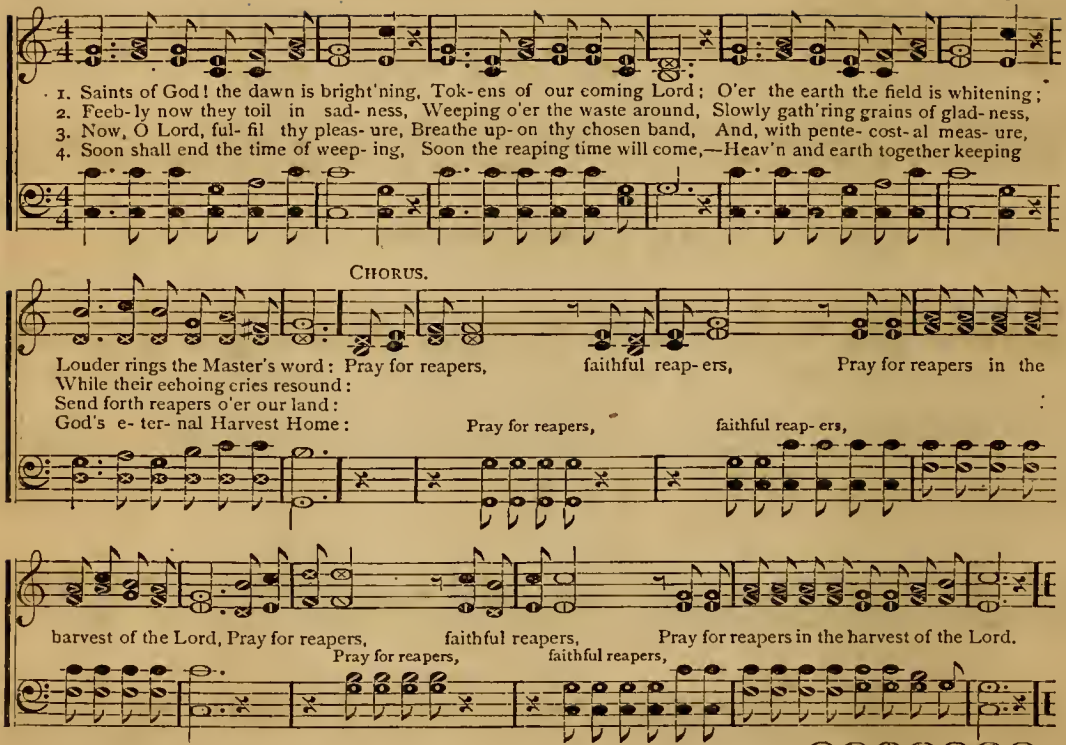
Pray for Reapers.

Words arranged. W. J. K.



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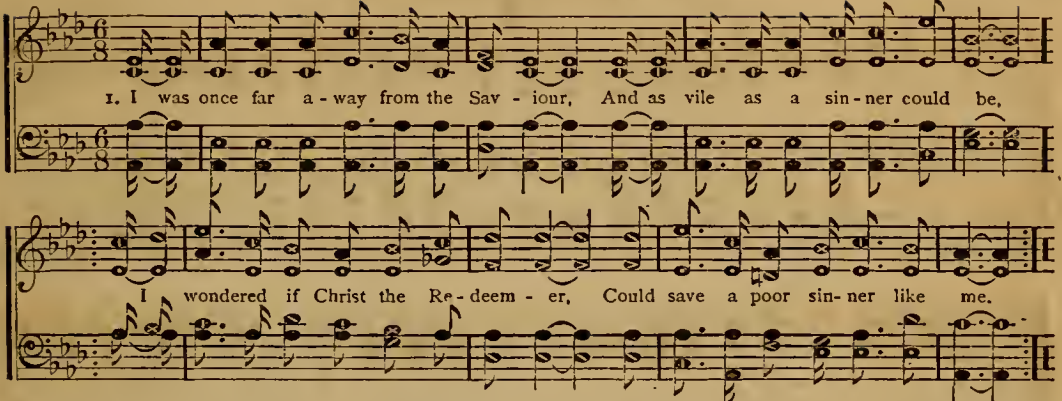
A Sinner like Me.



2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me:
I cried, I 'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.*

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

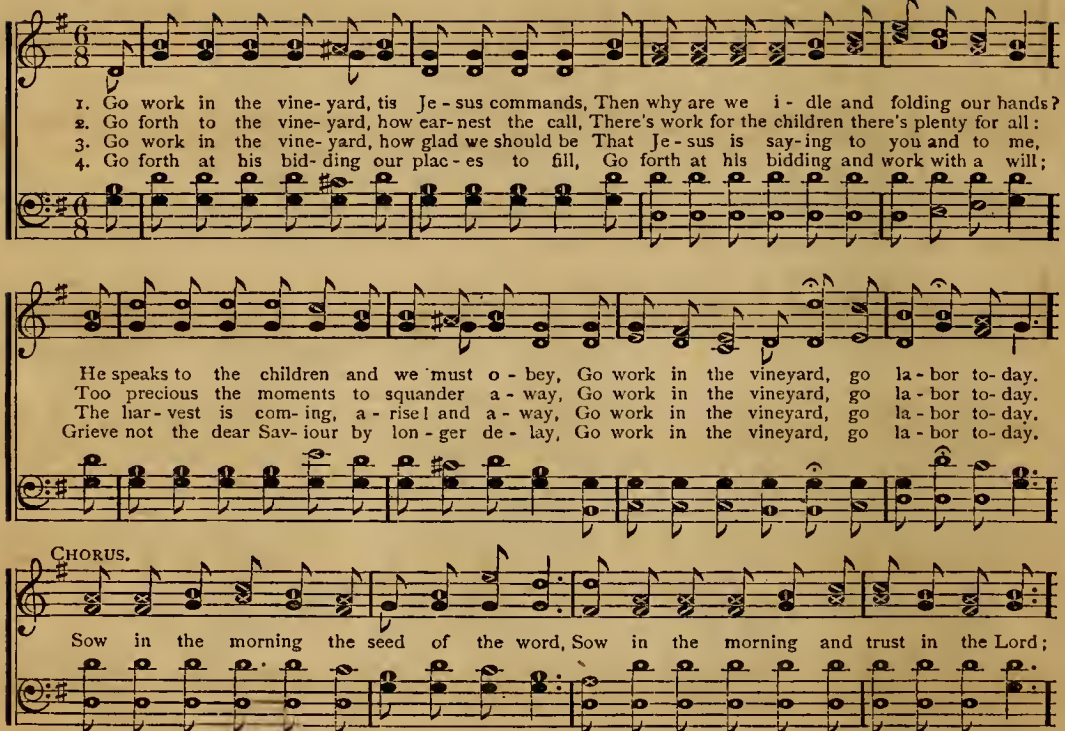
3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till your better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

*Tune on opposite page.

Work in my Vineyard.

F. J. C. J. R. S.



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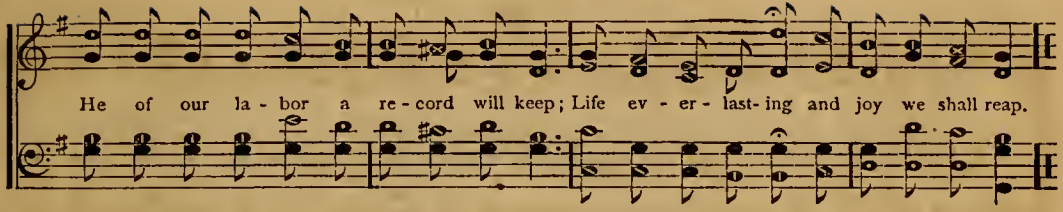
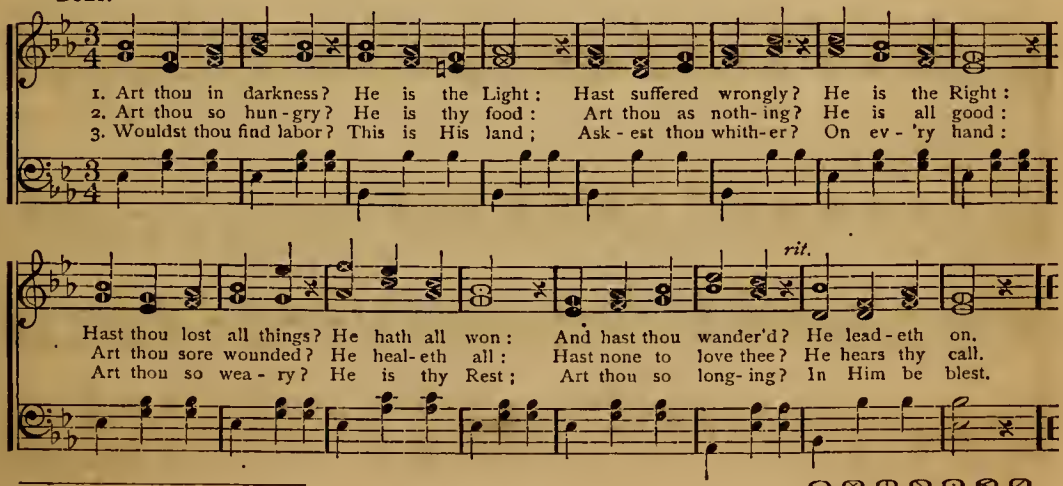


Art thou in Darkness.

A. Z. G.
DUET.

W. J. K.



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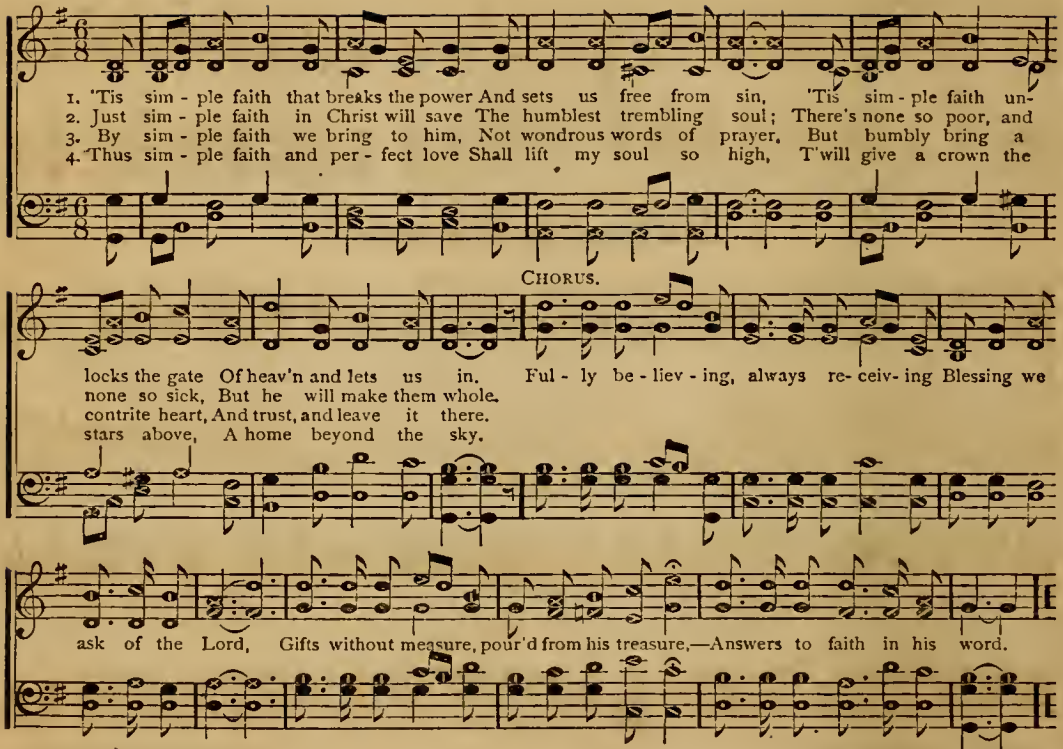
By Simple Faith.

EDGAR PAGE. THOS. ERVIN.



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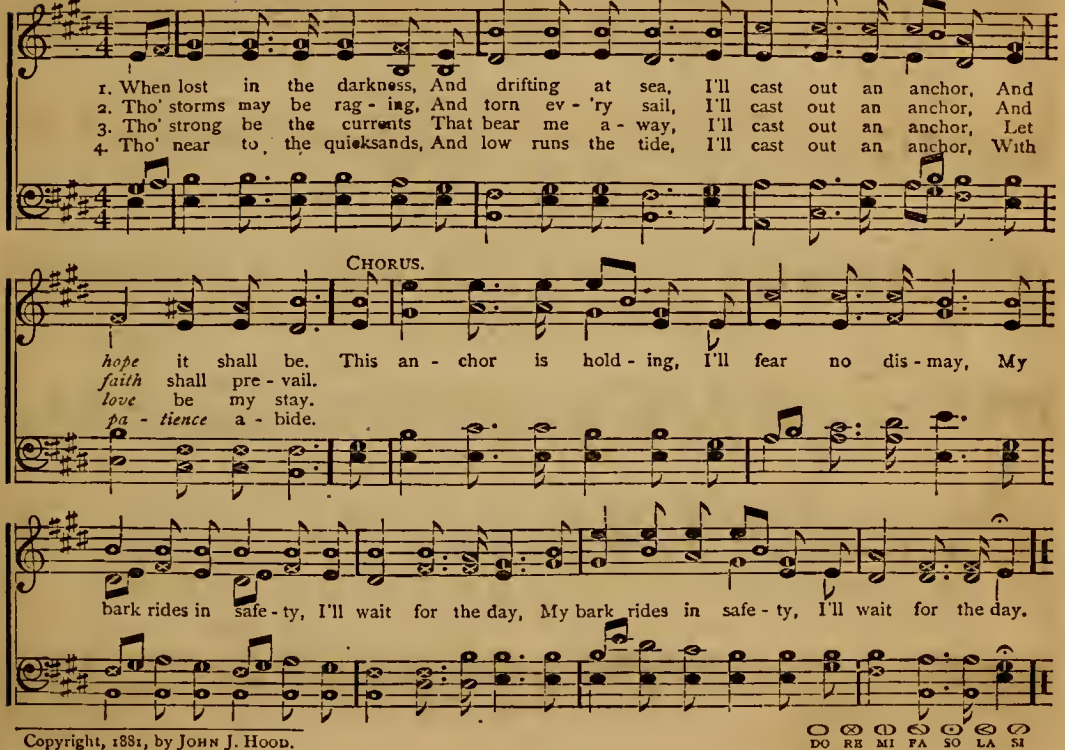
Waiting for Day.

"And they cast out four anchors, and wished for day."
Acts xxvii. 9.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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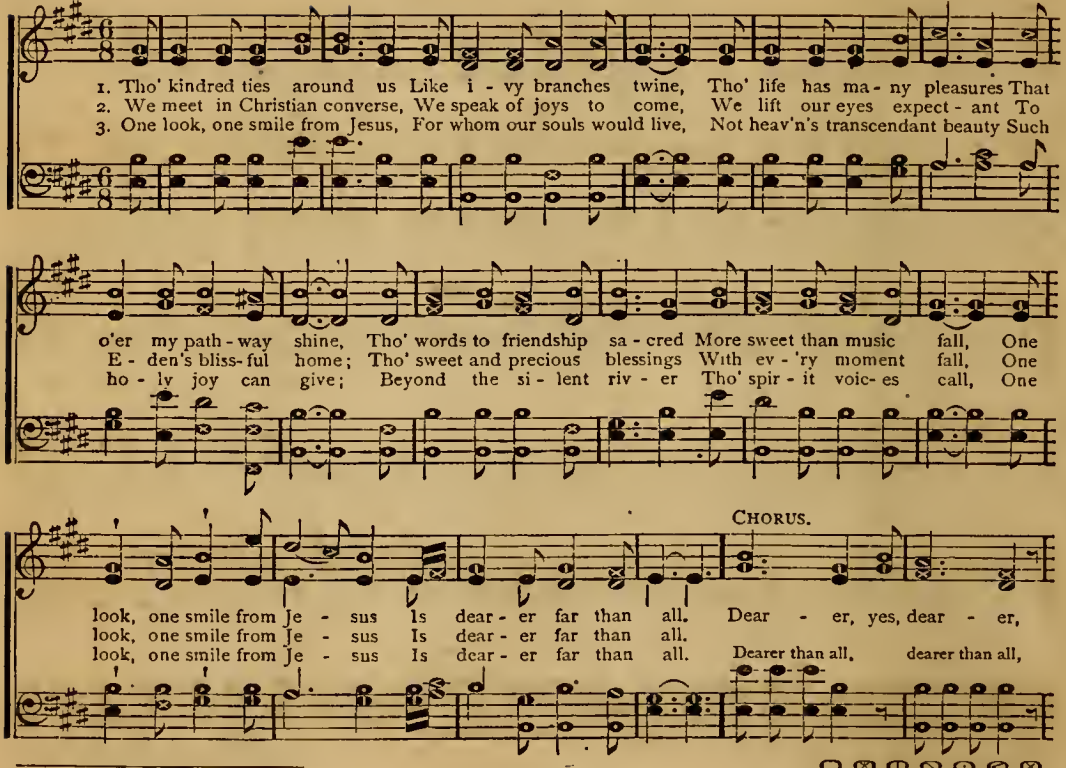
A Smile from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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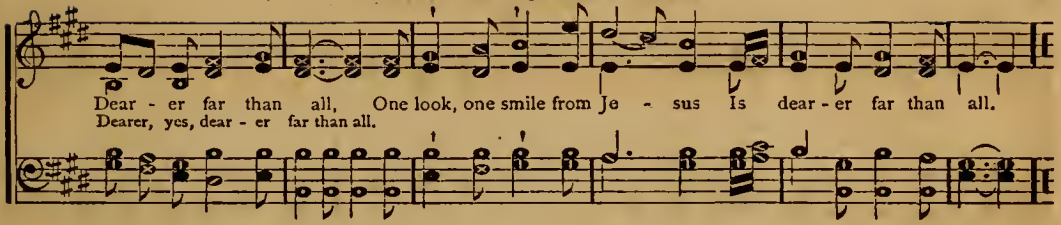
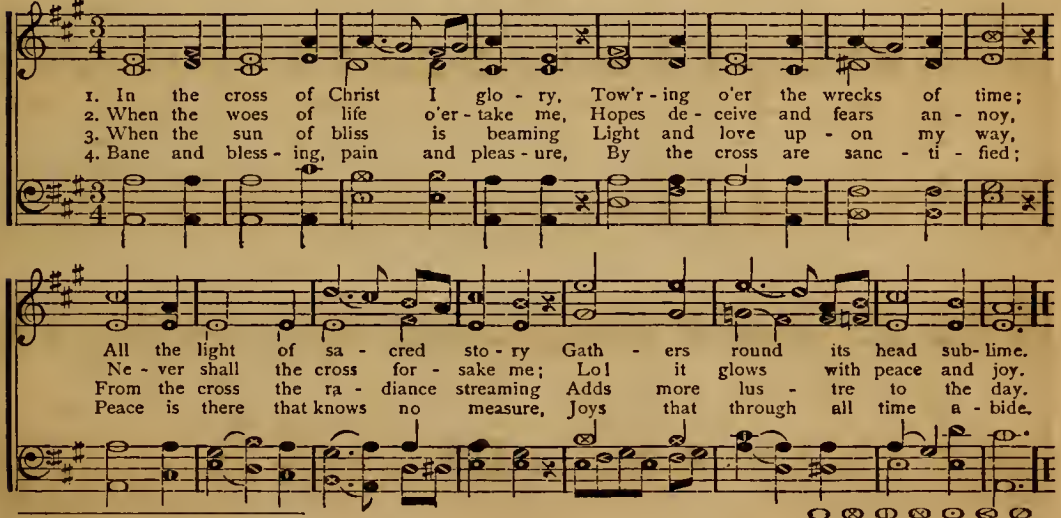


In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

W. J. K.



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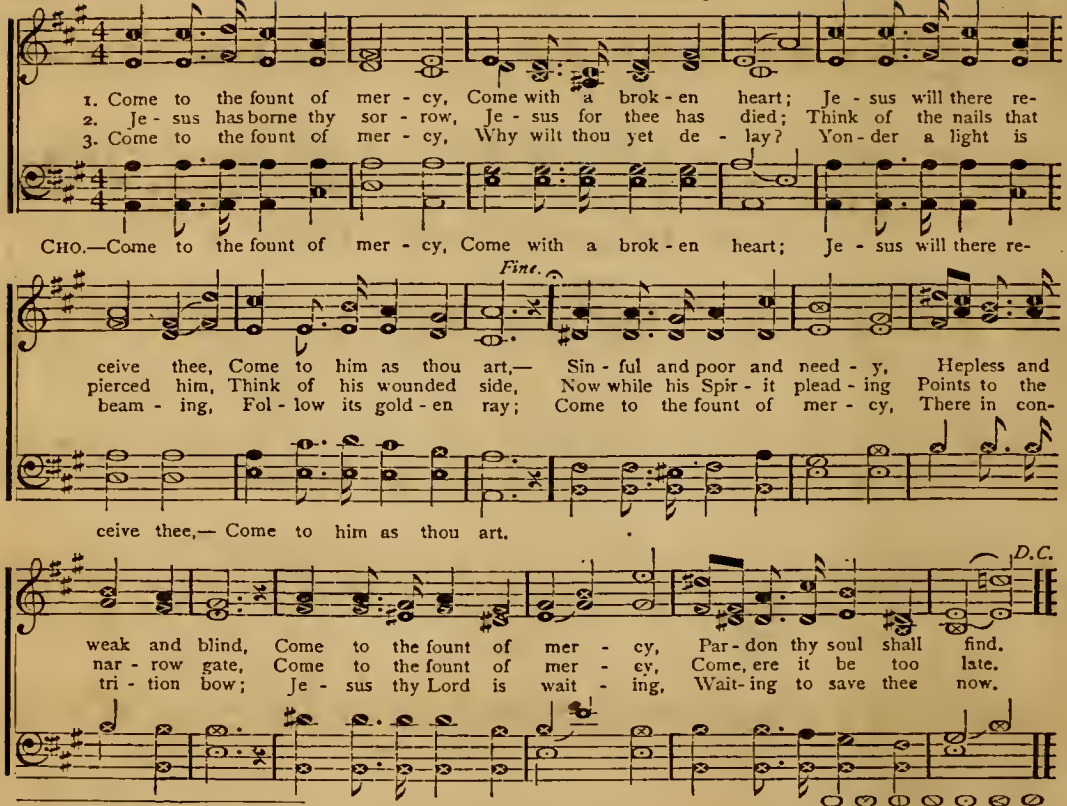
LIZZIE EDWARDS.

The Fount of Mercy.

J. R. S.



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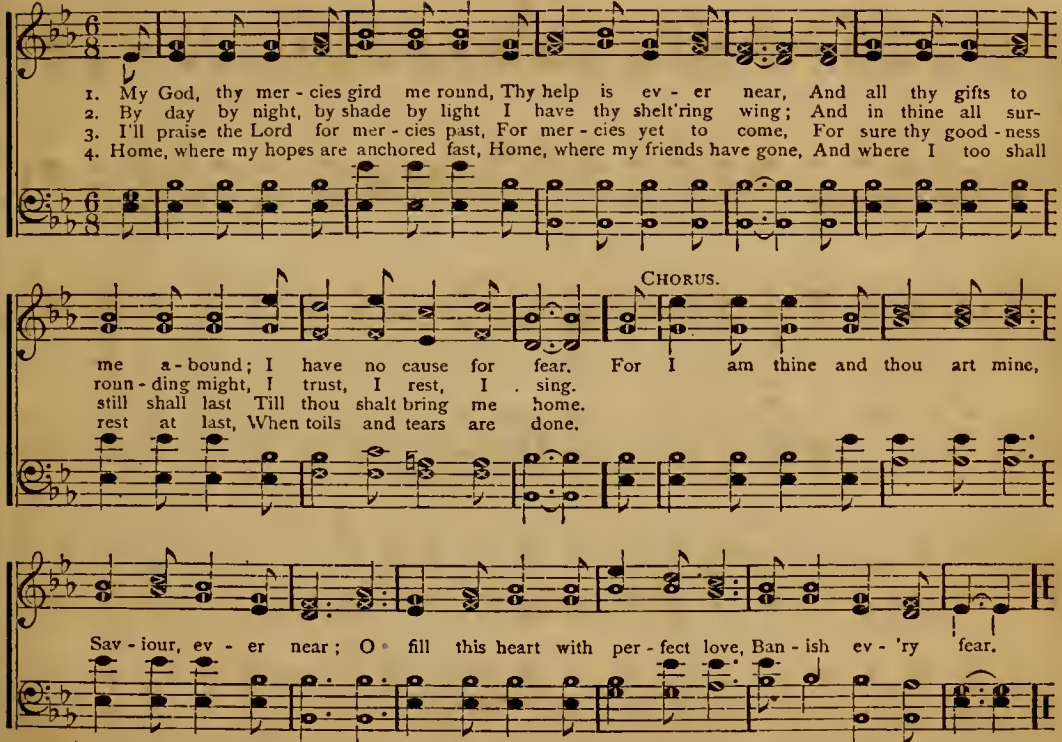
I am Thine.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. W. J. K.



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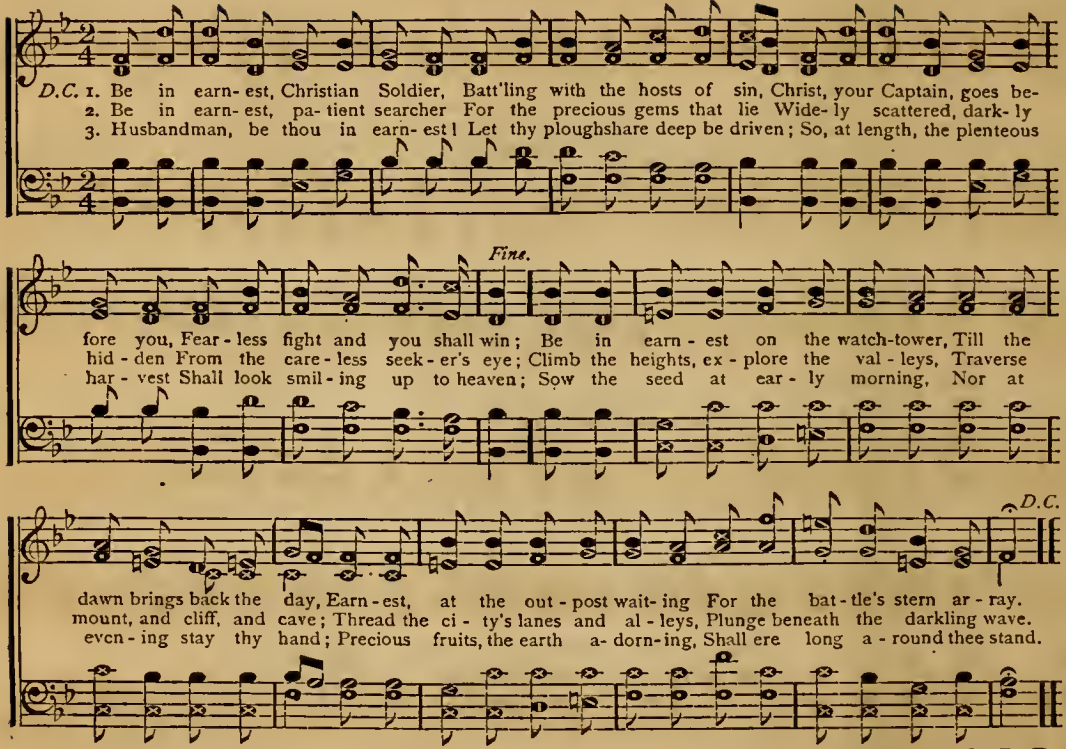
Be in Earnest.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. J. R. S.]



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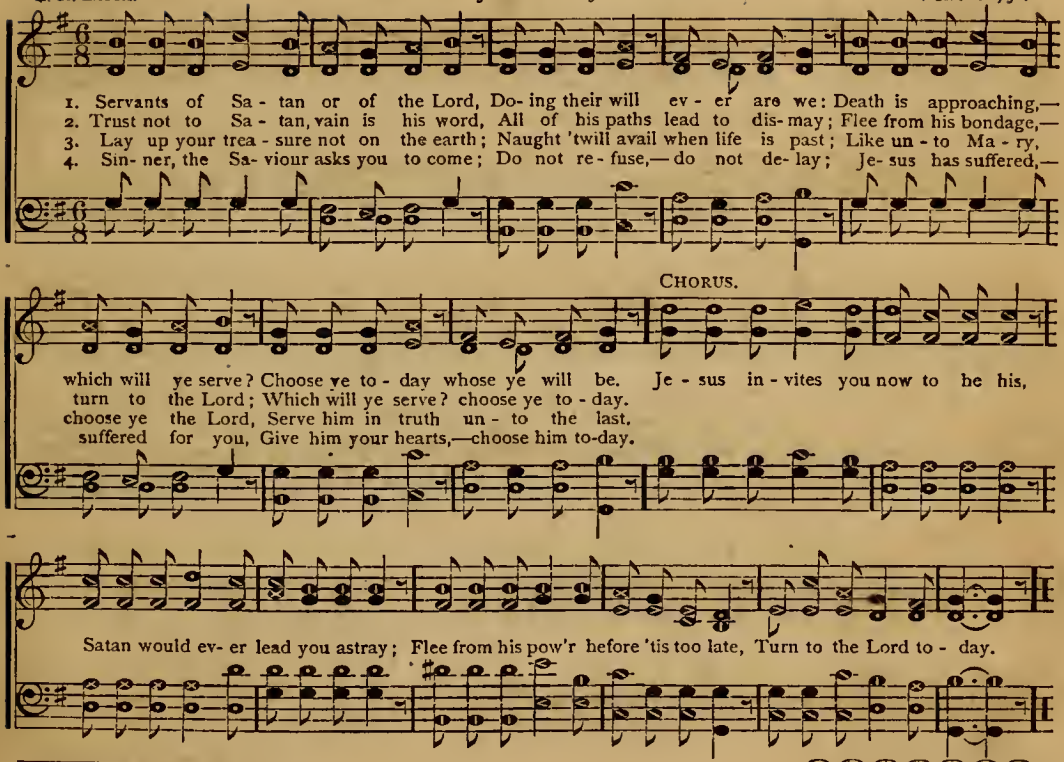
Choose Ye To-day.

E. R. Latta. Joshua xxiv. 15. Wm. Church, Jr.



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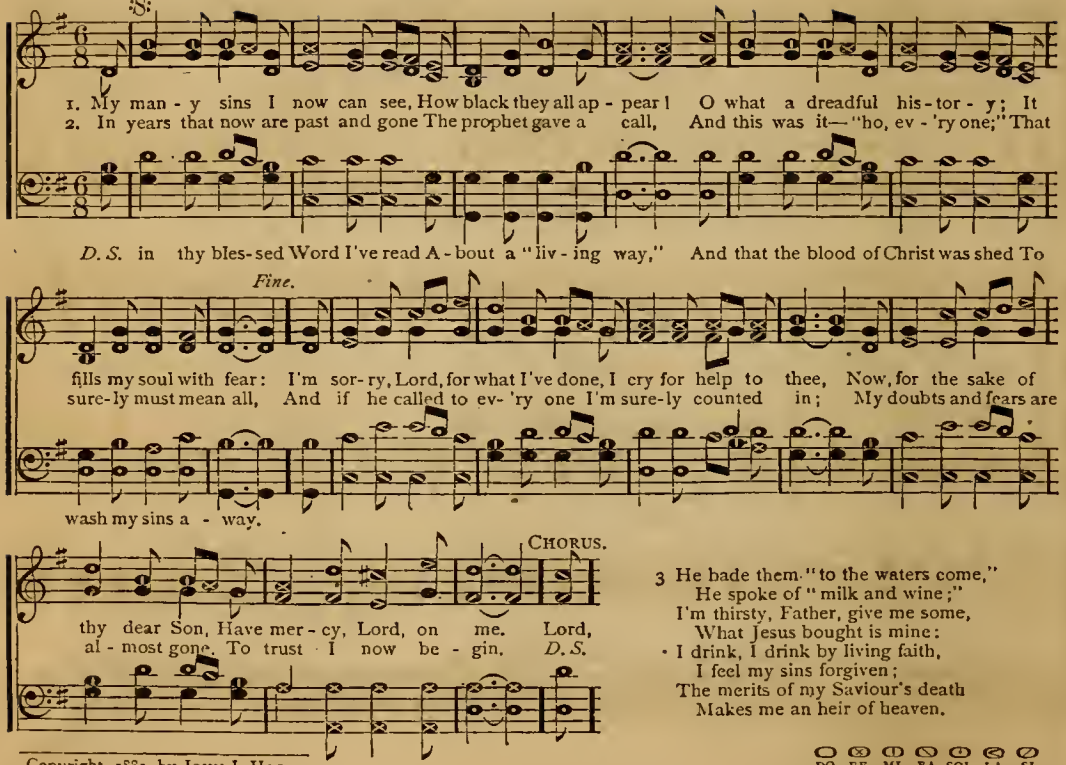
The Living Way.

JAMES NICHOLSON. NELLIE M. JEFFERIS.



3 He bade them "to the waters come,"
He spoke of "milk and wine;"
I'm thirsty, Father, give me some,
What Jesus bought is mine:
I drink, I drink by living faith,
I feel my sins forgiven;
The merits of my Saviour's death
Makes me an heir of heaven.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

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Sweet Story of Jesus.

F. J. C. J. R. S.

1. Oh, beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus our Lord, That brightens and hallows each page of his Word;
2. How full of com - passion was Je - sus our Lord, The sick and afflicted to health he re - stored,
3. But when in that sto - ry we read how he prayed A - lone in the garden, beneath its dark shade,
4. But now he has triumphed o'er death and the grave, He lives our Redeem - er, and mighty to save;

Fine.

It tells us how hum- ble and low - ly his birth, How ma - ny his tri - als and sorrows on earth.
The poor he remembered, the hungry he fed, And gave to the weeping their friends from the dead.
How, scorned and insulted, he died for our sake, Our hearts at his anguish are rea - dy to break.
To him who ex - al - ted for - ev - er shall live, All hon - or, do - min - ion, and glo - ry we give.

D.S. Sweet sto - ry of Je - sus! tho' oft it is told, We love it, we love it,— it nev - er grows old.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, the ten - der and meek, Who came in his mer - cy lost sinners to seek;

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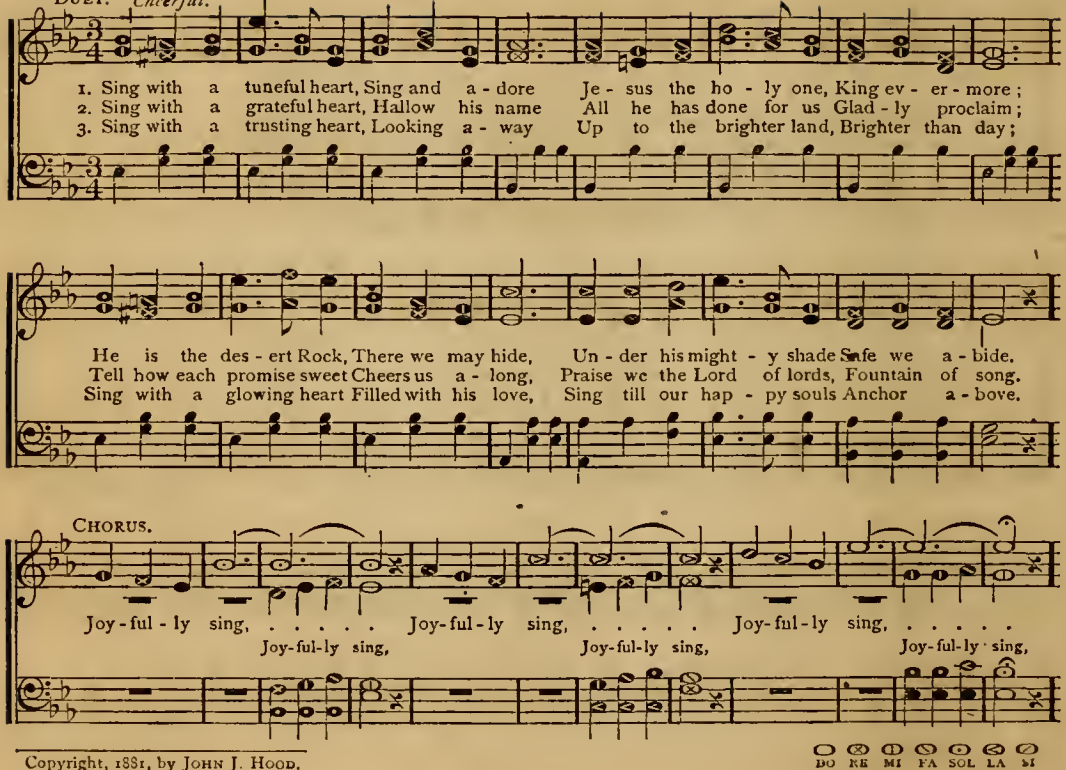
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Joyfully Sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET. *Cheerful.*



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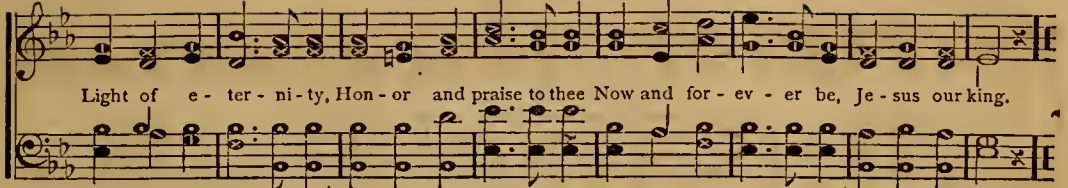
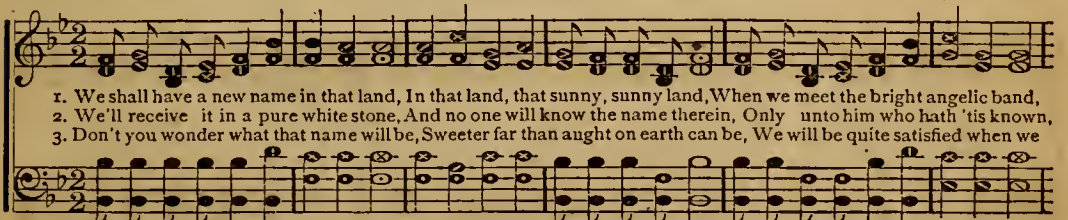
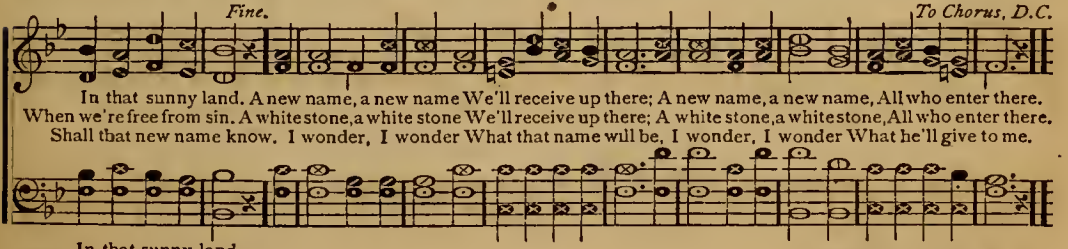


The New Name.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.





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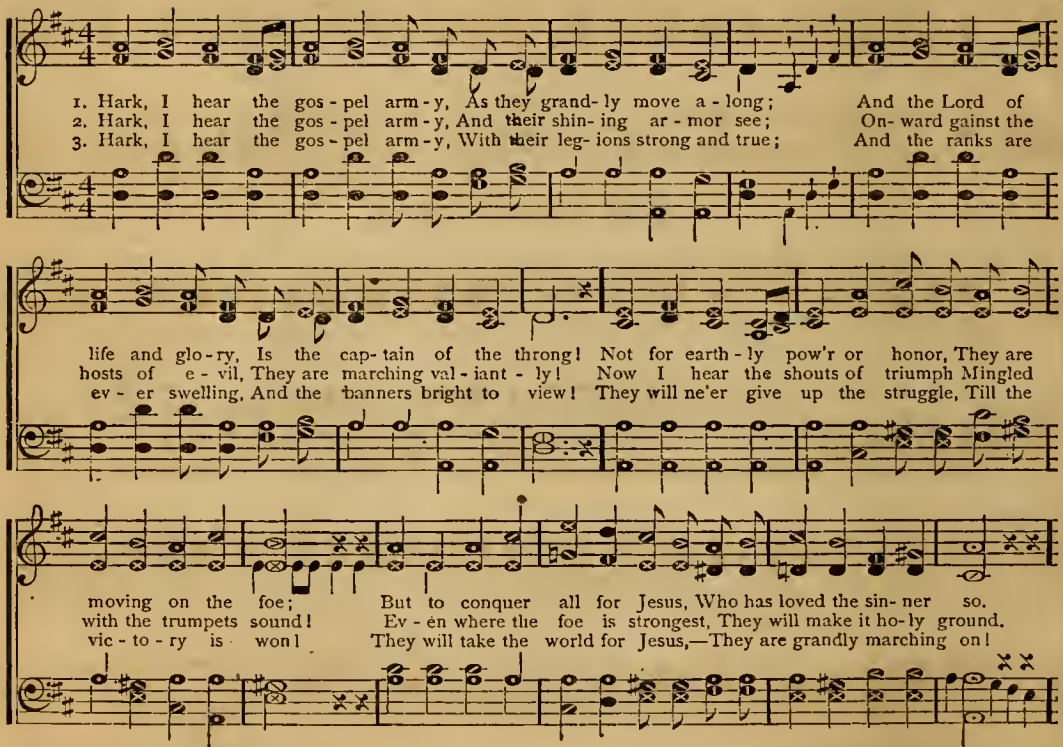
The Gospel Army.

E. R. Latta. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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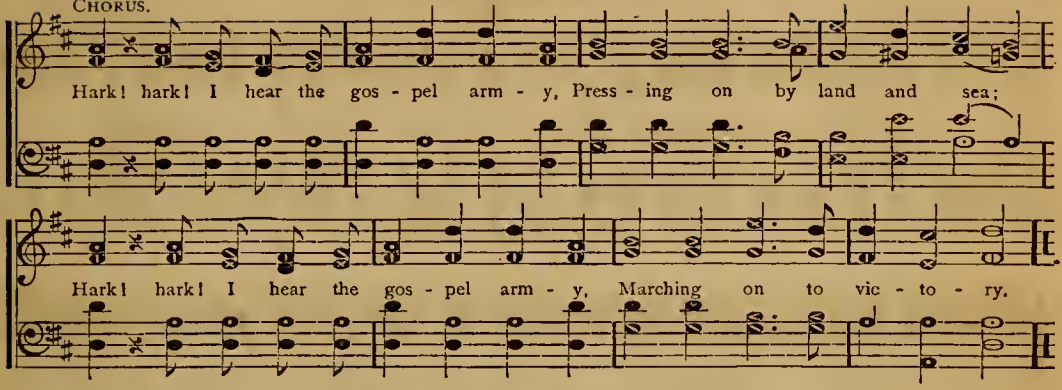
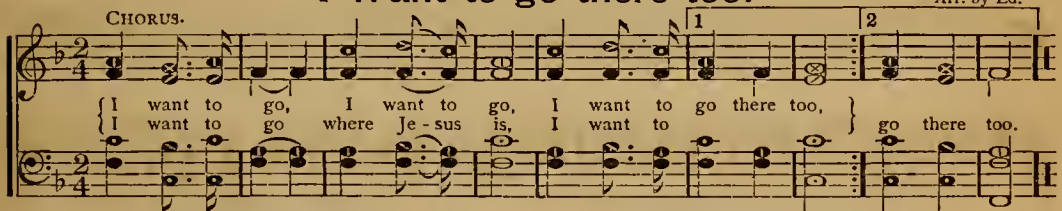


I Want to go there too.

Arr. by Ed.



1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

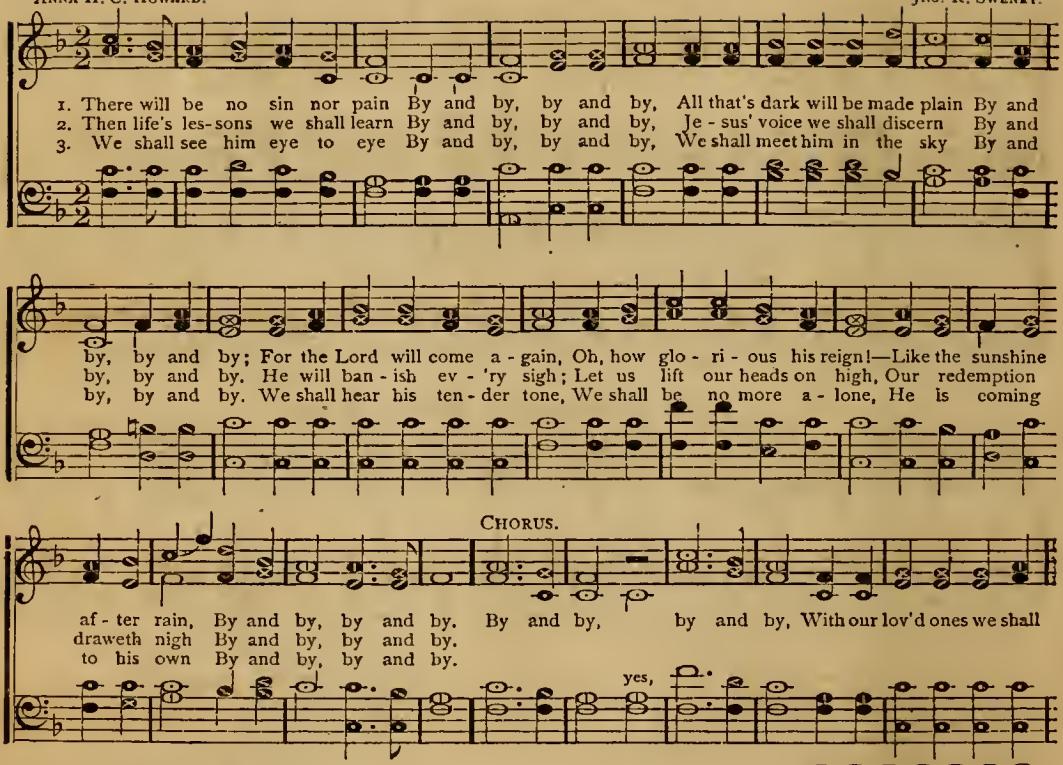
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

By and by.

ANNA H. C. HOWARD. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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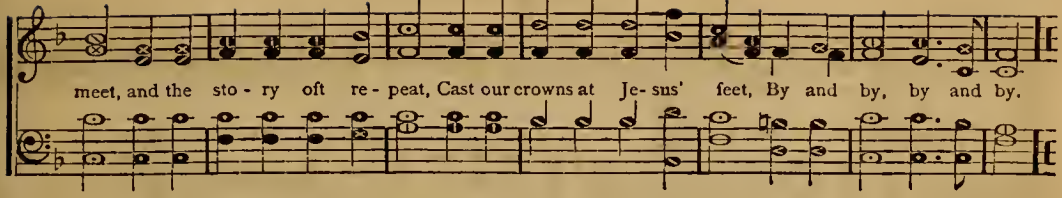
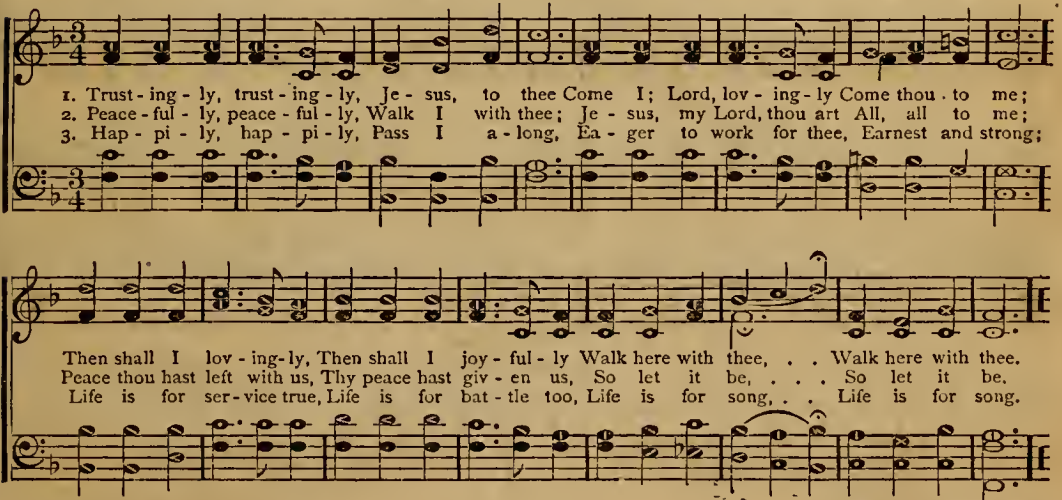


My Pilgrimage.

Dr. H. Bonar. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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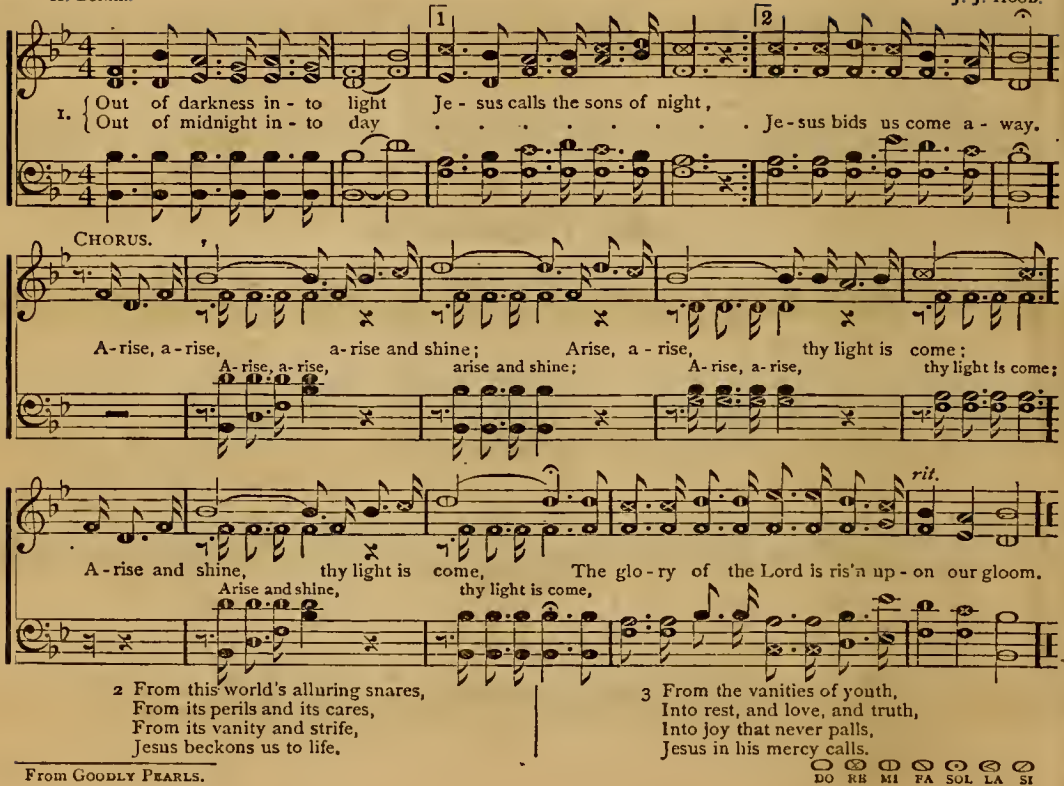
Arise and Shine.

H. Bonar. J. J. Hood.



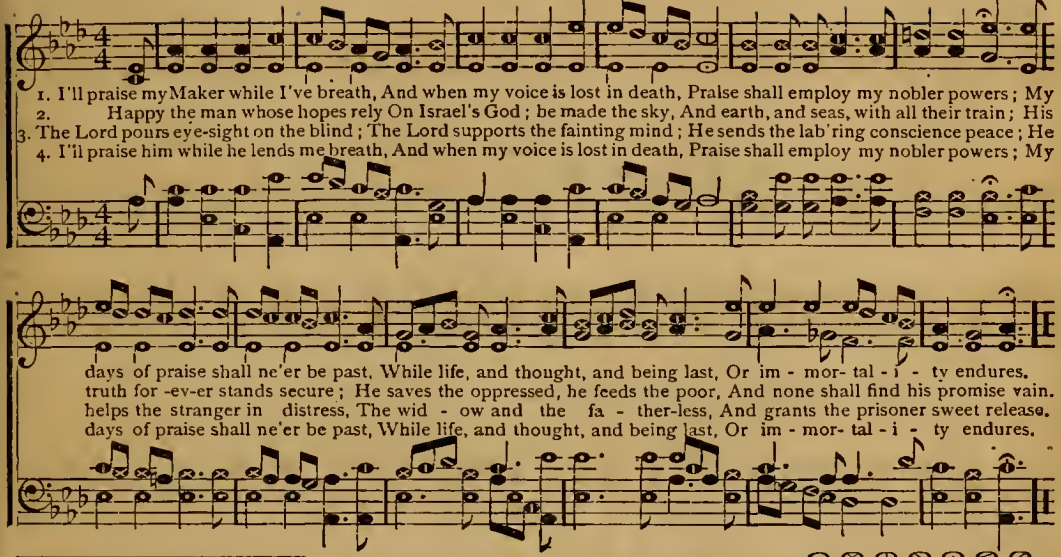
2 From this world's alluring snares,
From its perils and its cares,
From its vanity and strife,
Jesus beckons us to life.

3 From the vanities of youth,
Into rest, and love, and truth,
Into joy that never palls,
Jesus in his mercy calls.

From Goodly Pearls.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

I'll Praise My Maker.



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EASTER HYMN.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

CHORUS.

He rose, he rose, he vanquished hell,
The victor-song in triumph swell;
No pow'r hath death, we too shall rise
To share with him immortal bliss be-
yond the skies.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

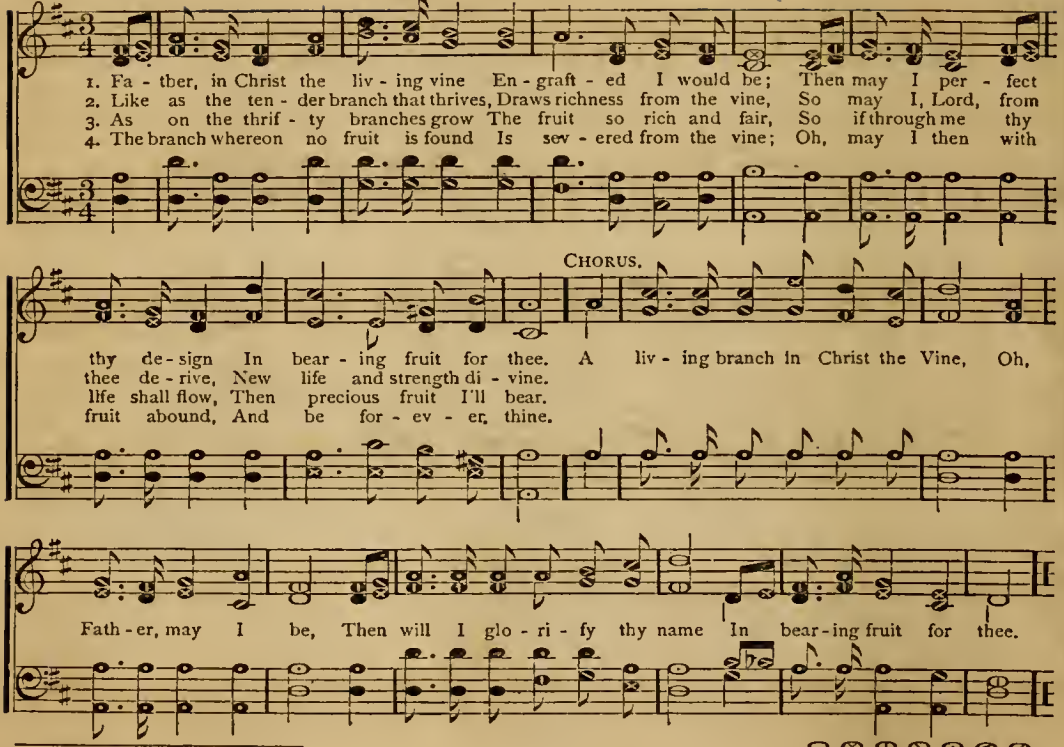
4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

*Music on opposite page.

The True Vine.

CHAS. J. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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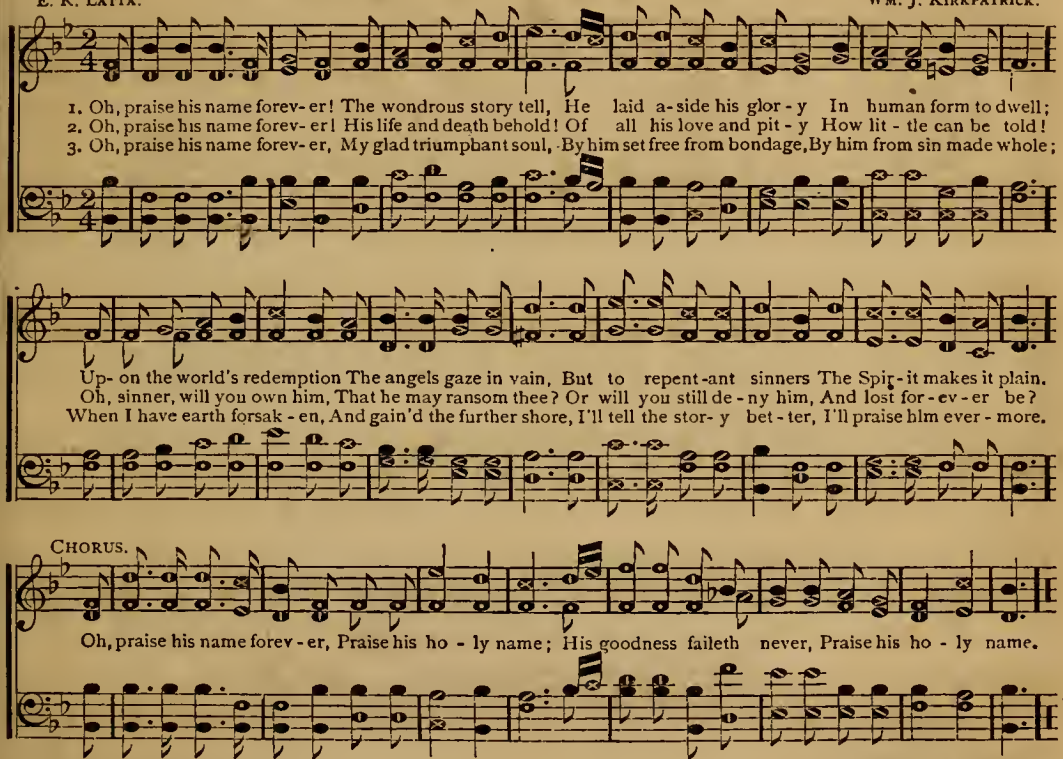
Oh, Praise His Name Forever.

E. R. LATTA. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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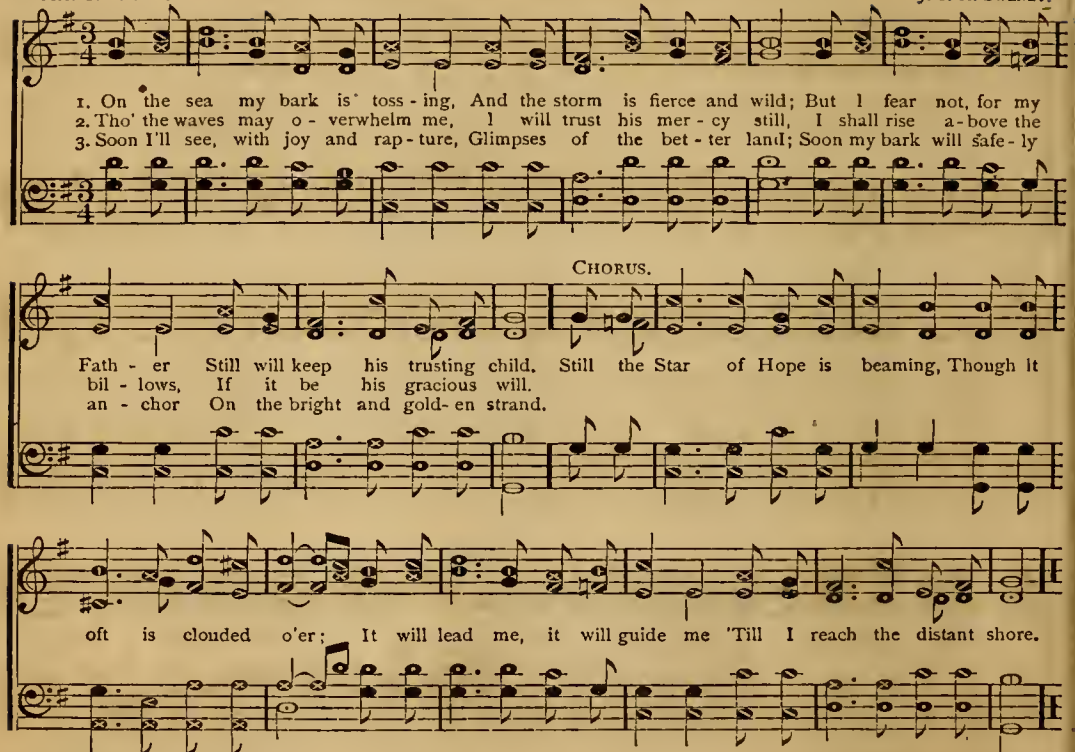
The Star of Hope is Beaming.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Jno. R. Sweney.



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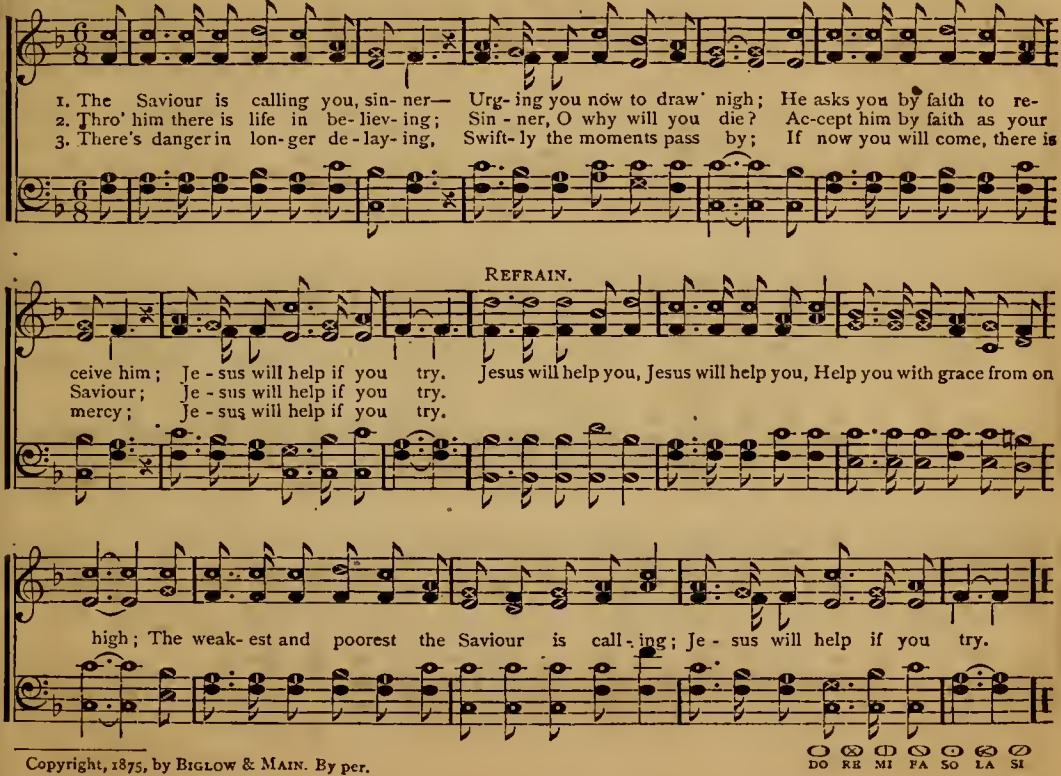
Jesus will Help You.

Wm. Stevenson. "Grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 16. R. Lowry.



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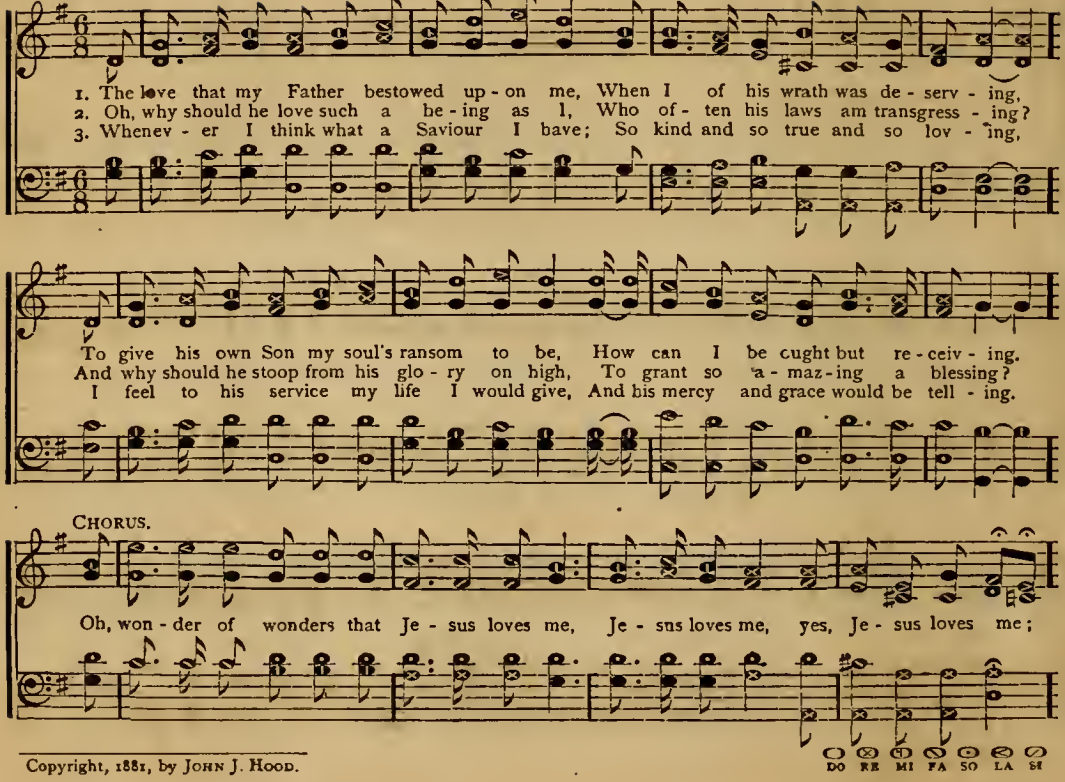
Wonder of Wonders.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.



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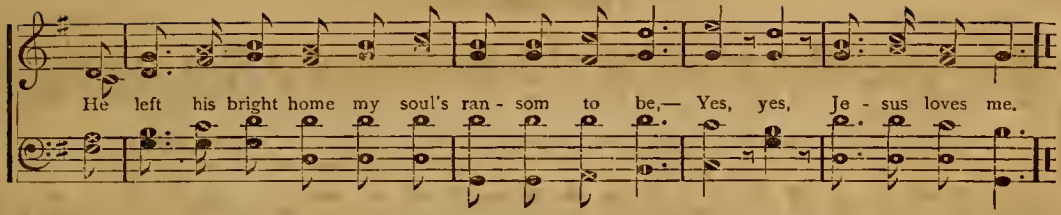
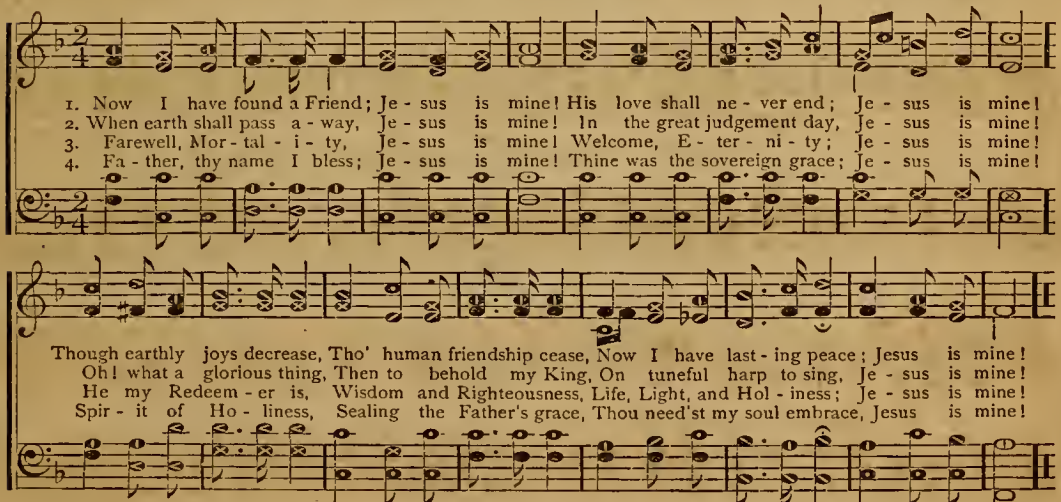


Jesus is Mine.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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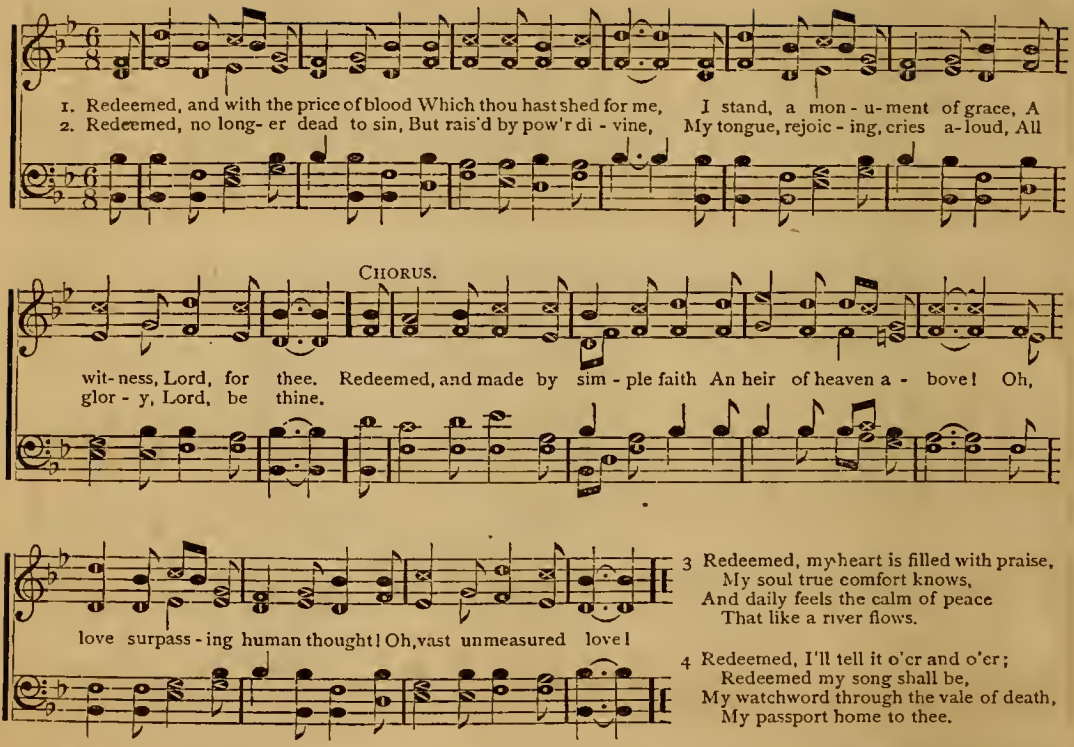
Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



3 Redeemed, my heart is filled with praise,
My soul true comfort knows,
And daily feels the calm of peace
That like a river flows.

4 Redeemed, I'll tell it o'er and o'er;
Redeemed my song shall be,
My watchword through the vale of death,
My passport home to thee.

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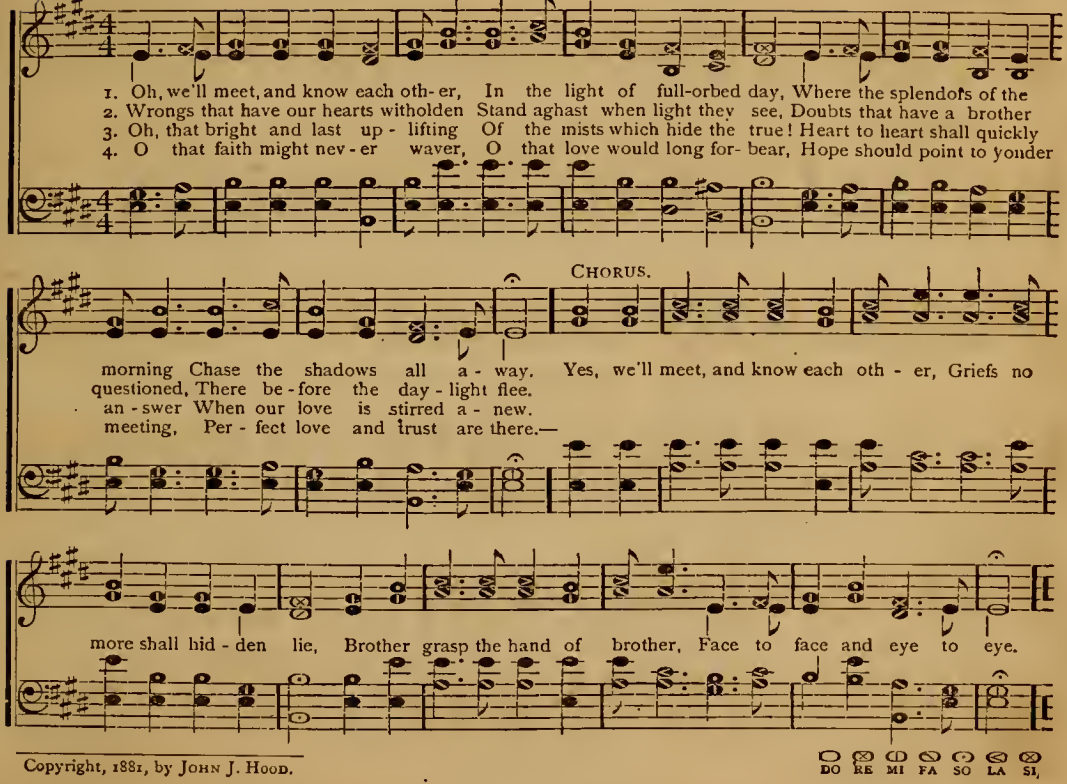
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

We'll Know Each Other.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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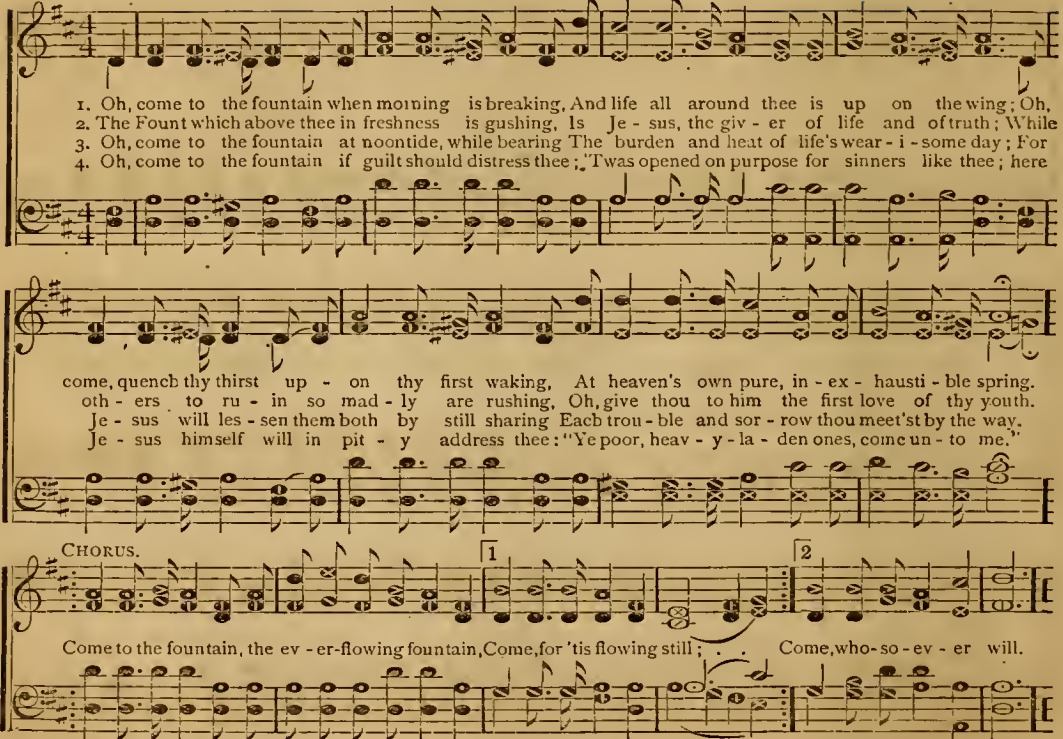
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI,

Come to the Fountain.

Words arranged.

S. J. Robson.



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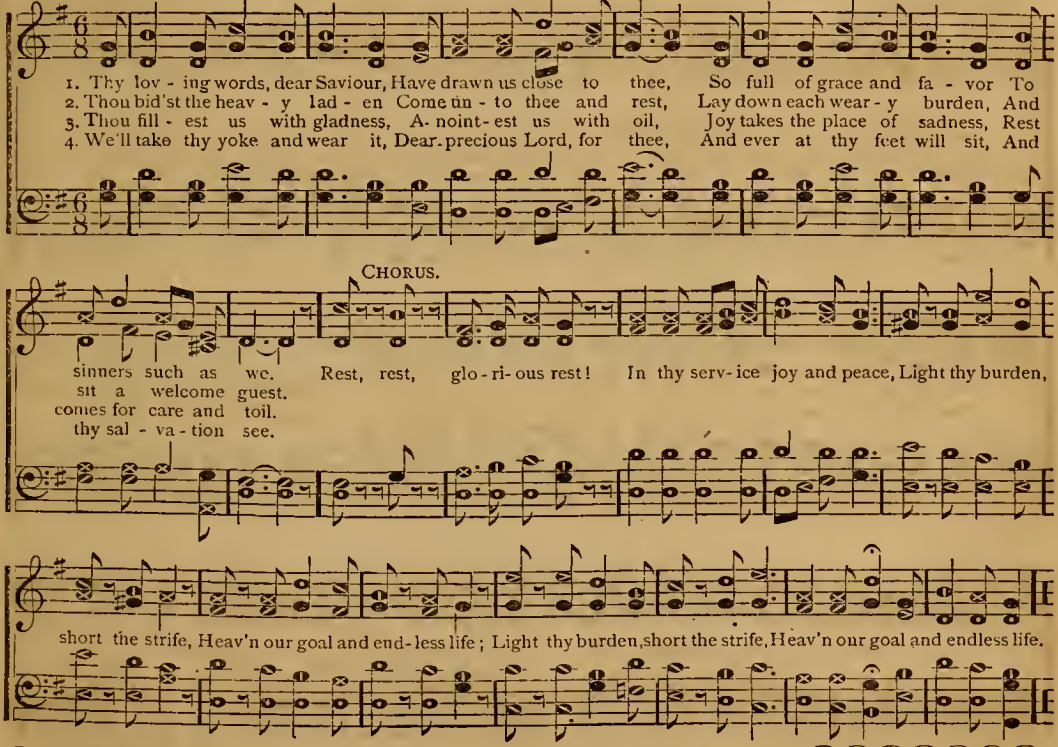
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

I will give you rest.

Mrs. A. M. CHANCE. THOS. ERVIN.



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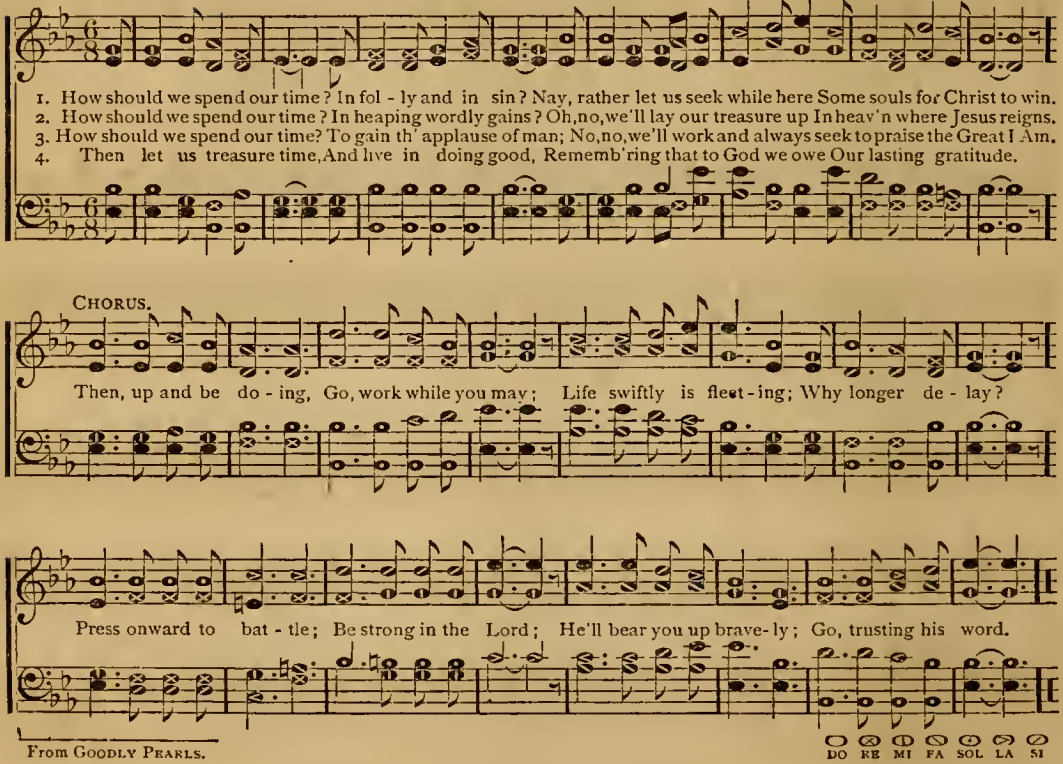
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

How should We Spend our Time?

MAGGIE METCALF. Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.—Eph. v. 10. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

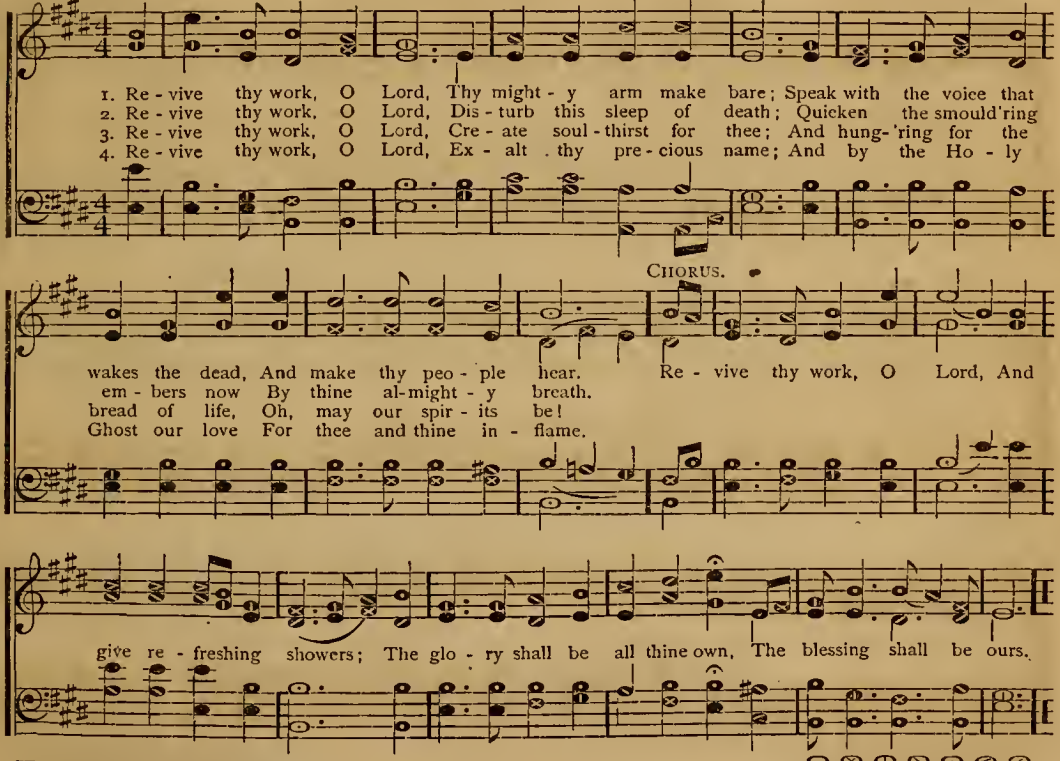


From GOODLY PEARLS.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLAND. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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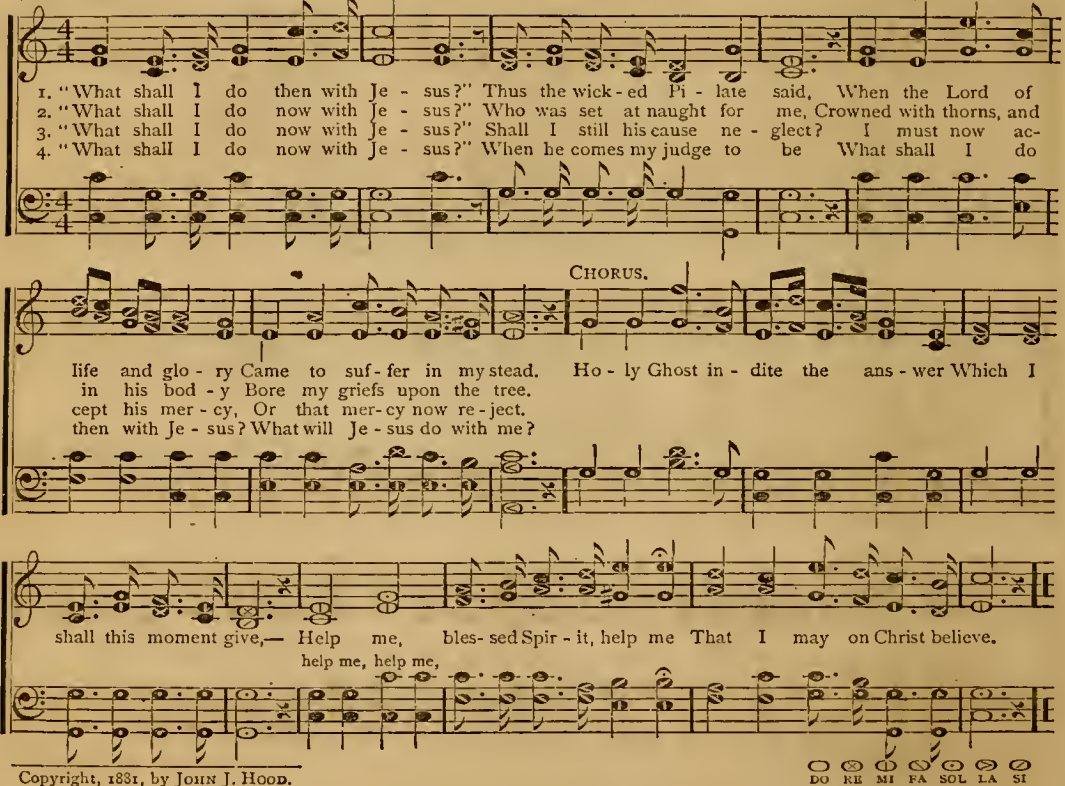
What shall I do with Jesus?

James Nicholson. Jno. R. Sweney.



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DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

He Loves us Still the Same.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who left for us a throne in heav-en, Glo-rious and bright? Whose precious life for us was giv-en,
2. Who loved us when for-lorn and dreary, By sin o'ercome? Who sought us when we wandered weary,
3. Who gathered lit-tle children round him, With blessings kind? Who now, tho' glory bright has crown'd him,
4. Who watches us when lone-ly straying, By night or day? Who list-ens when our hearts are praying,
5. Je-sus the children's friend, we bless thee, Teach us thy fear; Let not our lips a-lone confess thee,

CHORUS.

ff *m*

That we might live aright? 'Twas Je-sus, Je-sus, Glo-ry to his name, halle-lu-jah; When he dwelt on
Far from our heavenly home?
Faithful we always find? 'Tis
Hears every word we say?
Make thou our hearts sincere. — Je-sus, etc.

earth be-low Lit-tle ones to him might go, Halle-lu-jah, praise his name, He loves us still the same.

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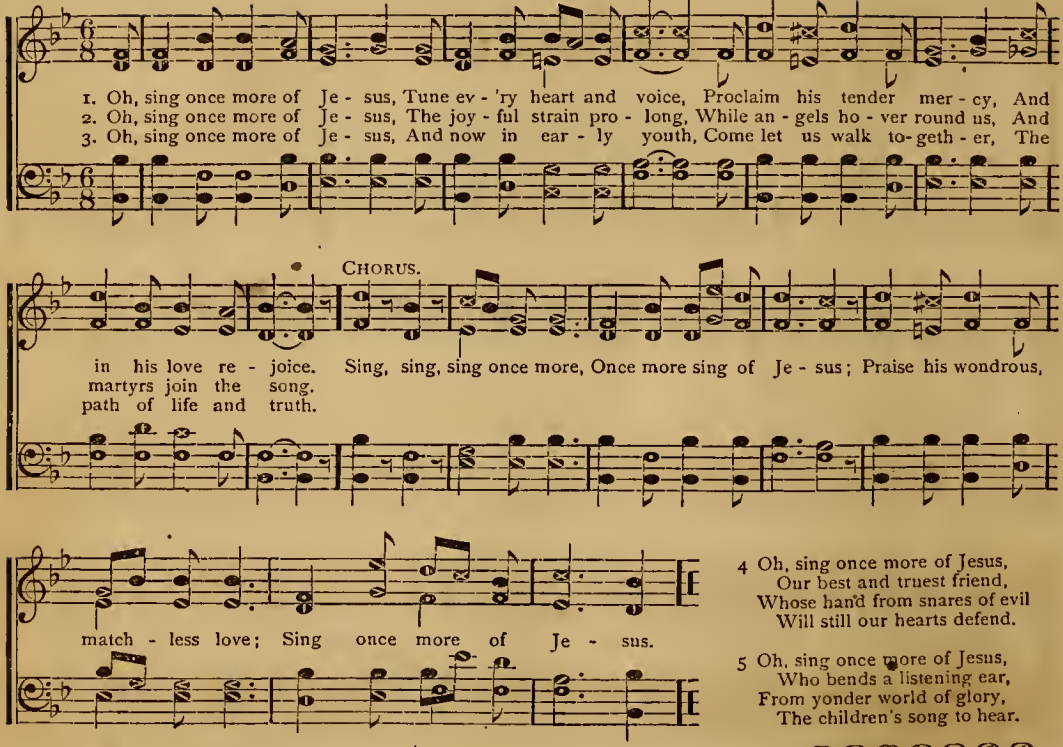
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Sing Once More of Jesus.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



4 Oh, sing once more of Jesus,
Our best and truest friend,
Whose hand from snares of evil
Will still our hearts defend.

5 Oh, sing once more of Jesus,
Who bends a listening ear,
From yonder world of glory,
The children's song to hear.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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Will You be Washed in the Blood.

E. O. E. Rev. i. 5. E

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood? Je - sus died to make you free,
2. Sin - ner, now this blessing claim. Will you be washed in the blood? Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name,
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood? And the witness you may know,
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood? Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call,

Will you be washed in the blood? Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
Will you be washed in the blood? Claim him as your Saviour, He can save for - ev - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? You can know this hour, Of his dy - ing pow - er,
Will you be washed in the blood? Grace is all abound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n resound - ing.

CHORUS.

1. 2.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, ‖ Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,

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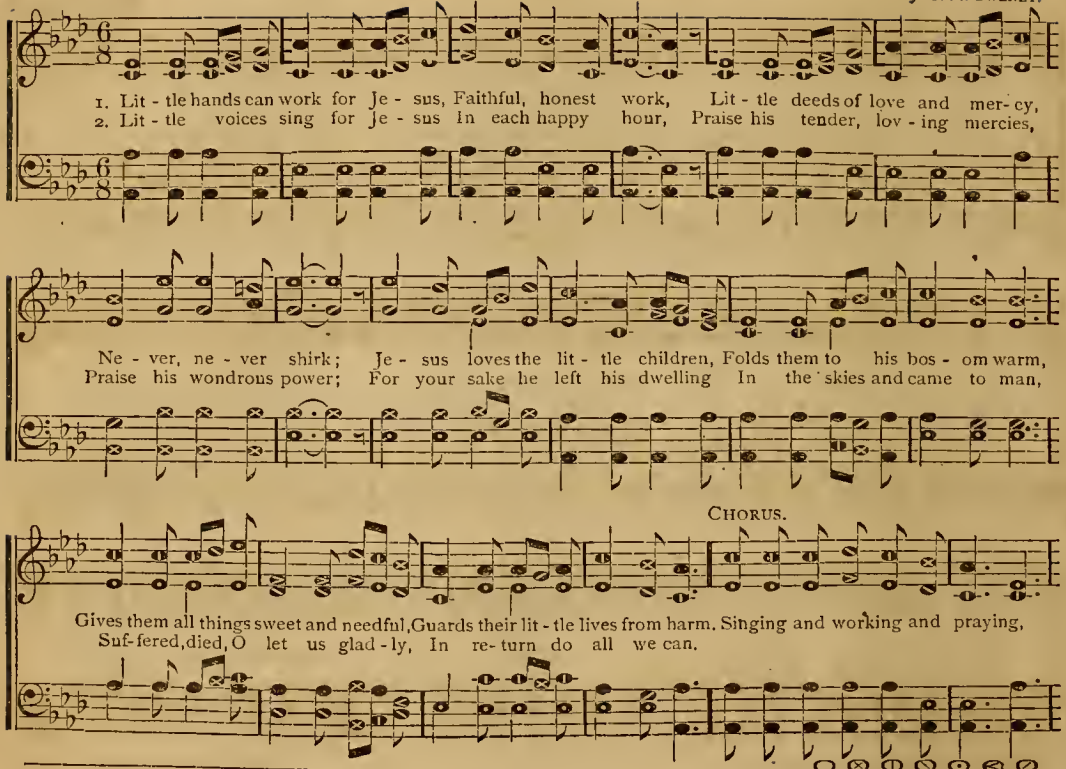
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

For Jesus.

MERLE MURRIE. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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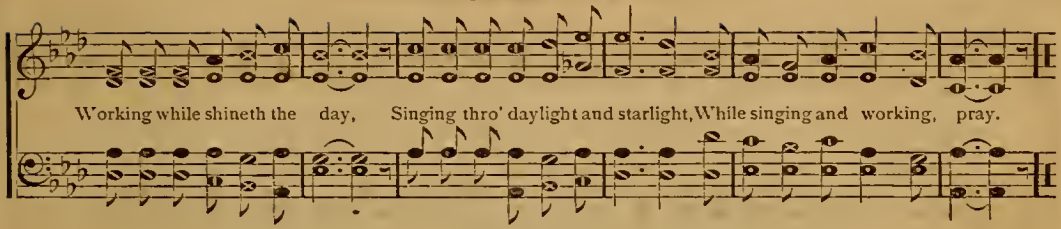
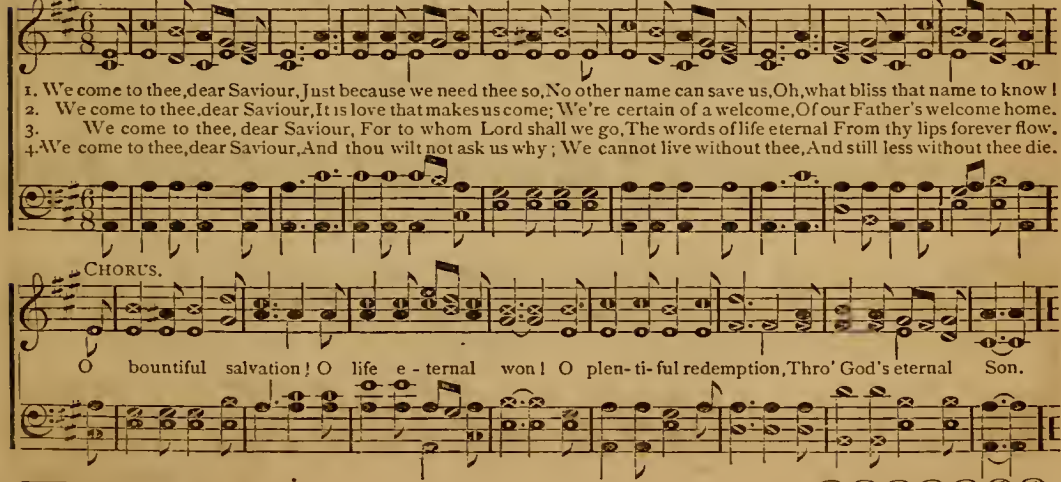


We come to Thee, Dear Saviour.

FABER. Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—John. vi. 68. J. J. HOOD.



From GOODLY PEARLS.

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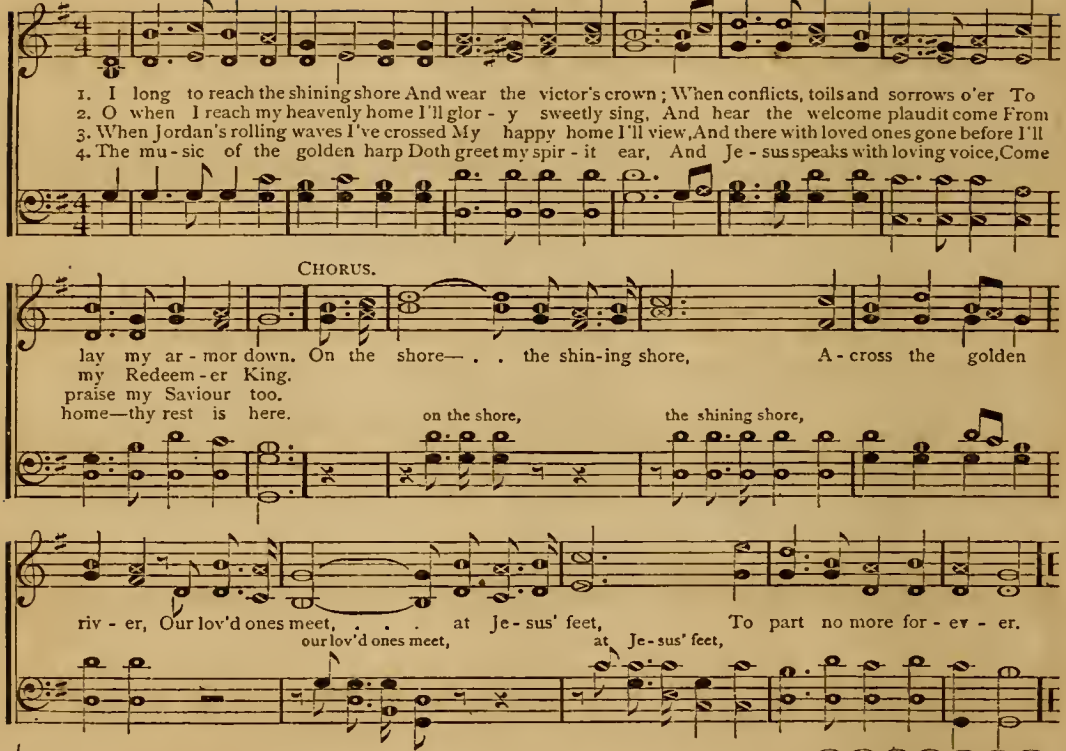
The Shining Shore.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. S. J. Robson.



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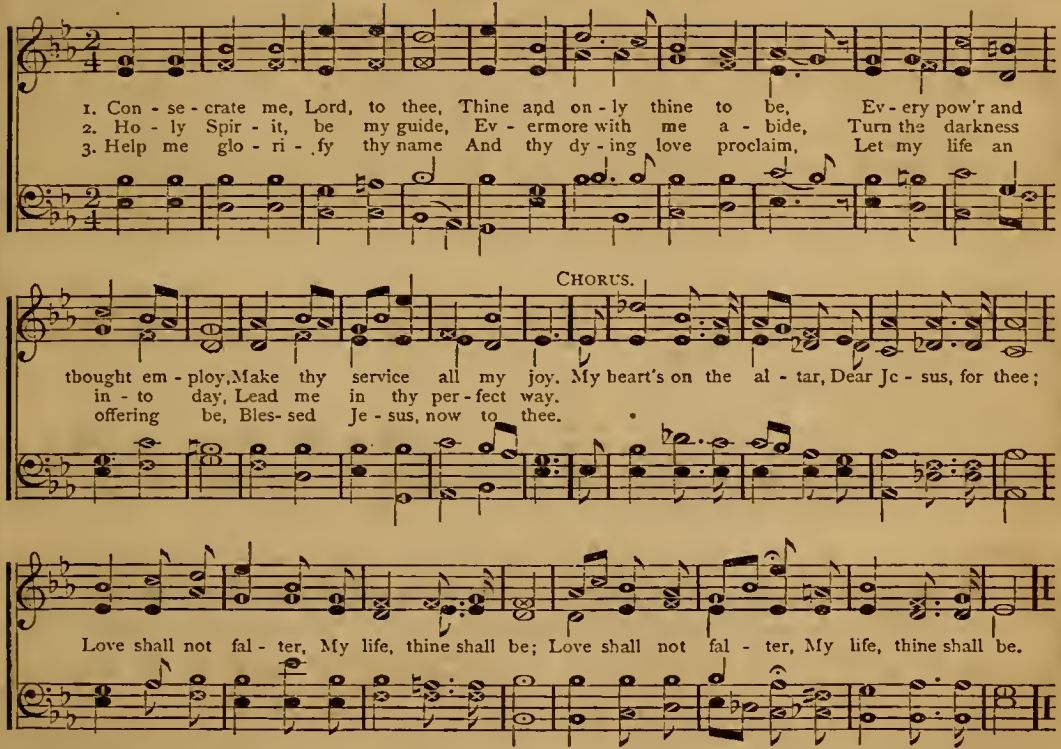
On the Altar.

Mrs. A. M. Chance. Thos. Ervin.



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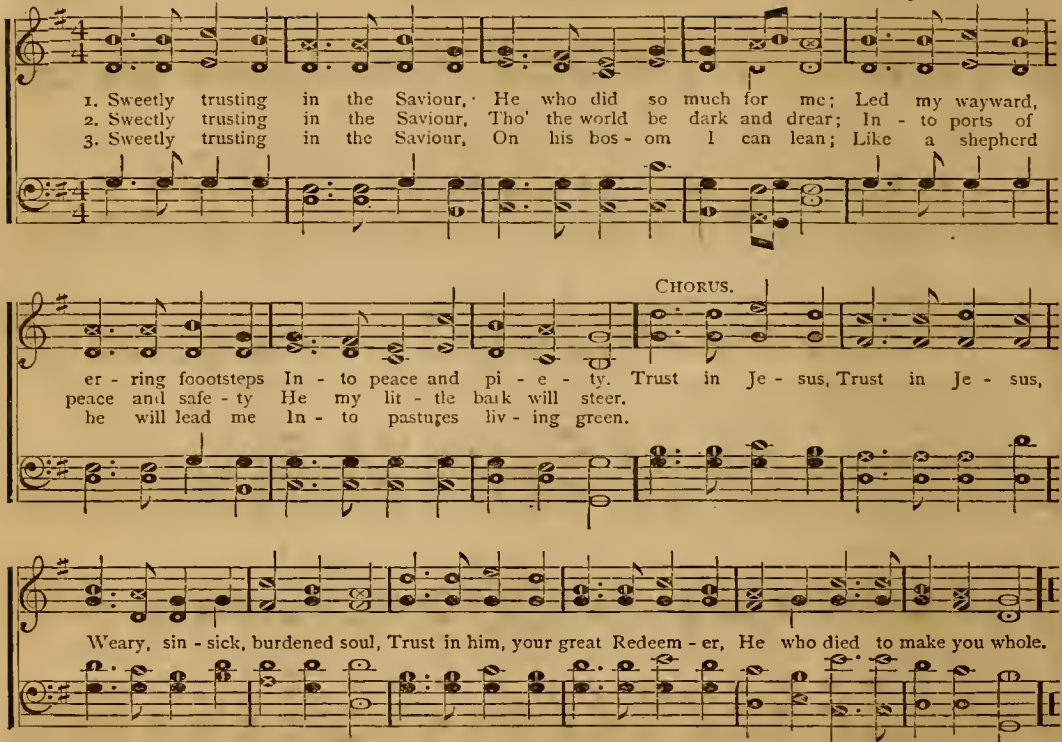
Trust in Jesus.

Miss Maggie Metcalf. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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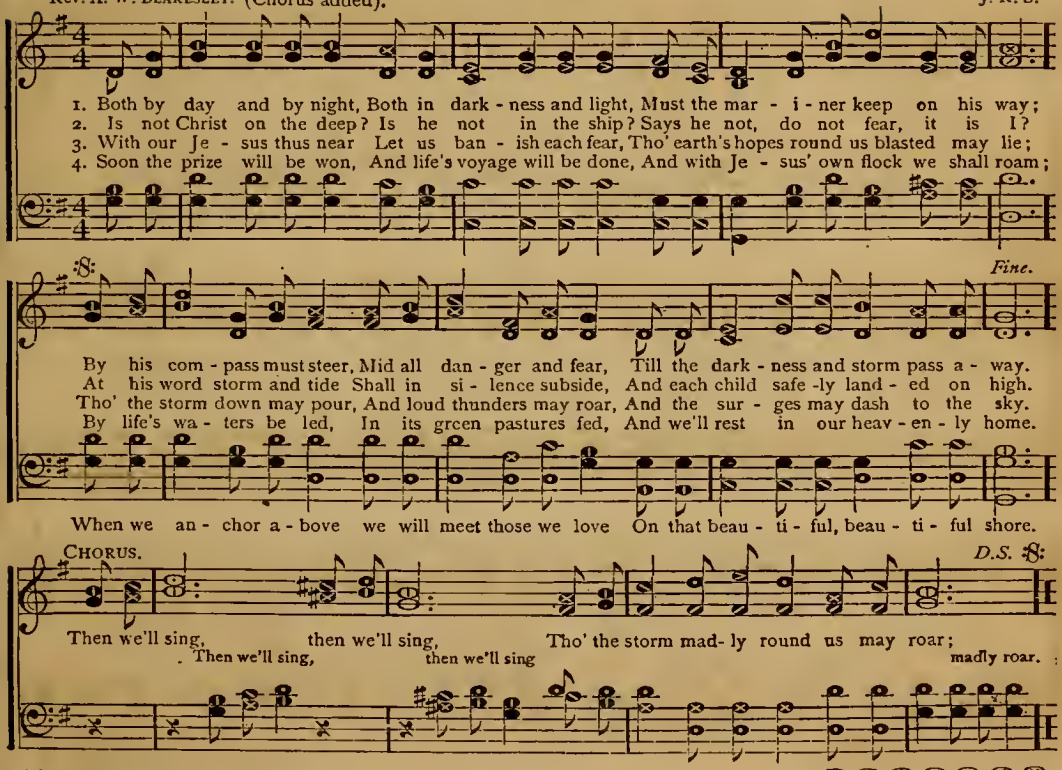
The Christian Mariner.

Rev. A. W. Blakesley. (Chorus added).

J. R. S.



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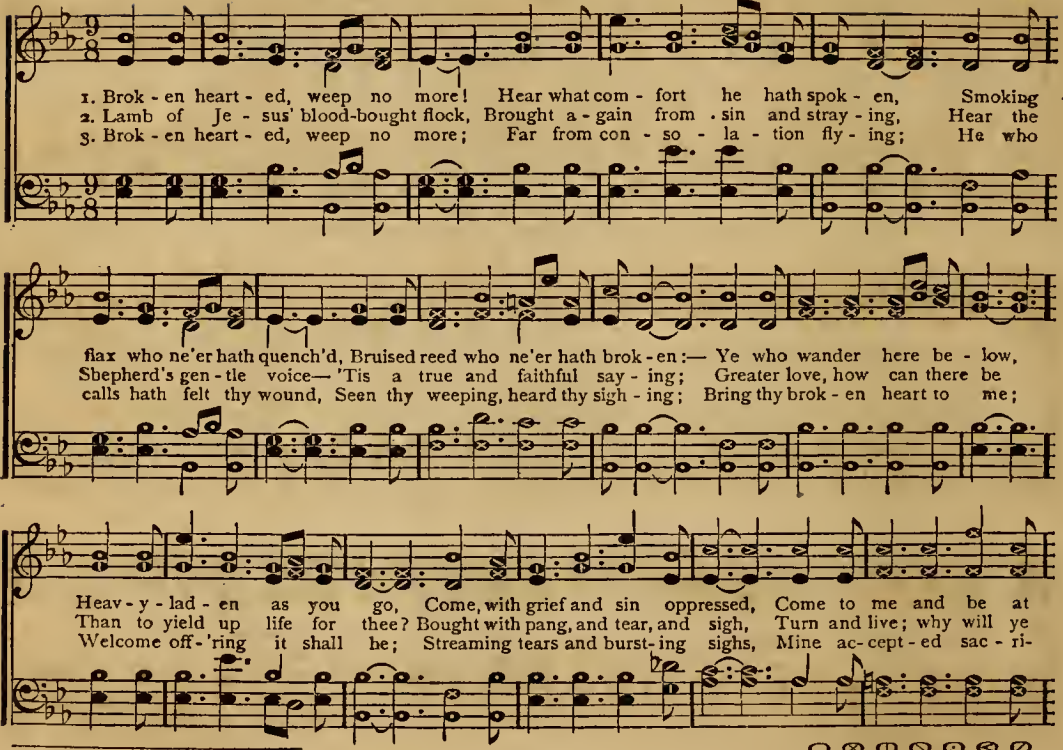
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Comfort He hath Spoken.

ANON. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psa. li. 17. JNO R. SWENEY.



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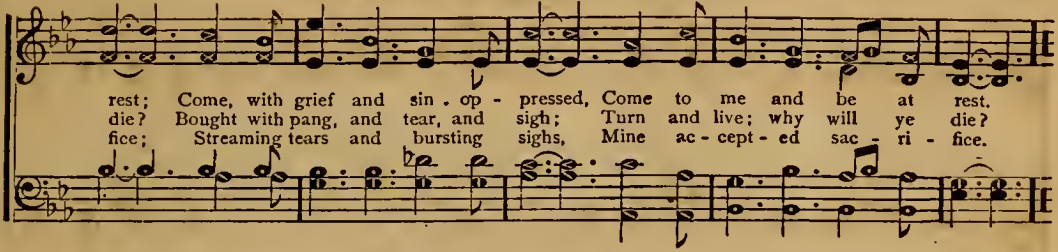
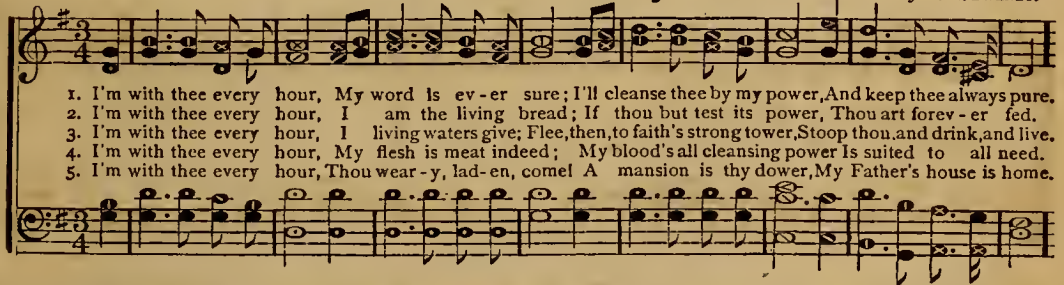
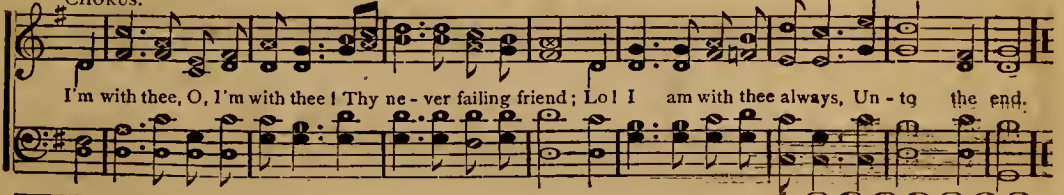


I'm With Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. R. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.



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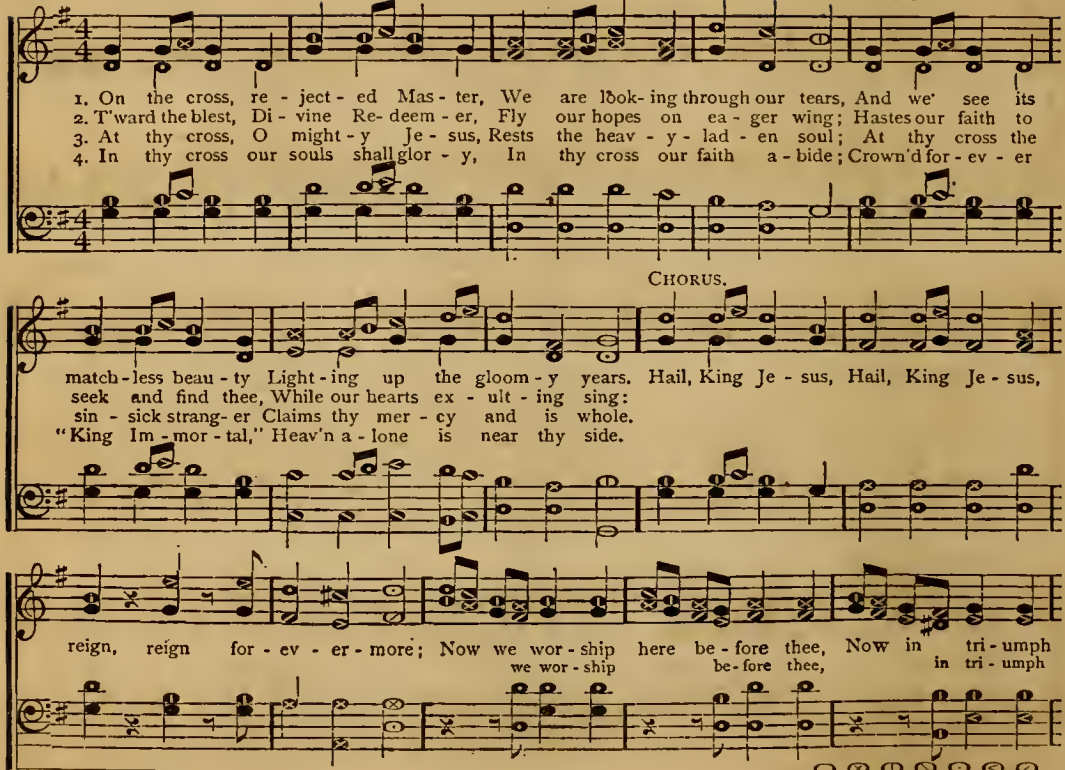
Hail, King Jesus!

FLORA B. HARRIS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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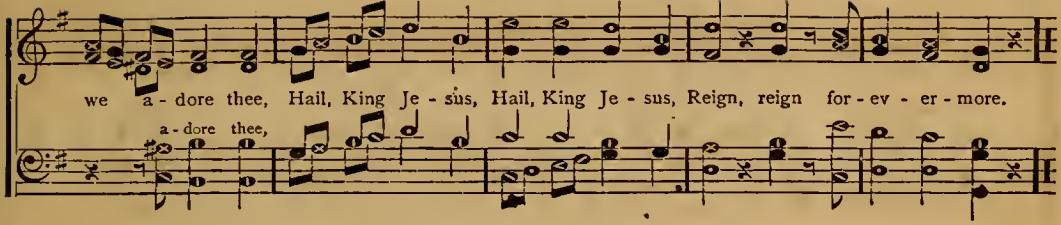
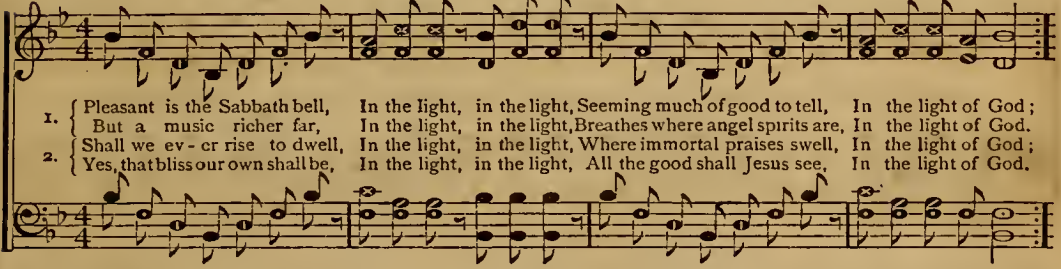
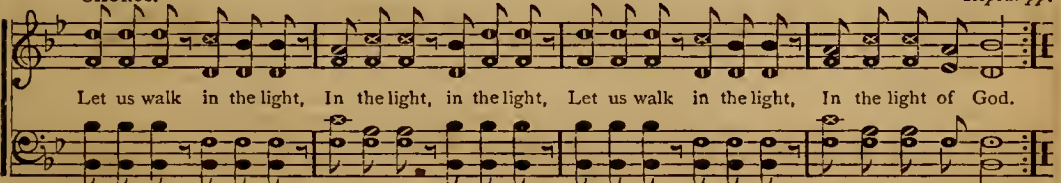


In the Light.

WM. G. TOMER.



CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*



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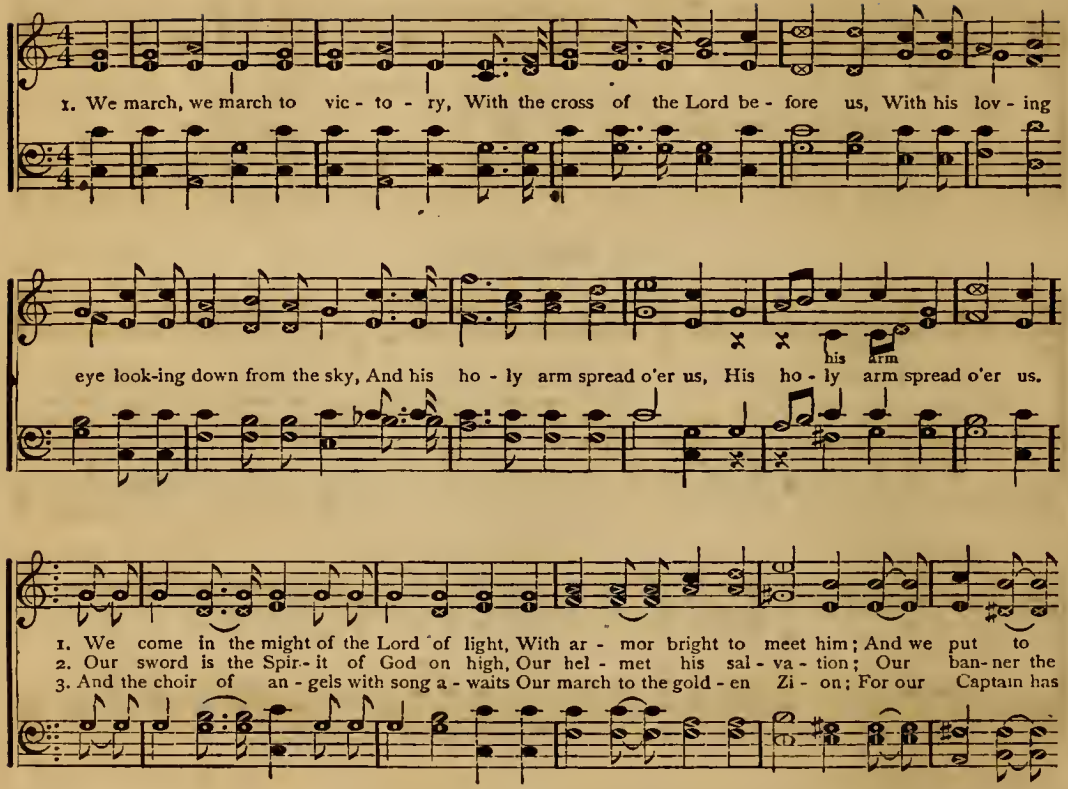
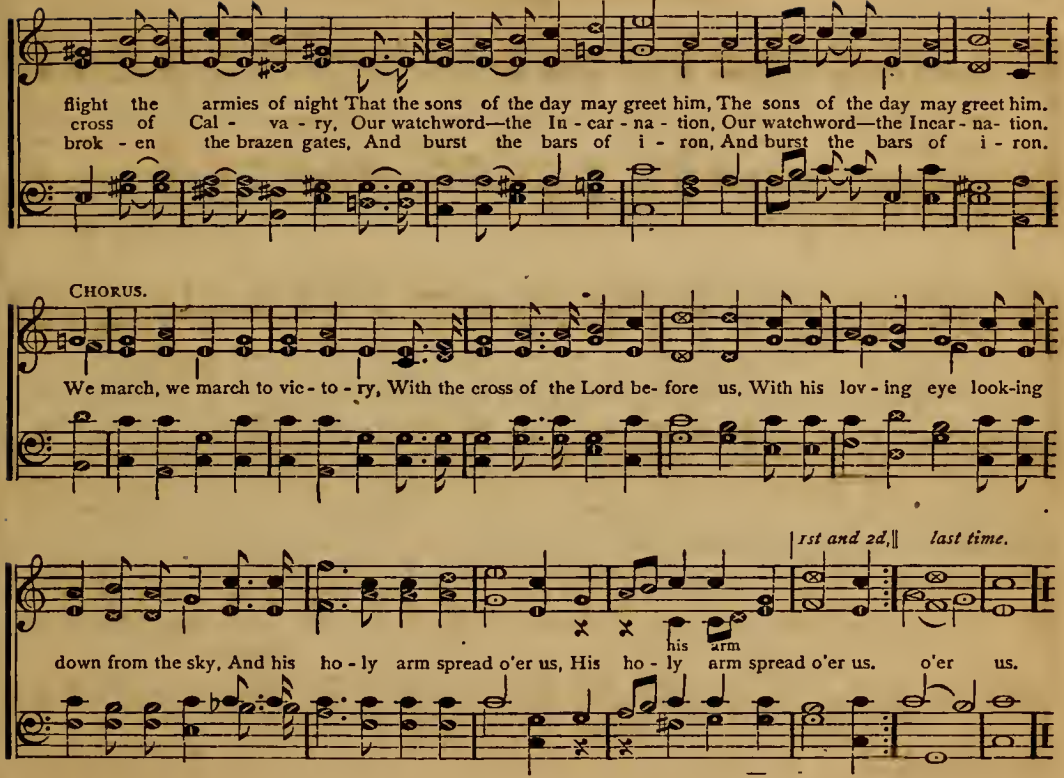
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

We March to Victory.

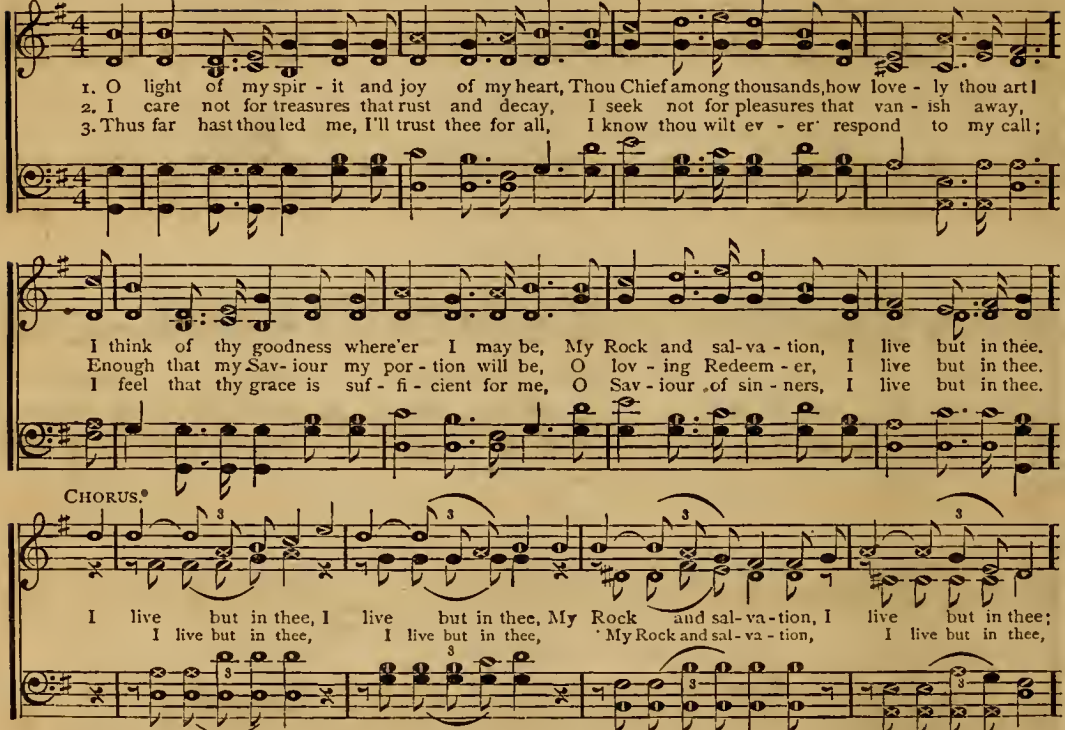
G. Moultrie. J. Barnby.




flight the armies of night That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him.
cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword—the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword—the Incar - na - tion.
brok - en the brazen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
CHORUS.
We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be- fore us, With his lov - ing eye look-ing
1st and 2d, last time.
his arm
down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

I Live but in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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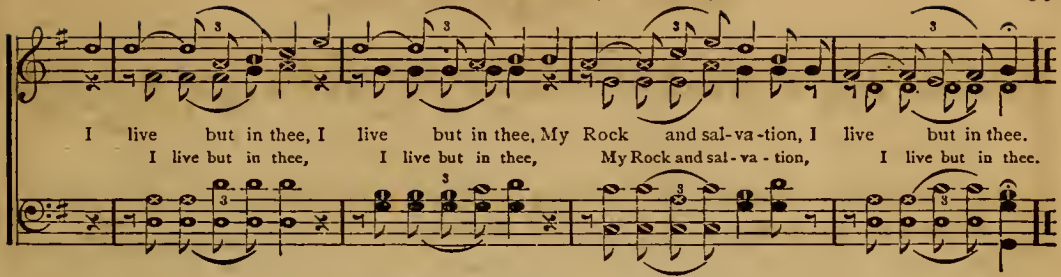
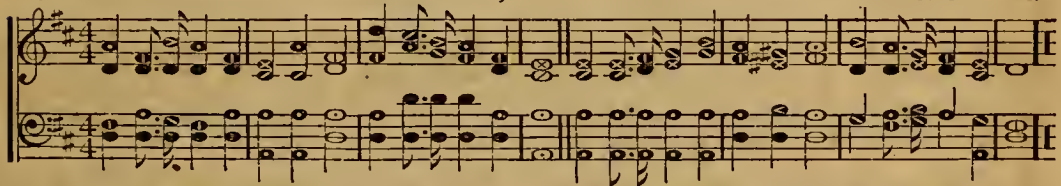


4 In seasons of trial thy hand will defend,
And cover my path till my journey shall end:
Thou hast in thy kingdom a welcome for me;
O Friend of the friendless, I live but in thee.

Heal us, Immanuel.

COWPER. WILLISFORD DEY.



1 Heal us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
Blest Saviour, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief."

3 She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

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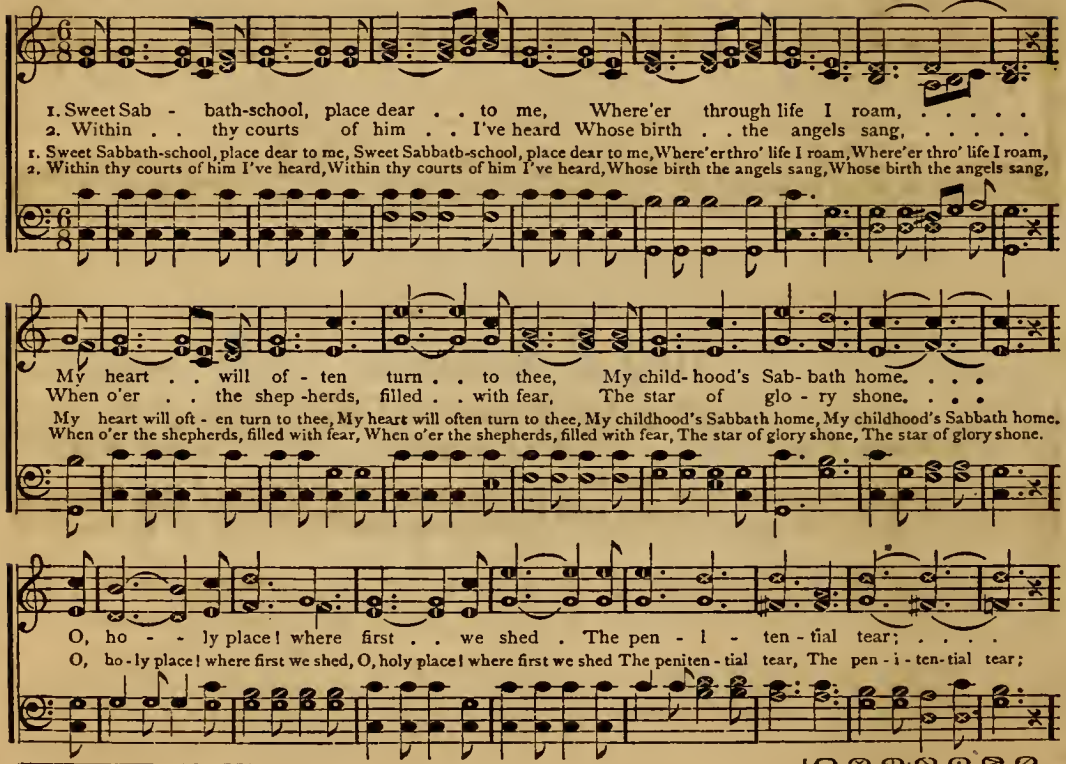
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

*Sweet Sabbath School.

Words arranged. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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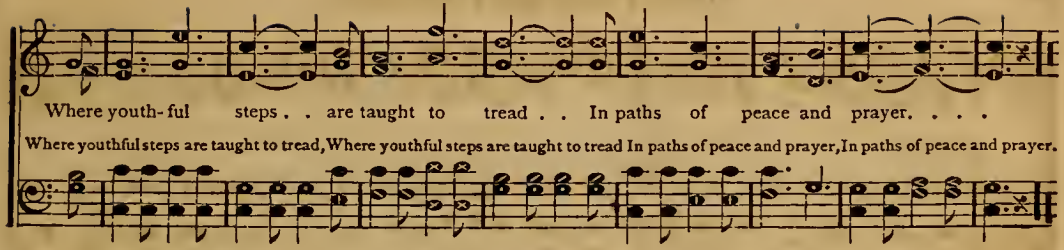
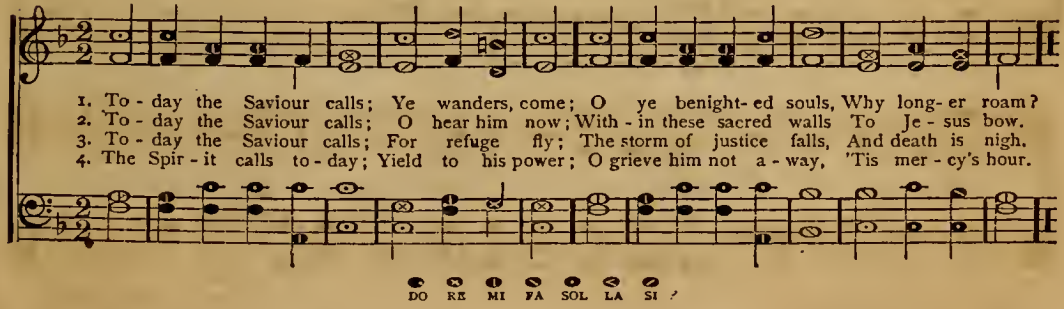


3 Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And care and life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath home
May we our anthems blend.

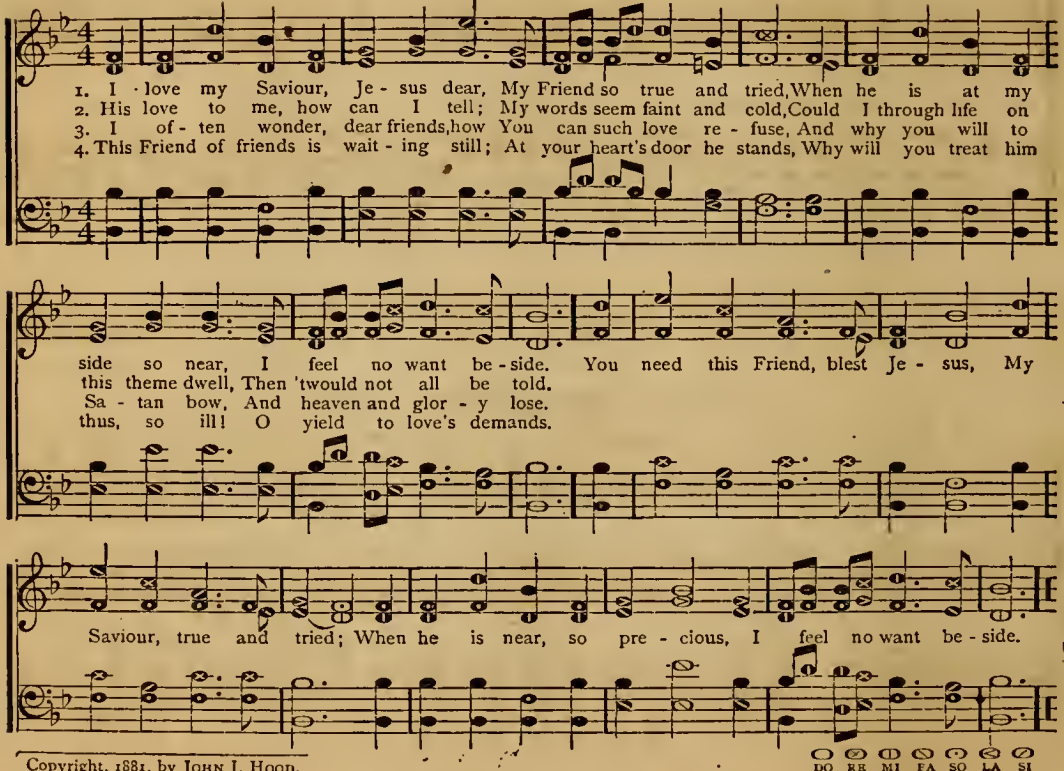
To-day the Saviour Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. "Harden not your hearts."—Heb. iii. 8. LOWELL MASON.



The Friend of Friends.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.



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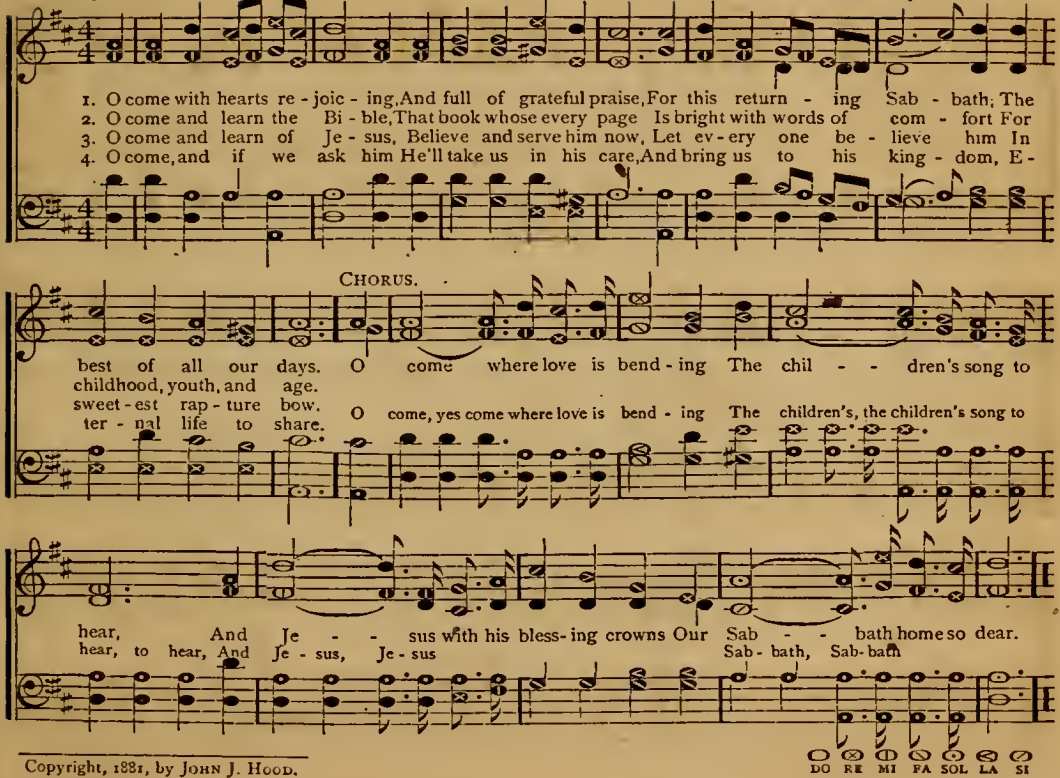
O Come where Love is Bending.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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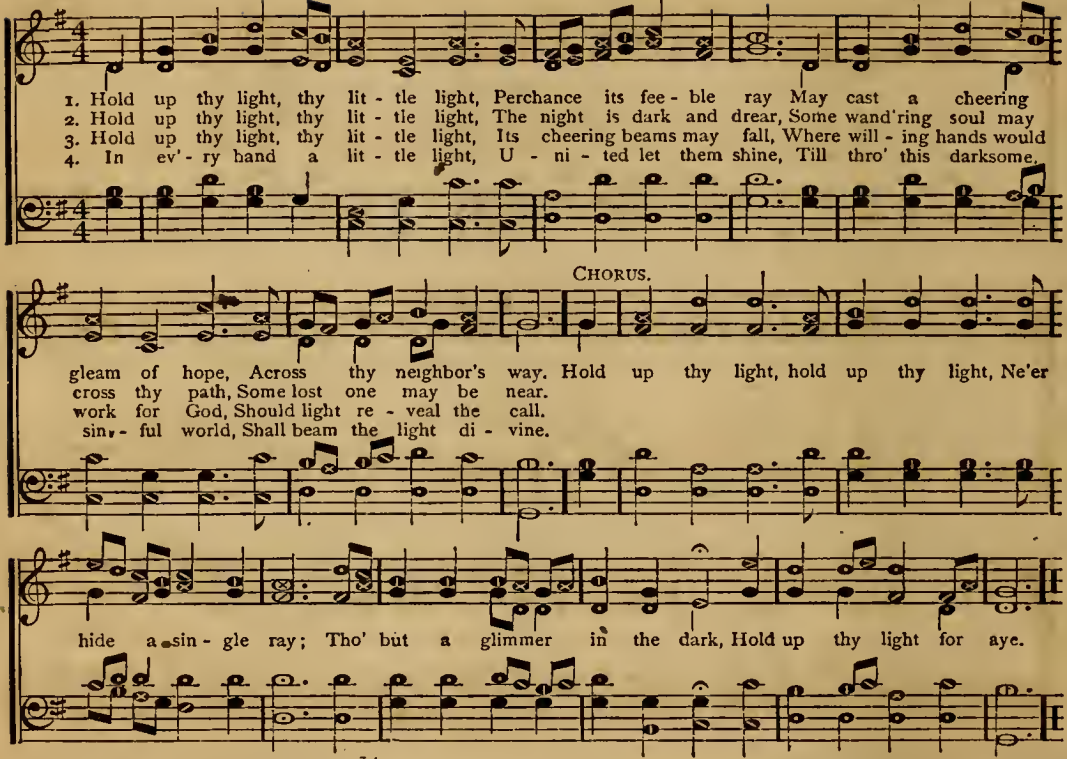
Hold up thy Light.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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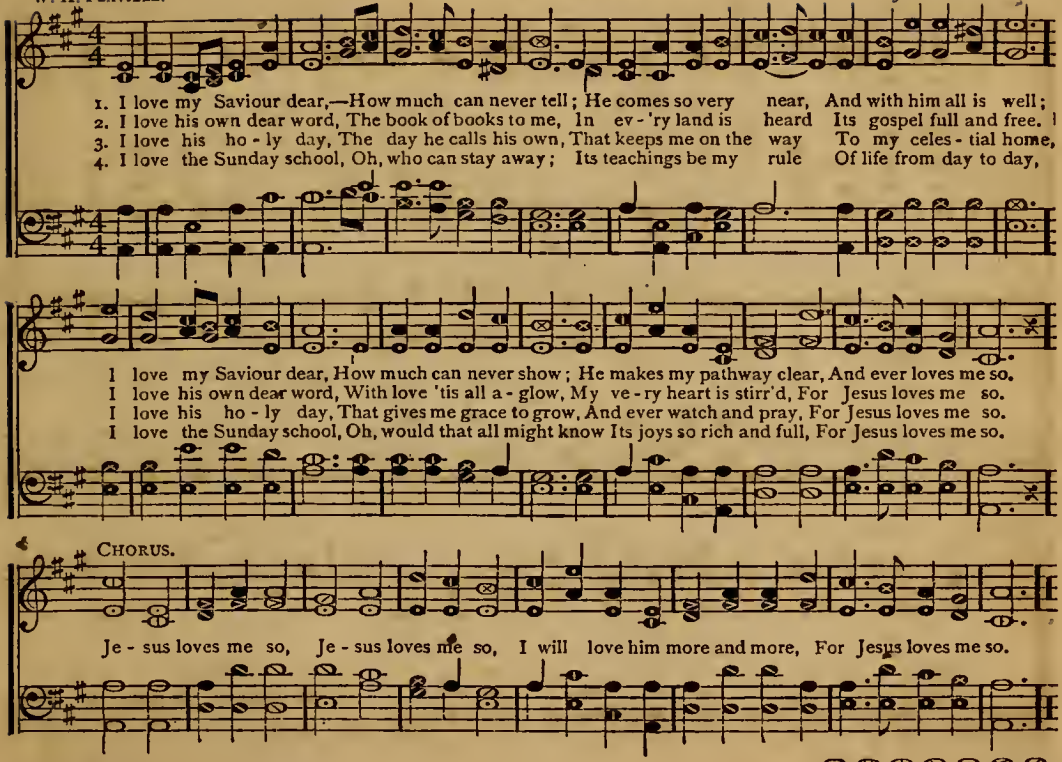
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Jesus Loves Me So.

W. H. Flaville. Jno. R. Swenby.



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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Come to Me.

Hattie M. Bird. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wea - ry of earth - ly care, I yearn for heaven and rest, And long to see that land where
2. Oh, doubt - ing, trembling soul, quick to thy ref - uge flee, Thy sins on Cal - va - ry were
3. His par - don he will give, if thou wilt trust his love, His blood the deep - est guilt for -
4. And when thy pil - grim steps draw near their jour - ney's end Some an - gel mes - sen - ger thy

all are tru - ly blest; But sin - de - filed and stained, how shall I reach that home?
nailed up - on the tree; And Je - sus paid thy debt and bought thy gold - en crown,
ev - er can re - move; His grace he will be - stow each day to strengthen thee,
lov - ing Lord will send, To lead thee safe - ly through Death's swelling, trou - bled sea,

CHORUS.

Oh, heav - y - lad - en soul, 'tis Je - sus bids thee come. Hear . . . the Saviour's voice
He won for thee thy life, his own by lay - ing down.
So thou, o'er Sin and Death shall win the vic - to - ry.
To God, and home, and rest, which all are wait - ing thee. Hear, oh, hear the Sav - iour's voice

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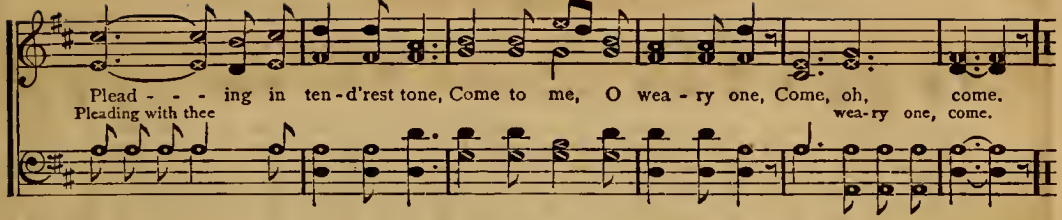
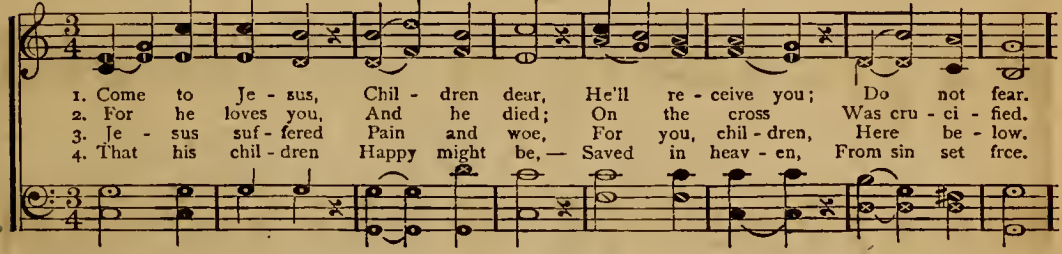
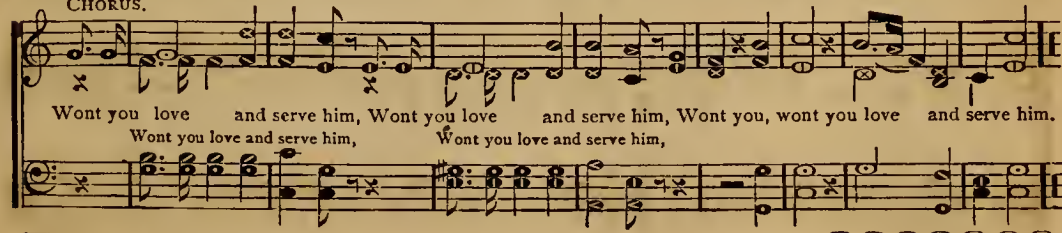


Children Invited.

Mrs. A. M. Chance. Jno. R. Sweney.





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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Suffer the Children to come unto Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Sav - iour, we ask to be al - ways thine own, Look on us ten- der - ly, now from thy throne;
2. Earth has no friend - ship so ho - ly as thine, Care for us lov- ing - ly, Shep - herd di - vine,
3. Sav - iour, we thank thee that faith brings us near, Just as the lit - tle ones came to thee here;
4. Tak - ing our cross if we fol - low thee still, Meek - ly and cheerful - ly do - ing thy will;

Lambs of thy fold thou can'st make us to - day, Lead us, Dear Sav- iour, and show us the way.
Smile on our pathway whcrev - er we go, Teach us thy truth and thy wis - dom to know.
If we are will - ing to an - swer thy call Thou hast a bless- ing, dear Sav - iour, for all.
Then in the beau - ti - ful mansions a - bove We shall be wel- comed and crown'd with thy love.

CHORUS.

Prec - - - - ious the words that were spok - - - - en by thee,
Precious the words spoken by thee, Precious the words spoken by thee

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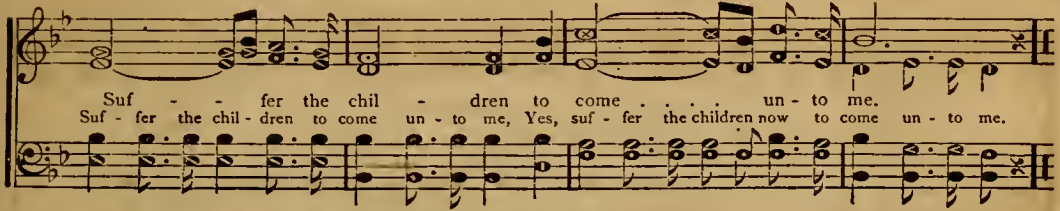
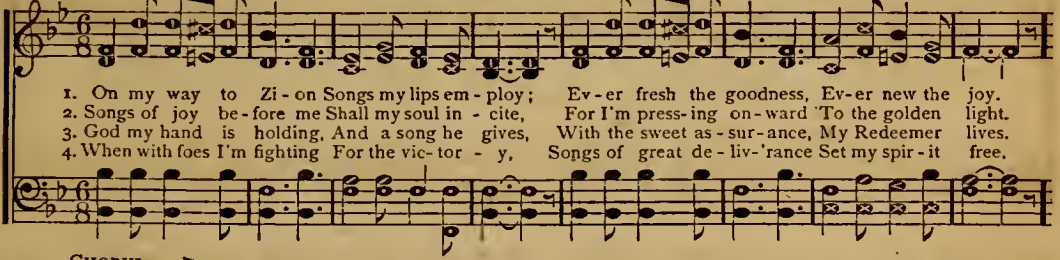
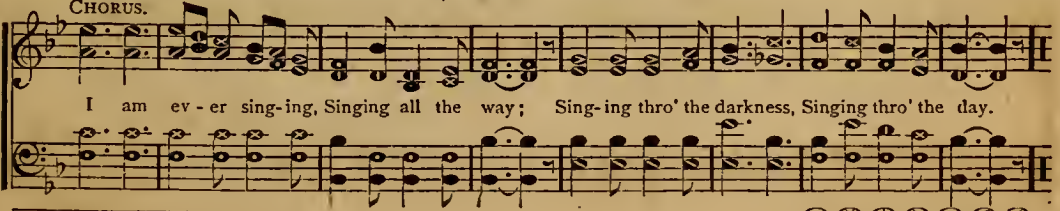
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



Ever Singing.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "With songs and everlasting joy."—Isa. xxxv. 10. S. J. ROBSON.





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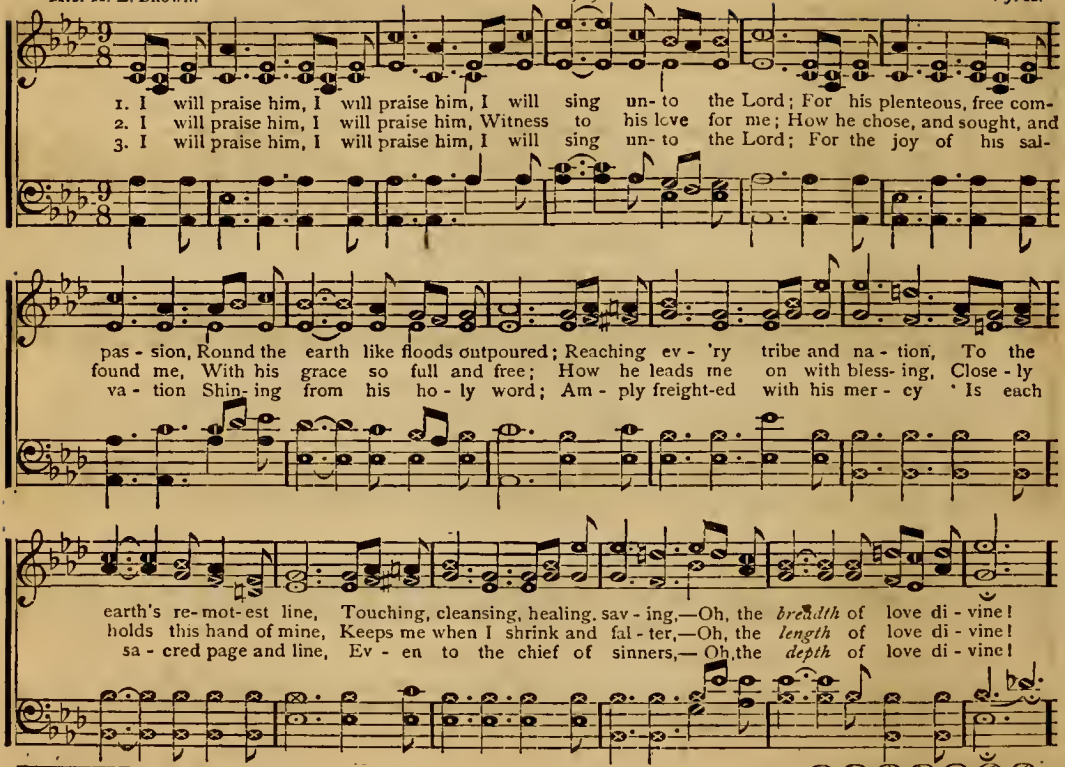
I will Praise Him.

Mrs. H. E. Brown. Eph. iii. 18, 19. W. J. K.



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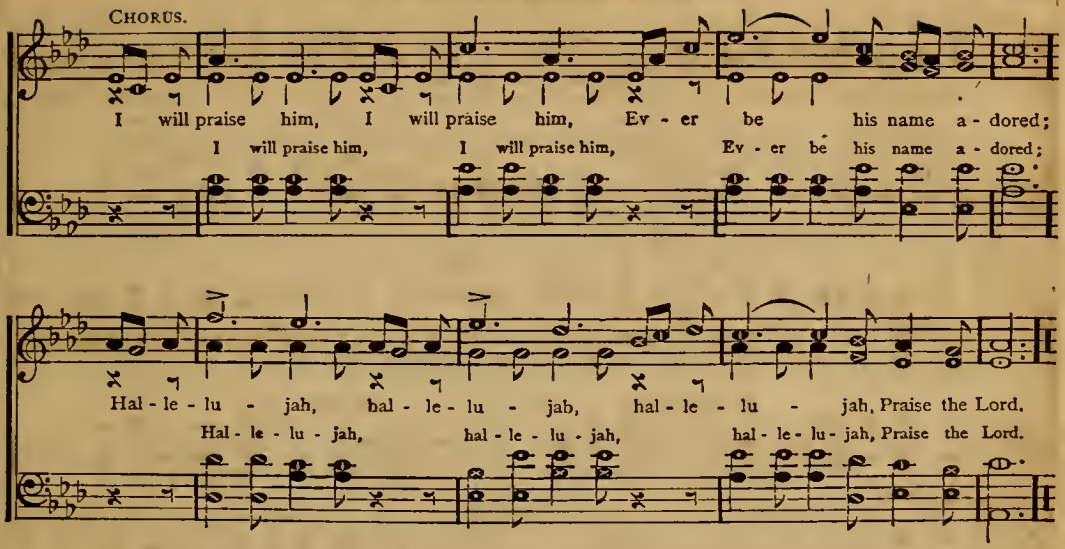

4 I will praise him, I will praise him,
I will sing unto the Lord;
Loud extol the royal bounty
His full treasuries afford;
Half his goodness was not told me!
Oh, what glories in him shine!
I can never, never tell it,
All the *height* of love divine!

5 I will praise him, I will praise him,—
Holy Ghost, my song indite,—
For the love that passeth knowledge,
Length and *breadth* and *depth* and *height*;
Sing, O earth! let every creature
Help this feeble tongue of mine
To declare a love so precious,
Endless, infinite, divine!

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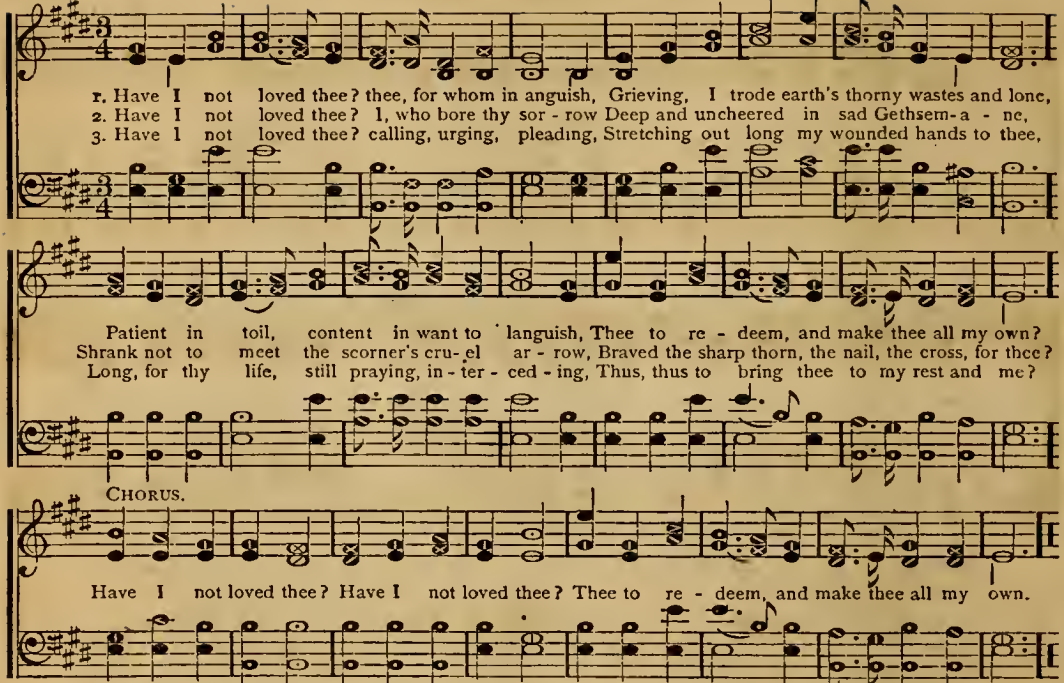
MRS. J. C. YULE.

Have I not Loved Thee?

J. R. S.



4 Have I not loved thee? oh, that thou wouldst hearken,
Late though it be, to my most urgent call,
Ere the thick clouds of ruin round thee darken,
Ere the drear midnight shroud thee in its fall!

5 Have I not loved thee? what can love do ever
More than my love hath done and borne for thee,
Cast it not from thee, lest it cease forever;
Come and be saved, O sinner, come to me!

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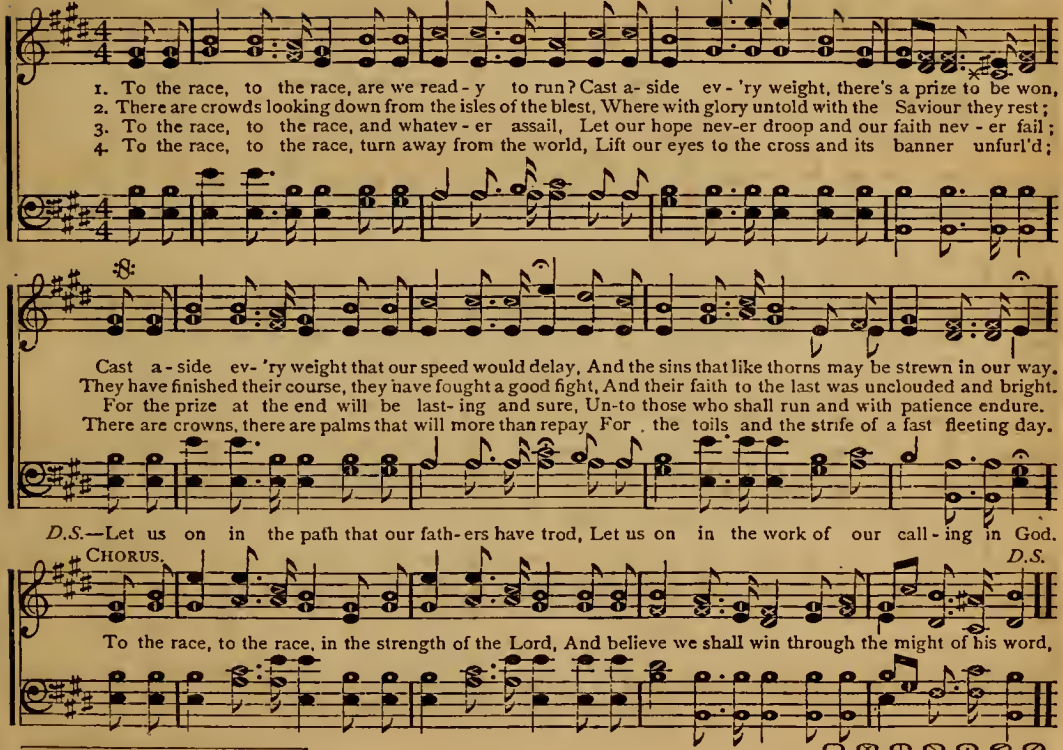
To the Race.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. "So run that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. ix. 24. NELLIE M. JEFFERIS.



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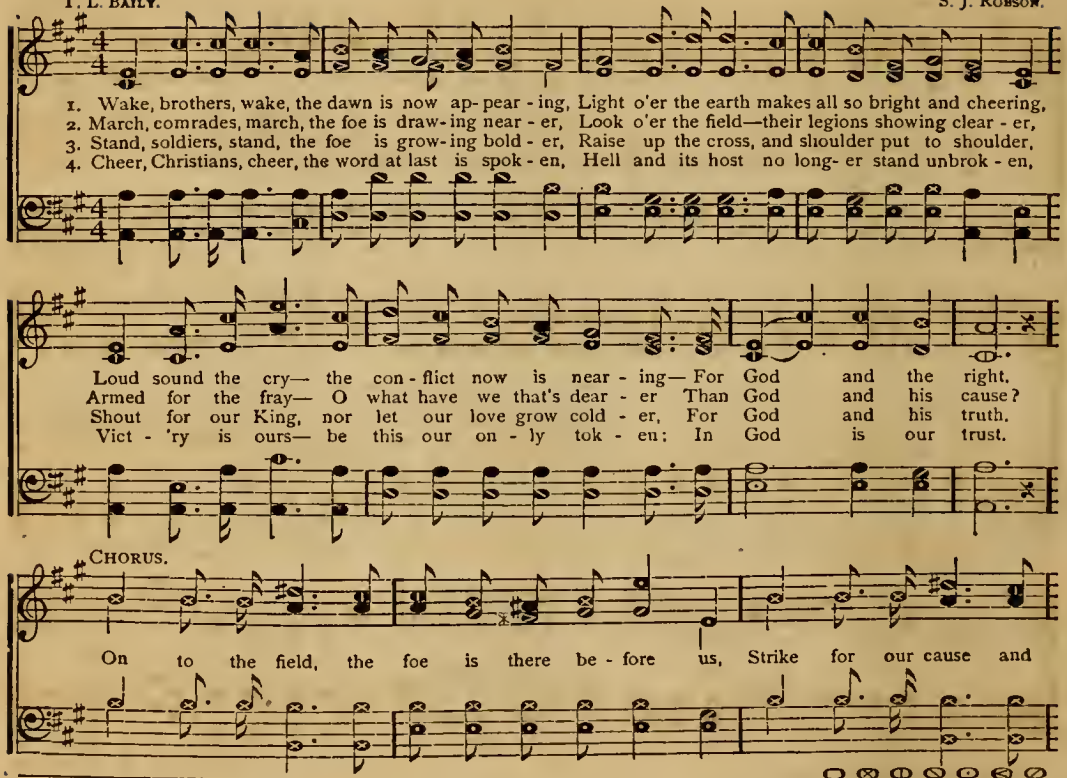
Wake, Brothers, Wake.

T. L. Baily. S. J. Robson.



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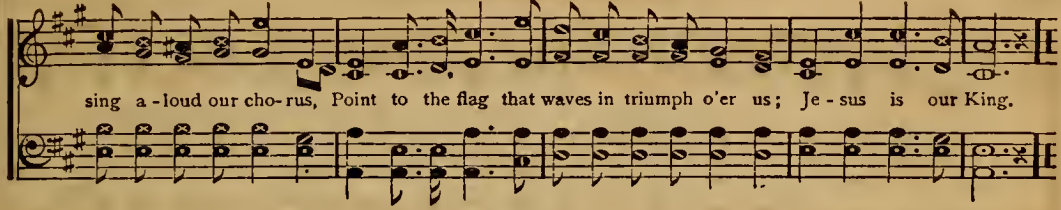
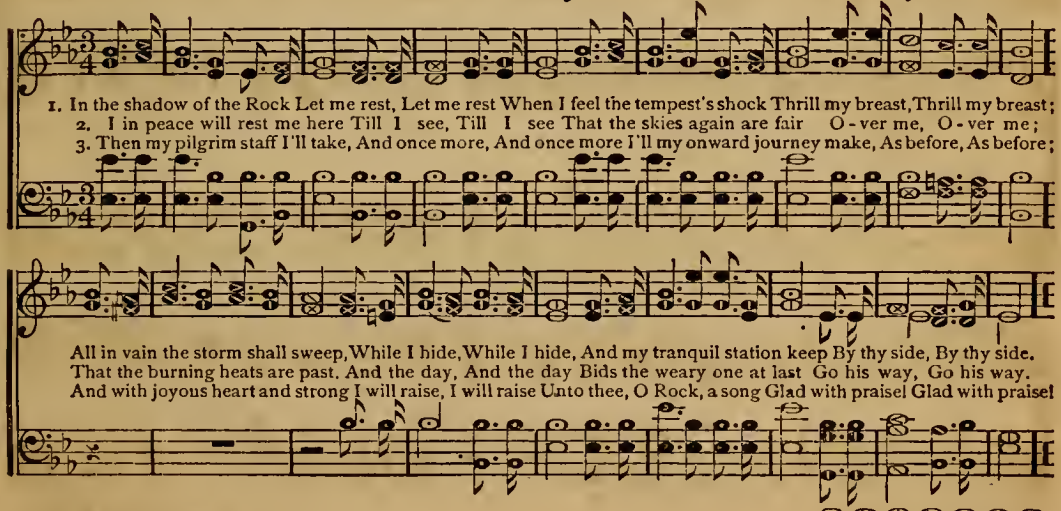


Safety.

ANON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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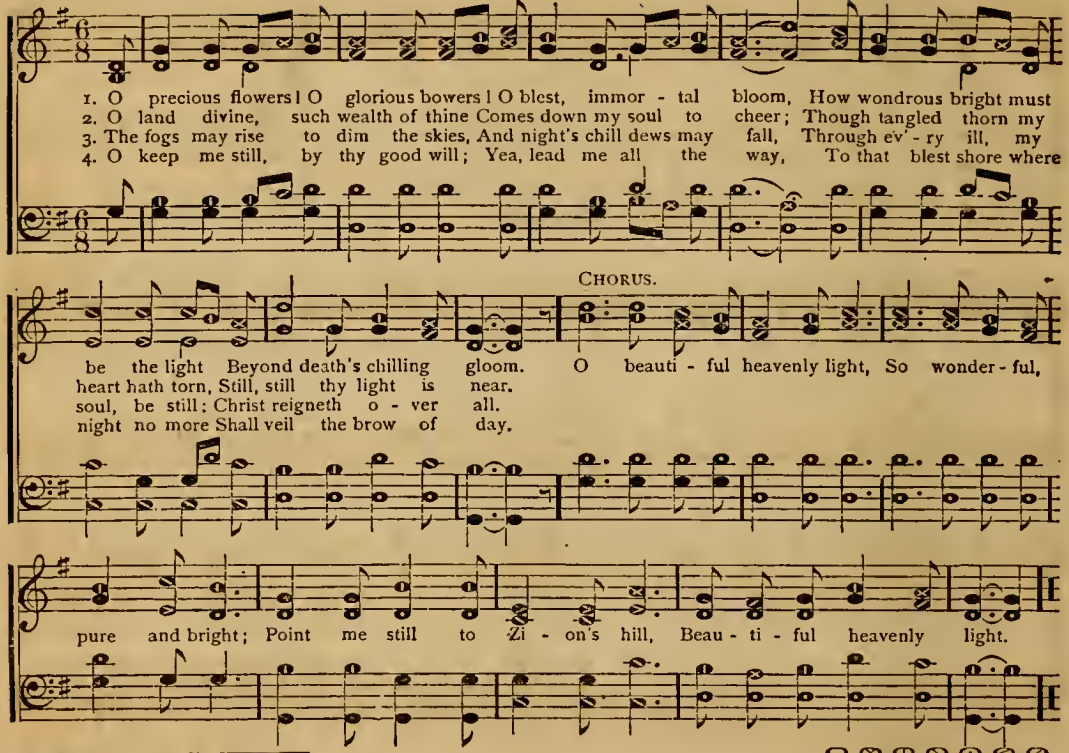
Heavenly Light.

Marilla M. Pinney. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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My Hand in Thine.

F. J. C. J. R. S.

1. Sing - ing, sing - ing, day by day, All thy mer - cy Lord to me, Bright - er, bright - er,
2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, o'er and o'er, What thy grace has done for me, On the wings of
3. Sing - ing, sing - ing, so I stand, Gaz - ing forth with joy - ful eyes, On the bliss - ful
4. Sing - ing, sing - ing, oh, how sweet Will that song in glo - ry be, When the ransomed

CHORUS.

grows the way while my soul communes with thee. Thou hast banished ev - 'ry fear With thy precious
faith I soar Where my spirit soon will be.
bor- der land, Lost in won - der and sur - prise.
host I meet, When thy face, O Lord, I see.

love di - vine; Lord, through all my jour - ney here, Hold as now my hand in thine.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Oh, Speak to Me, my Saviour.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD. W. J. K.

1. Oh, speak to me, my Saviour, Some words of ho - ly cheer, That I in joy or sorrow May
2. Oh, speak to me, my Saviour, And tell me of thy grace,—Suf - fi- cient for thy peo - ple, For
3. Oh, speak to me, my Saviour, I long to hear thy voice, For when I am de - spondent It

know that thou art near; O Lord how con - de - scend - ing To stoop and talk with me! I
ev - 'ry time and place; Oh, speak to me in trou - ble Some con - so - la - tions dear, Be
makes my heart re - joice; Thou lov - est me, my Sav - iour, Thy love I feel,—I know, But

CHORUS.

know I am un - worth - y, But hear my humble plea. Oh, speak to me, my Sa- viour, I
with me in the con - flict, And I shall feel no fear.
oh, my soul is wait - ing To hear thee tell me so.

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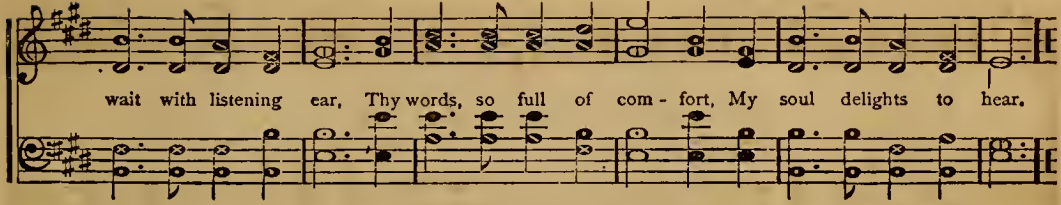
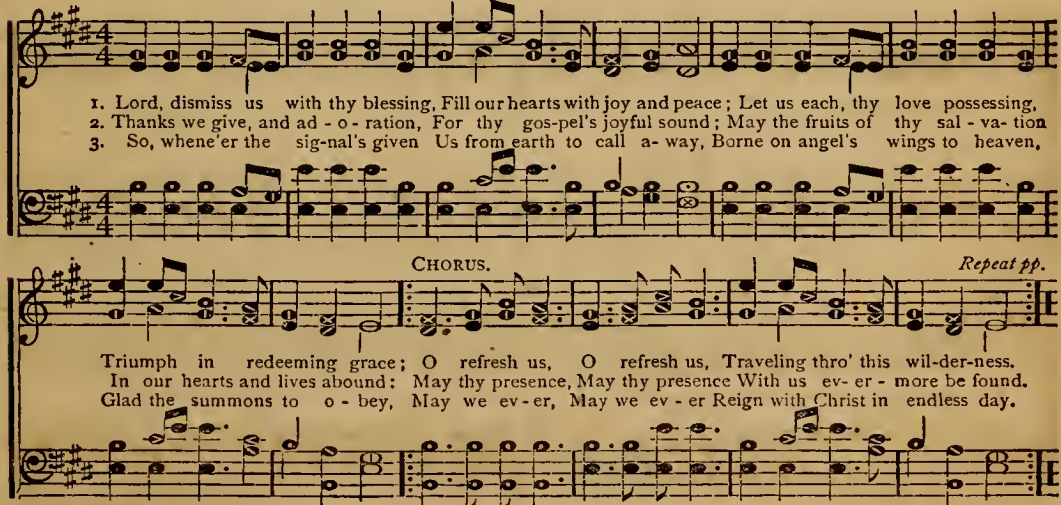


Dismiss us with Thy Blessing.

J. R. S.



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E. R. LATTA.

Beautiful Shore.

W. J. K.

1. Beyond the crumbling banks of life, Where angry tempests beat no more, And where there is no care nor strife, There
2. Its skies are ever bright and clear, And spirits blest their Lord adore! The weary pilgrim findeth rest, Whose
3. There age no wrinkles e'er can know, And pain and sickness both are o'er! No burning tears can ev- er flow, No
4. Bright eyes no more in death shall close, The winds of winter never roar! No biting frost shall blast the rose That
5. O children, seek that clime so fair, Where sin can blight the soul no more! Where all the good, bright crowns shall wear For

CHORUS.

lies outstretched the beauti - ful shore! O beau- ti - ful shore, O beau- ti - ful shore,
feet have touch'd the beauti - ful shore!
sighs e'er reach the beau - ti - ful shore!
blooms up- on the beau - ti - ful shore!
aye, up- on the beau - ti - ful shore! beau - ti - ful, beau- ti- ful shore, beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful shore,

1. Where trees of life are blooming ev- er - more.
2. Thy joys are joys e - ter - nal, beauti-ful shore.

beautiful shore. beautiful shore.

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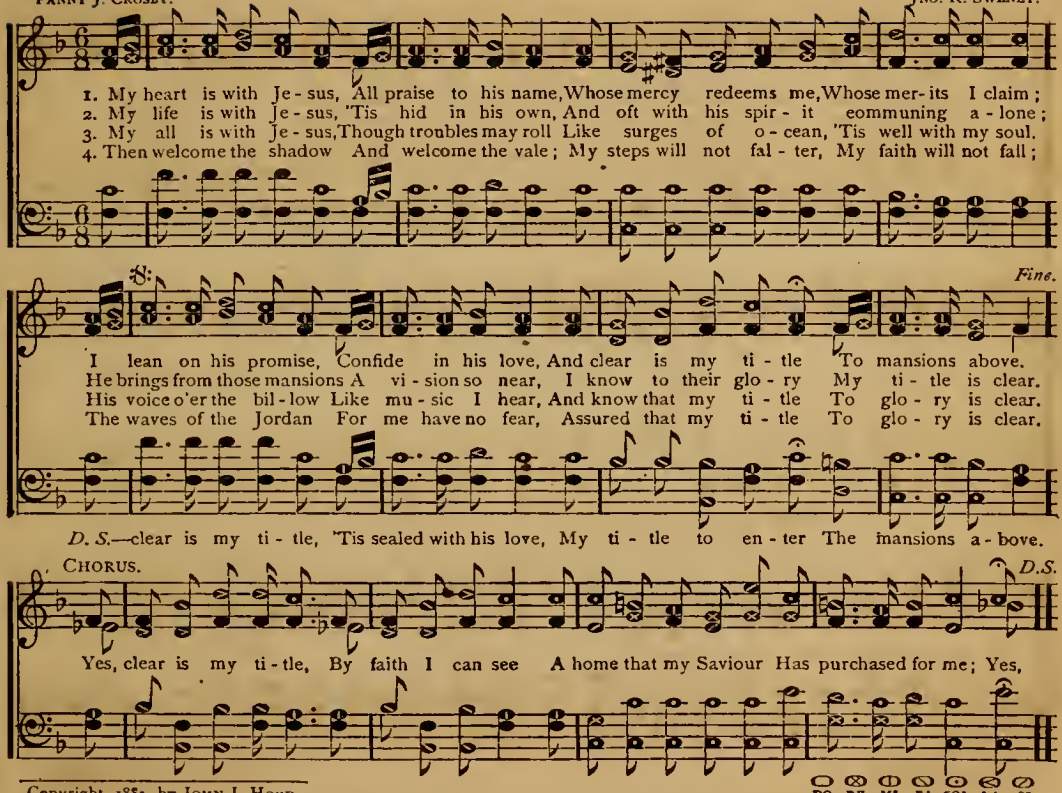
Clear is my Title.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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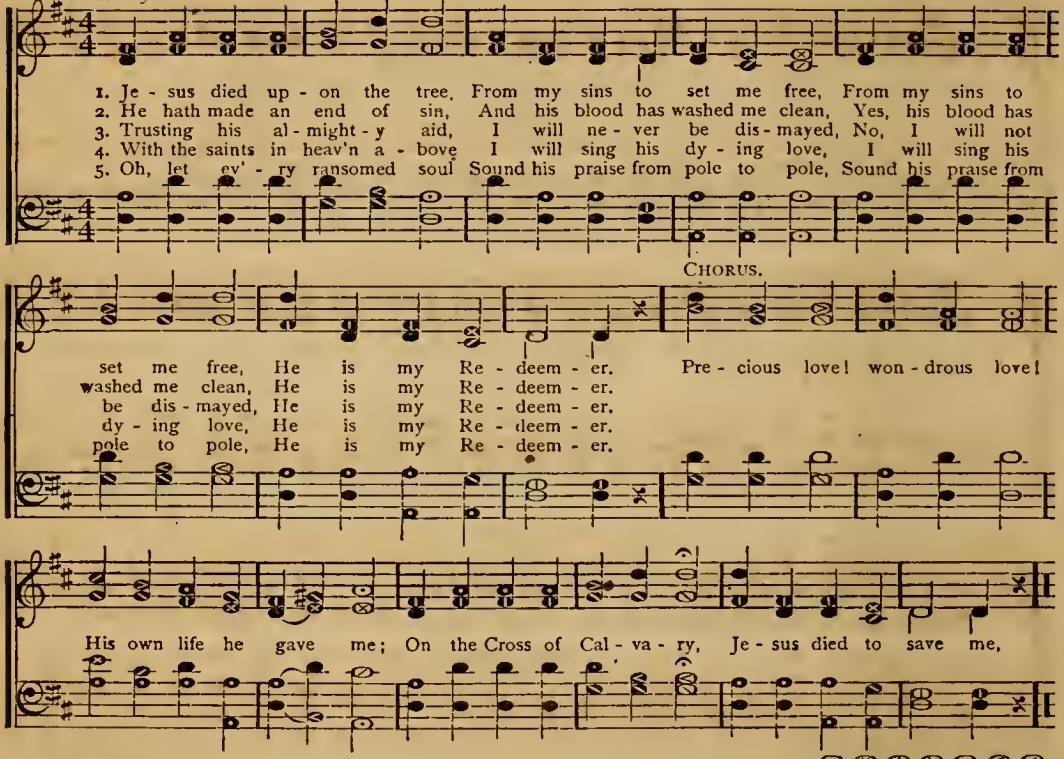
Jesus Died to Save Me.

Lively.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.



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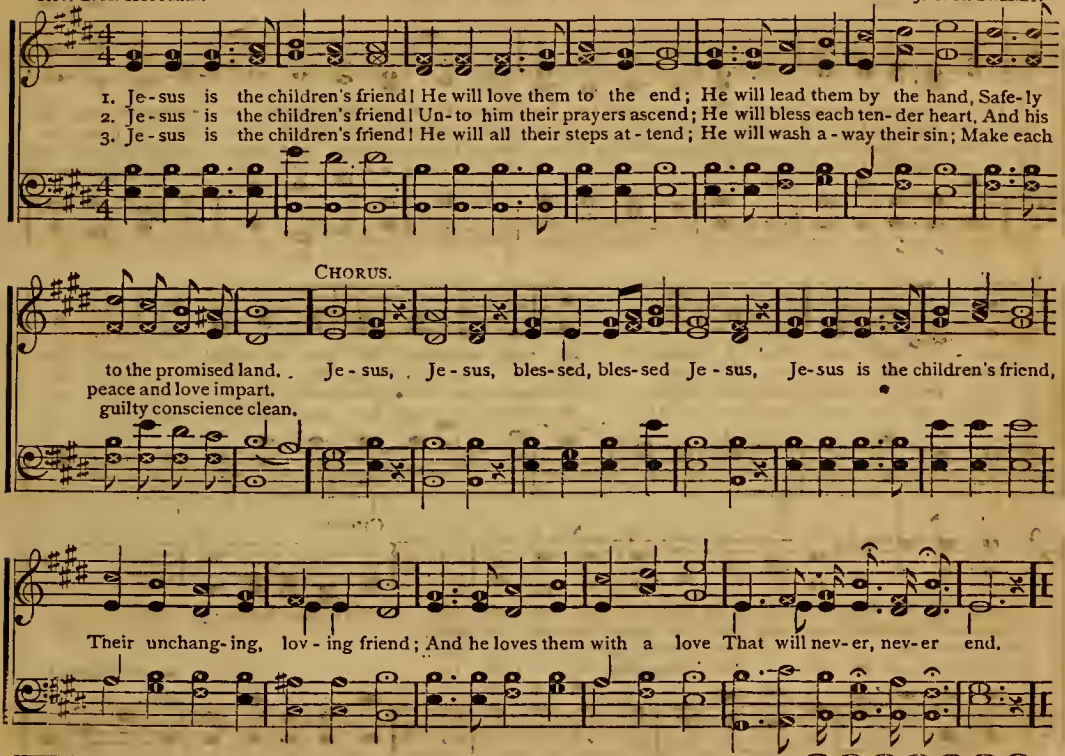
The Children's Friend.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Jno. R. Sweney.



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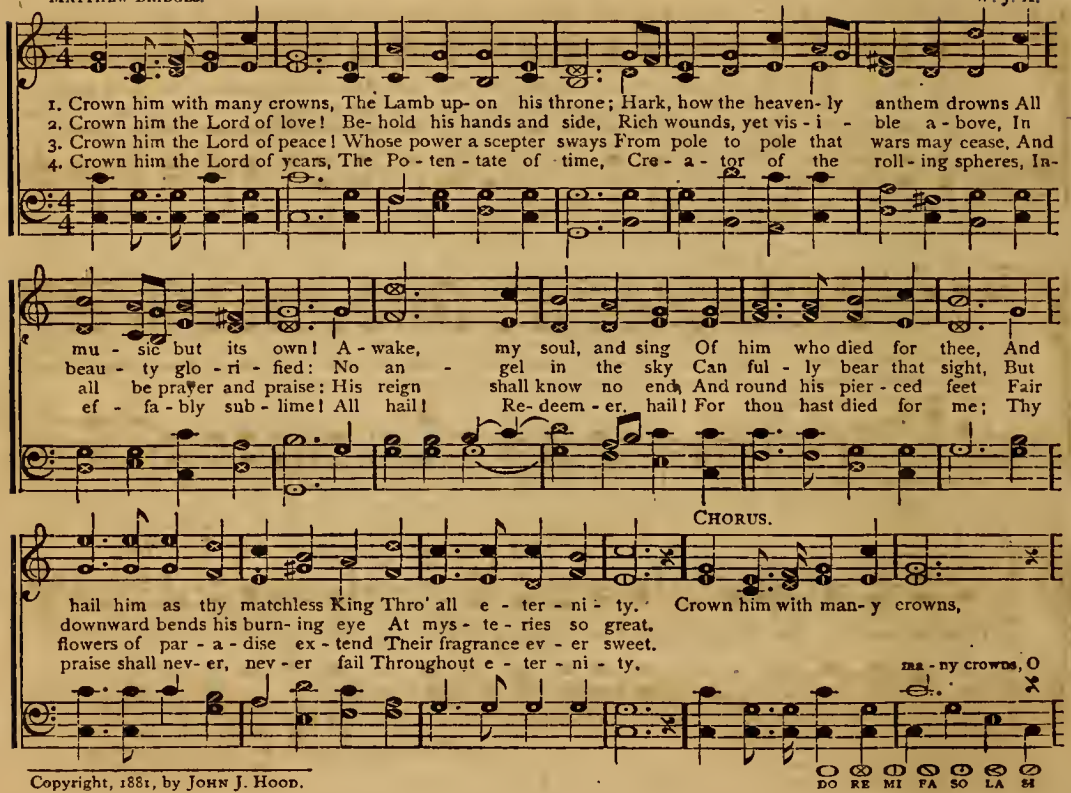
Crown Him With Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. W. J. K.



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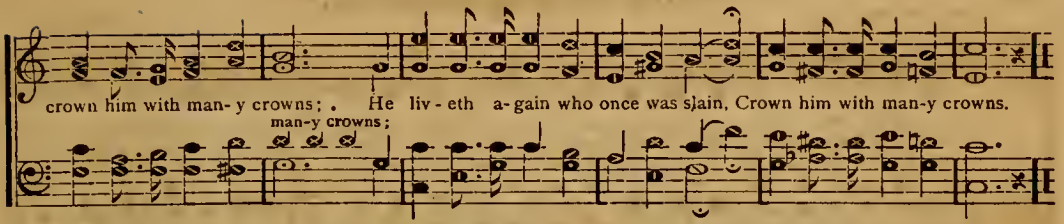
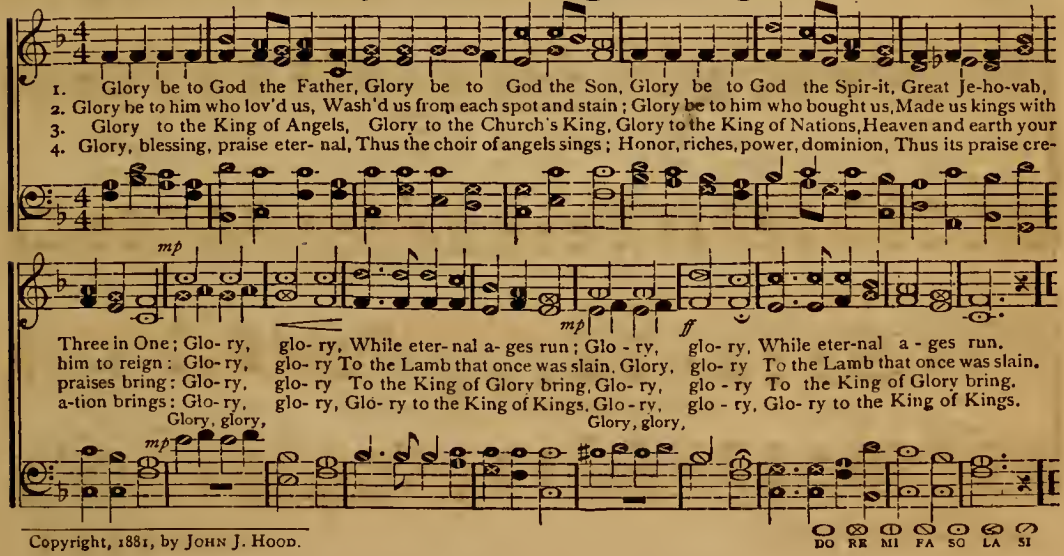


Glory to the King of Kings.

H. Bonar. W. J. K.



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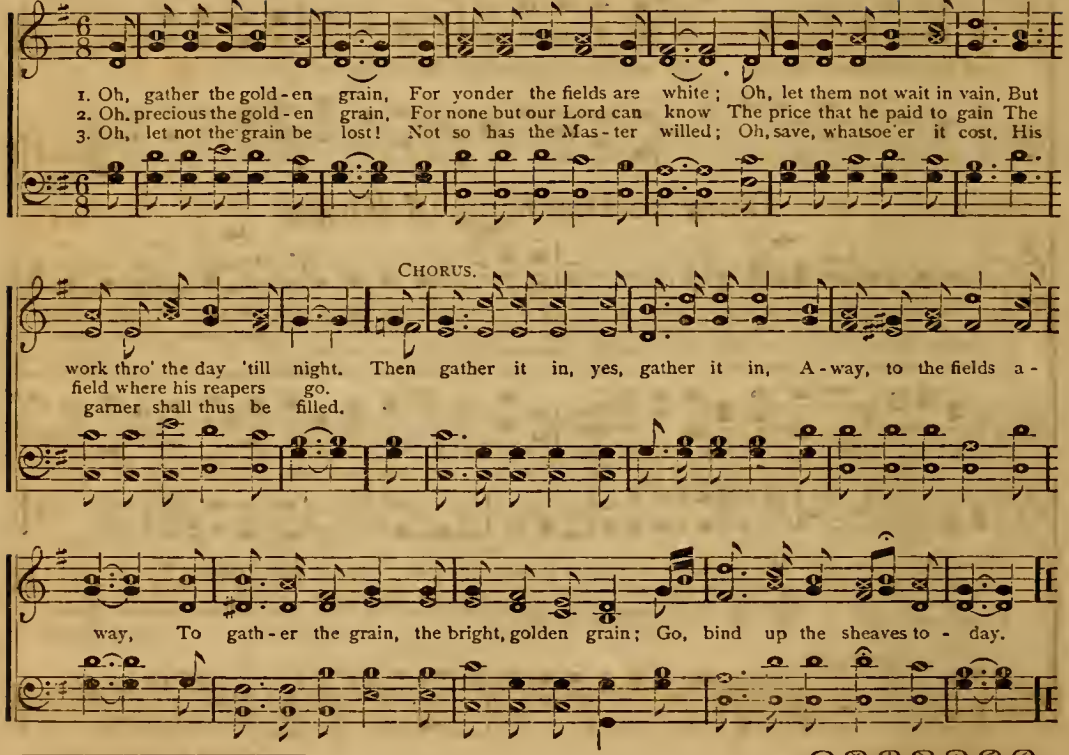
Bind up the Sheaves.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.



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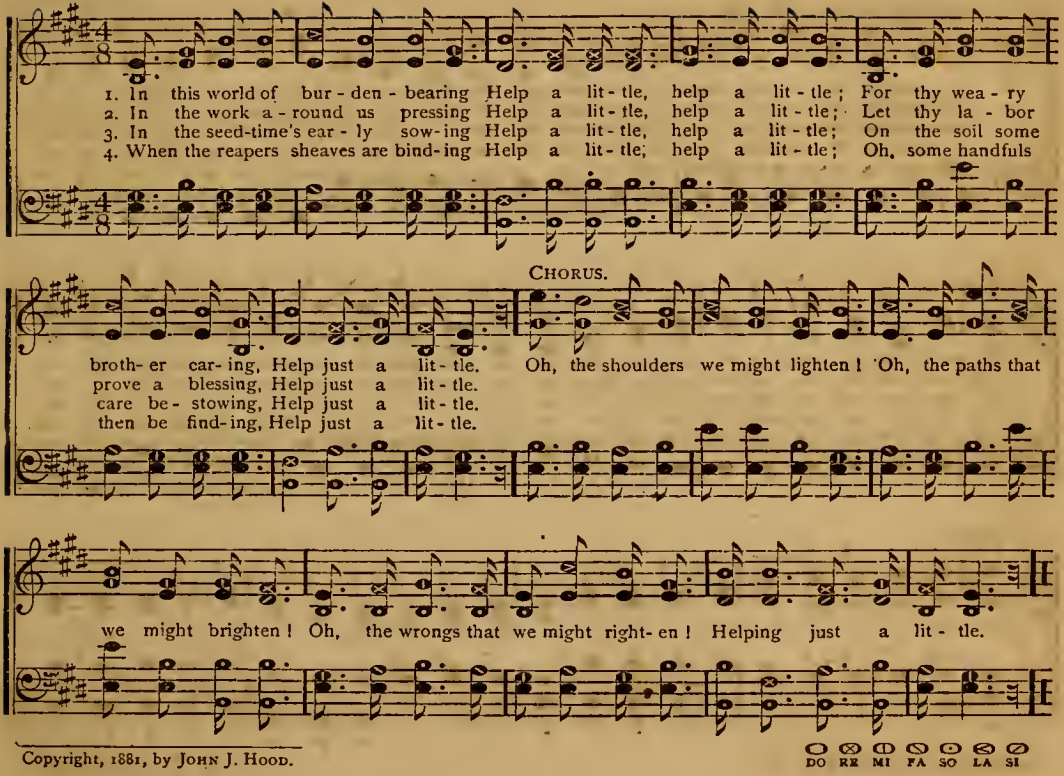
Help a Little.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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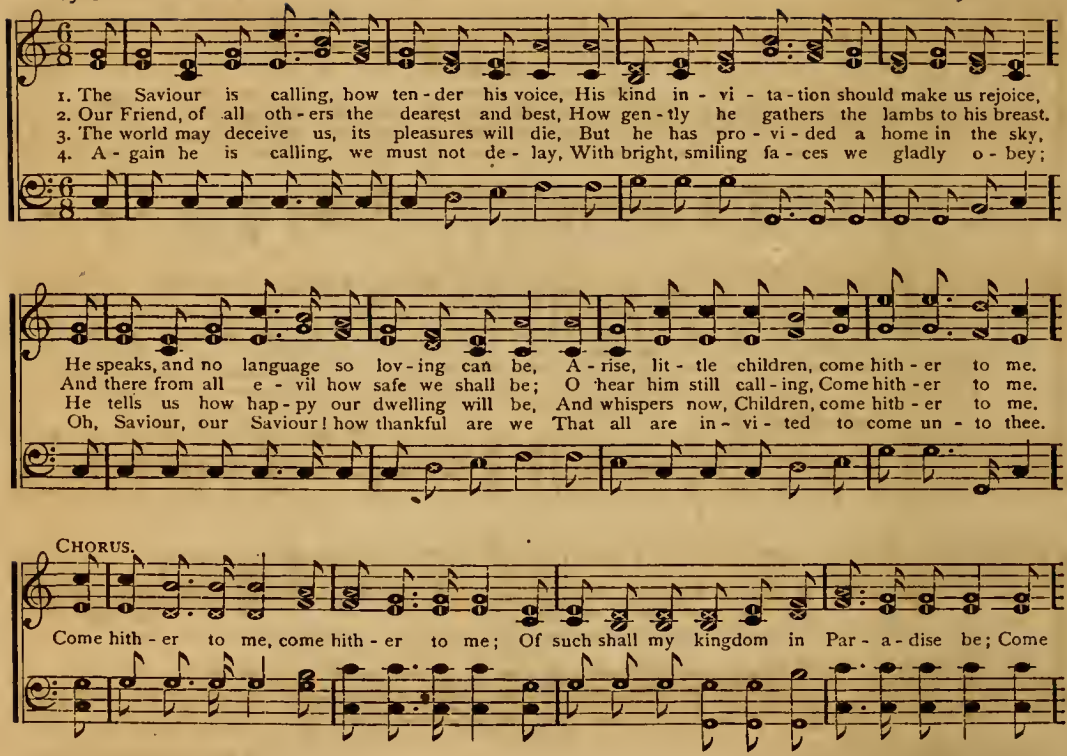
Come Hither to Me.

F. J. C. S. J. Robson.



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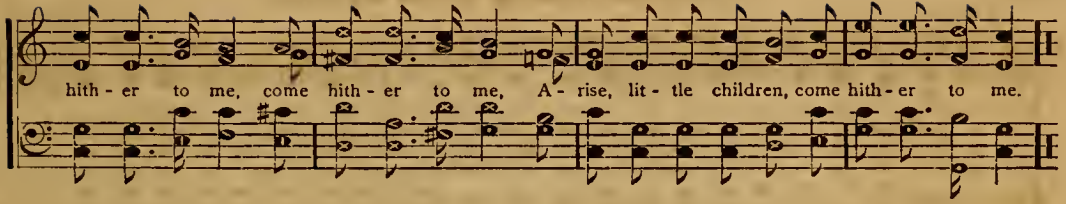
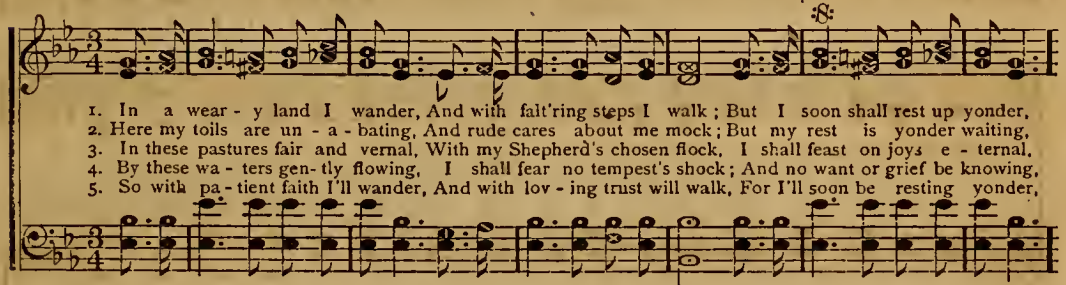
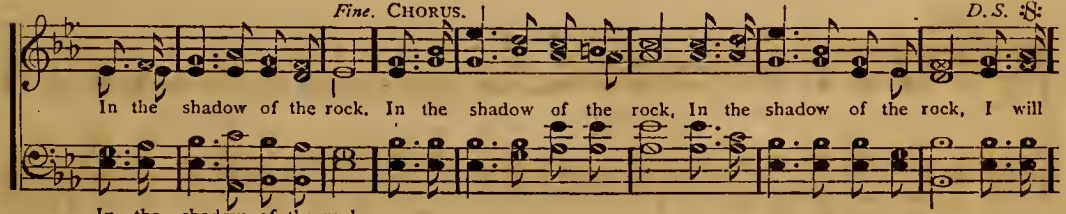


The Shadow of the Rock.

Mrs. Annie E. Thomson. Frank M. Davis.





From New Pearls of Song, by per.

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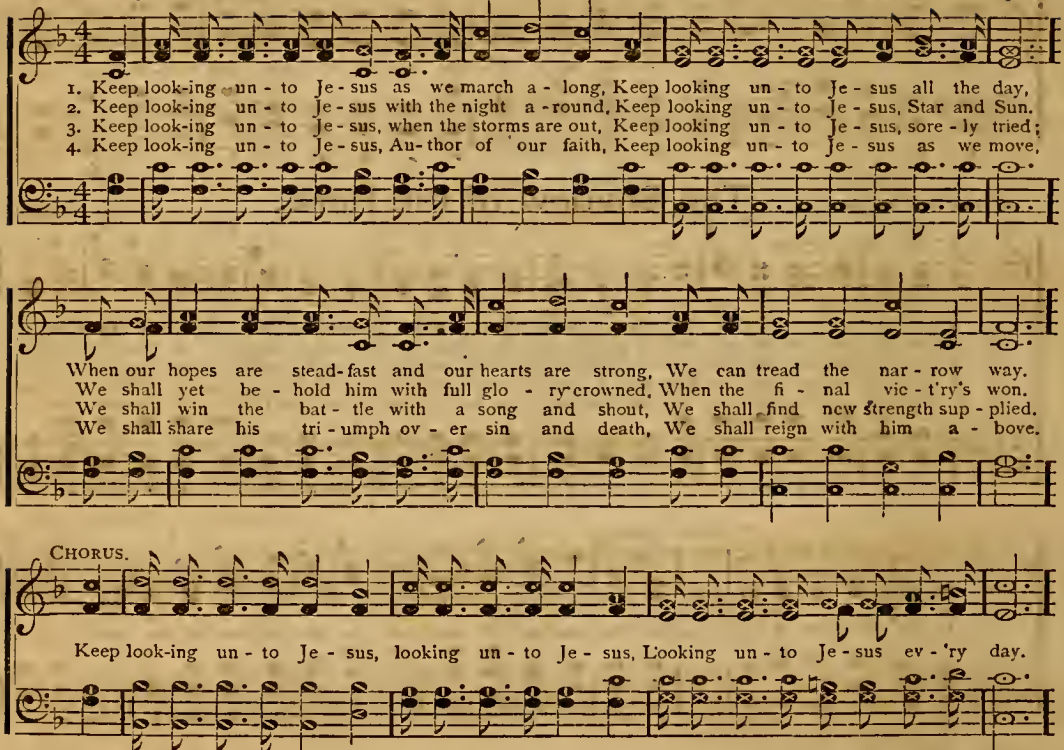
Keep Looking unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. K.



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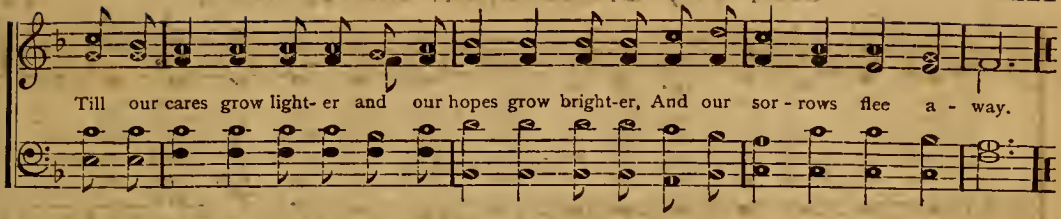
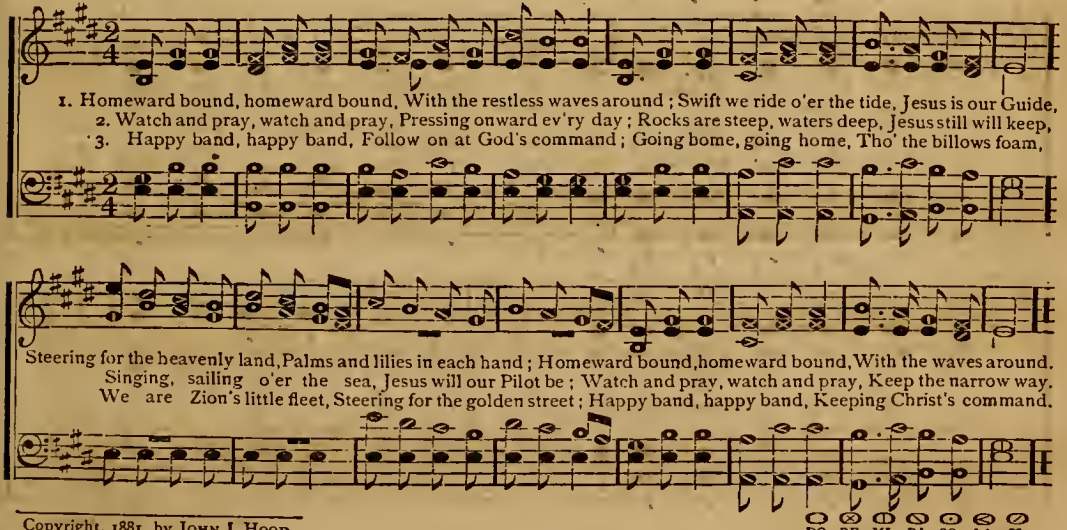


Homeward Bound.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. K.



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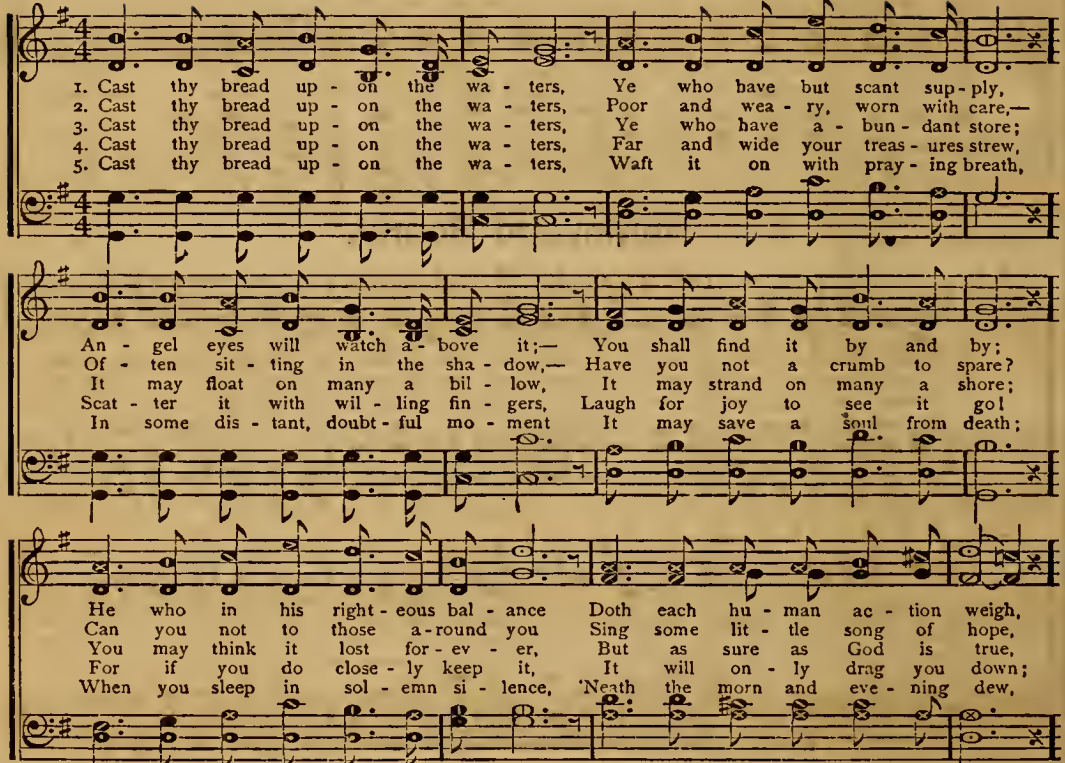
Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters.



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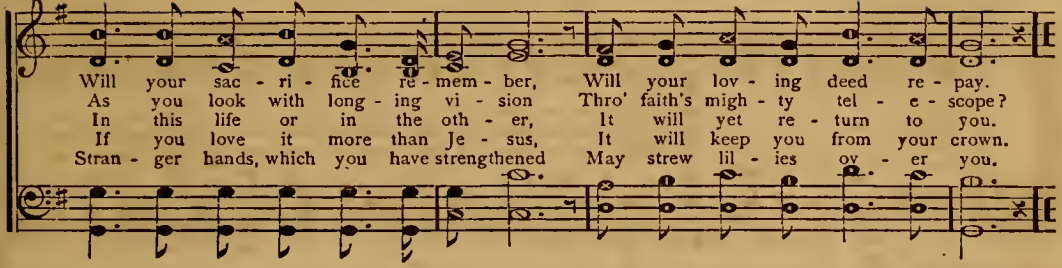
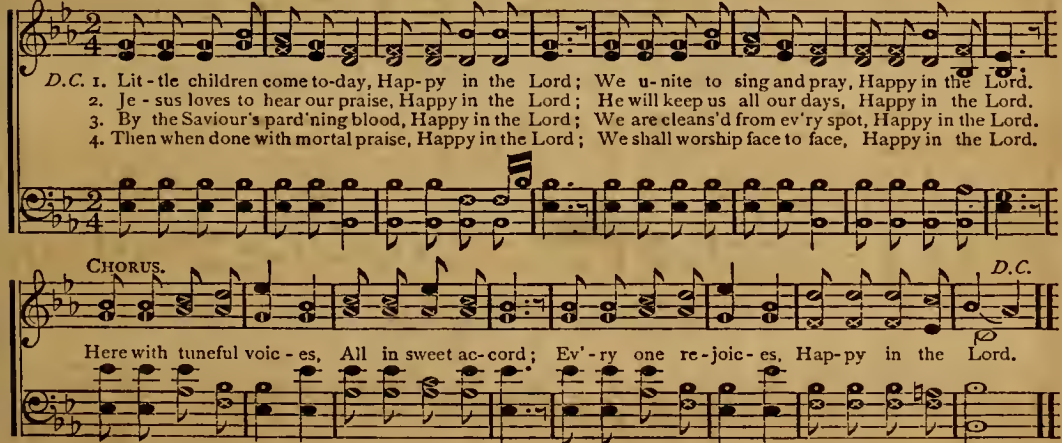


J. H. K.

Happy in the Lord.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



From "Silvery Echoes," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Victorious.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Easter Hymn. W. J. K.

Animato. SEMICHORUS.

1. Vic - to - ri - ous! Vic - to - ri - ous! Christ has a-ris - en glo - ri - ous; Where the fun'ral knell was tolled
2. Vic - to - ri - ous! Vic - to - ri - ous! Christ has a-ris - en glo - ri - ous; Where the heavy tomb was sealed
3. Vic - to - ri - ous! vic - to - ri - ous! Christ has a-ris - en glo - ri - ous; On his brow the conqueror's wreath,

rit.

Be the hymn of triumph rolled, Let the palm's green branches wave O'er the slumber of the grave;
Gates of Par - a - dise revealed, Where the mourners wept around, Faith looks up, with glo - ry crowned,
In his hand the keys of death, He shall bur- ied hopes re- store, He shall live for - ev - er - more,

FULL CHORUS. *Allegro.*

From its gloom vic-to - ri - ous, Christ has ris-en glo - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous.
O'er the grave, vic-to - ri - ous, Christ has ris-en glo - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous.
Ov - er death vic - to - ri - ous, Christ has ris-en glo - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous.
Hal- le- lu- jah, Christ has risen glo - ri - ous.

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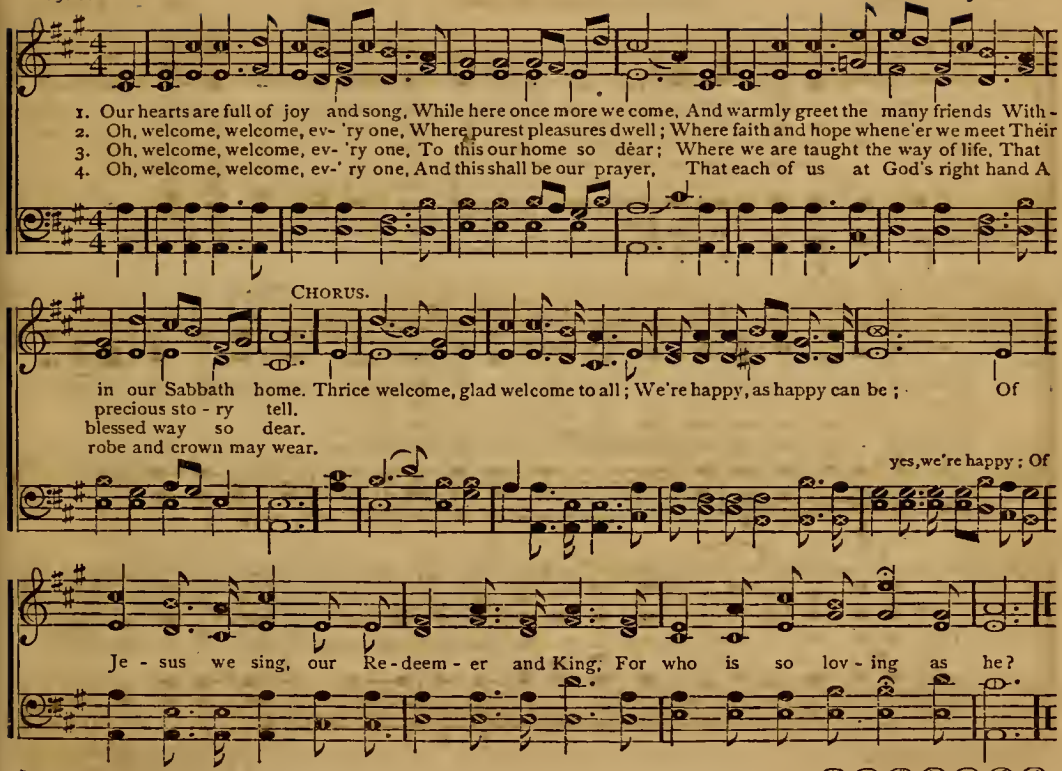
Our Welcome Song.

F. J. C. J. R. S.



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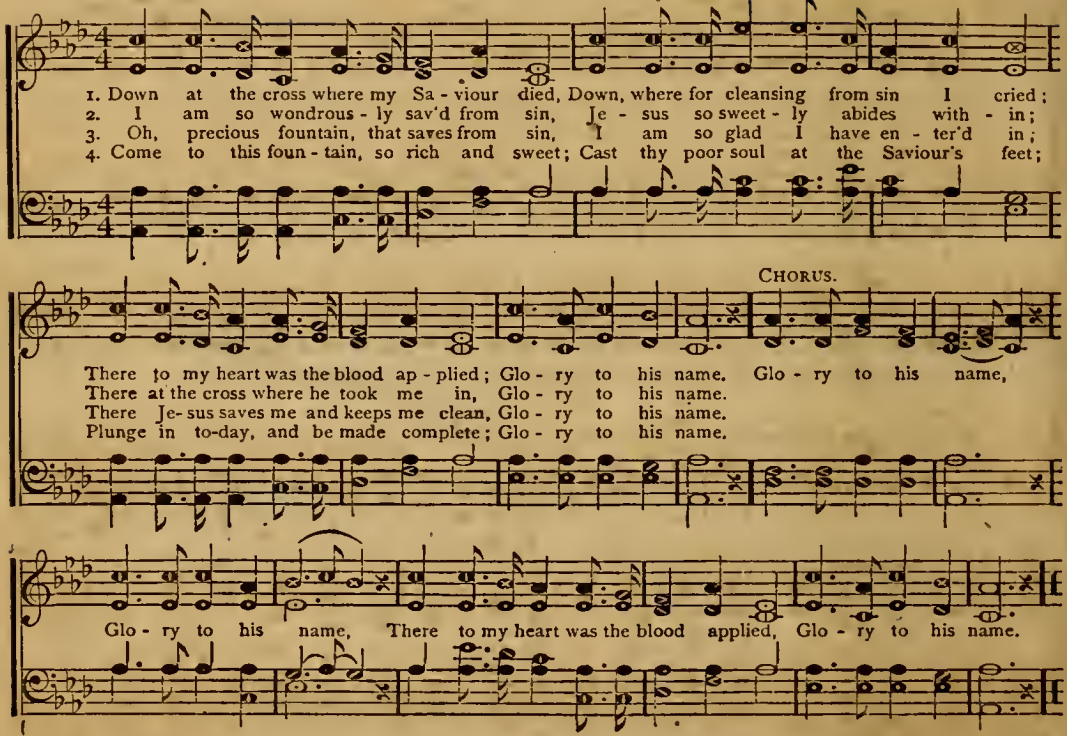
Glory to His Name.

Rev. Elisha Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore."—Ps. lxiii. 4. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



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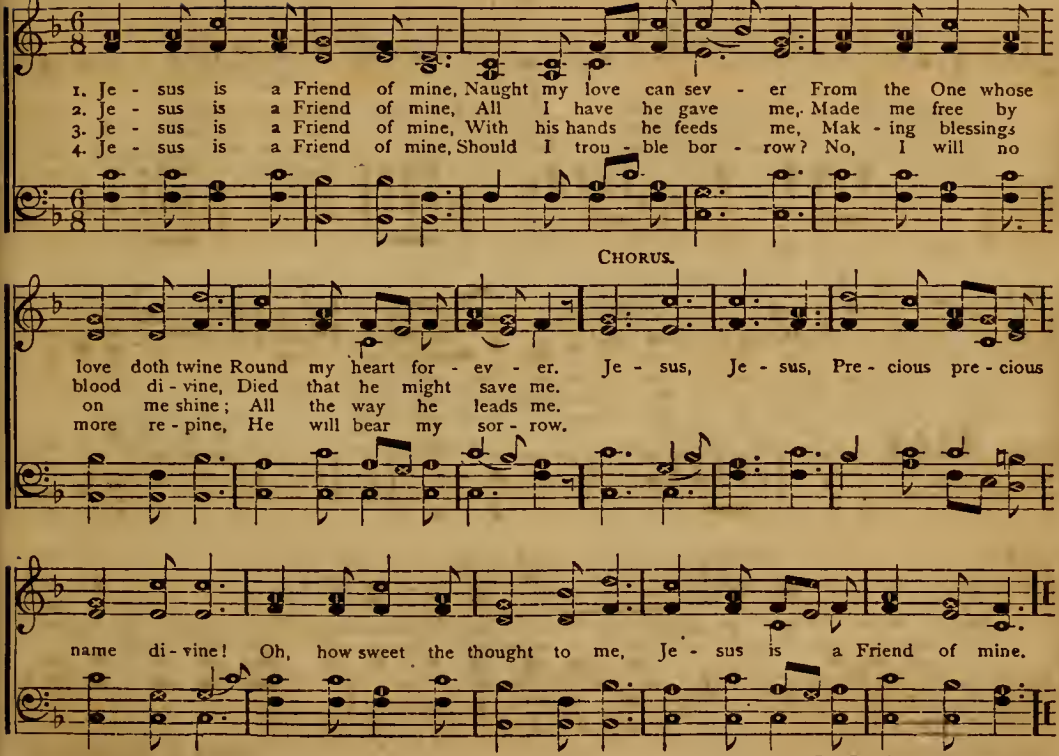
Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

E. O. Excell. Jno. R. Sweney.



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Little Ones May Come to Thee.

F. J. C.

SOLO. DUET. J. R. S. SOLO.

1. I would seek . . and find thee now, Blessed Sav - iour, teach me how, I would
2. Thou did'st leave thy crown of light, Thou did'st leave thy home so bright, Thou did'st
3. Precious Sav - iour, Friend divine, Take and keep my hand in thine; Then how

DUET. CHORUS.

lay . . . my heart to rest On thy gen - tle, lov - ing breast. Thou art pure . . and un - de-
leave . . them all for me, That my soul might live with thee.
hap - py I shall be, Step by step to walk with thee.

Thou art pure and un - de-

filed, I a weak . . . . and help - less child; Yet thy
filed, un - de - filed, I a weak and help - less child, help - less child;

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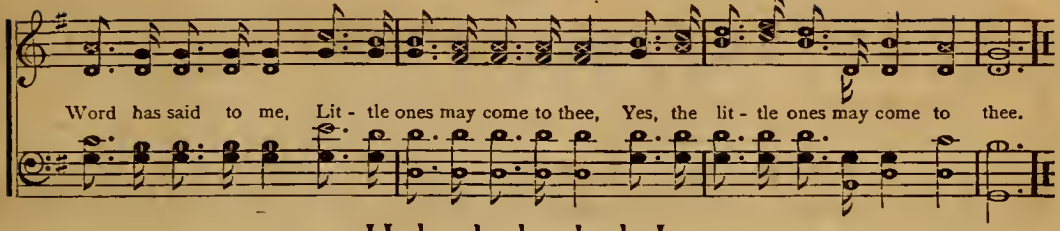
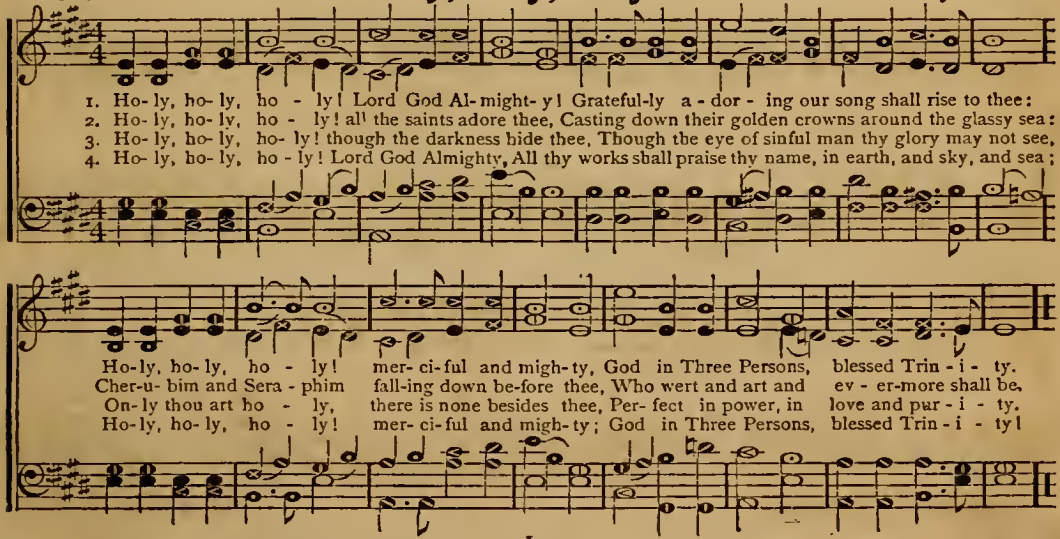


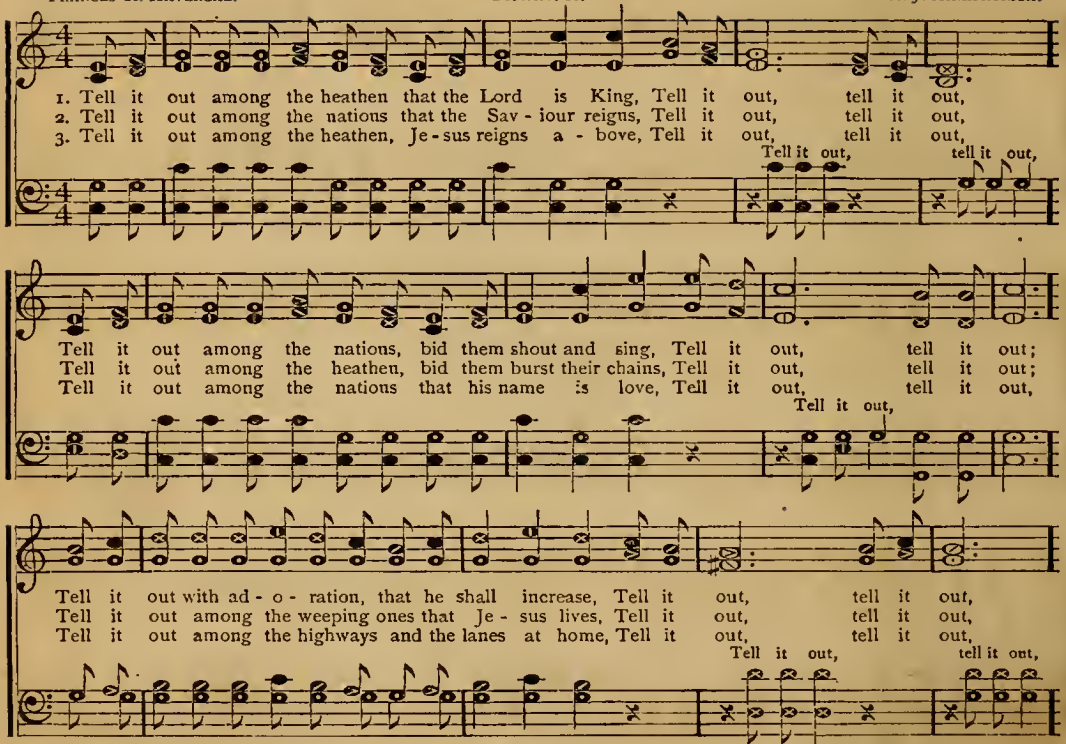
Holy, holy, holy!

HEBER. J. B. DYKES.



Tell it out

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Ps. xciv. 10. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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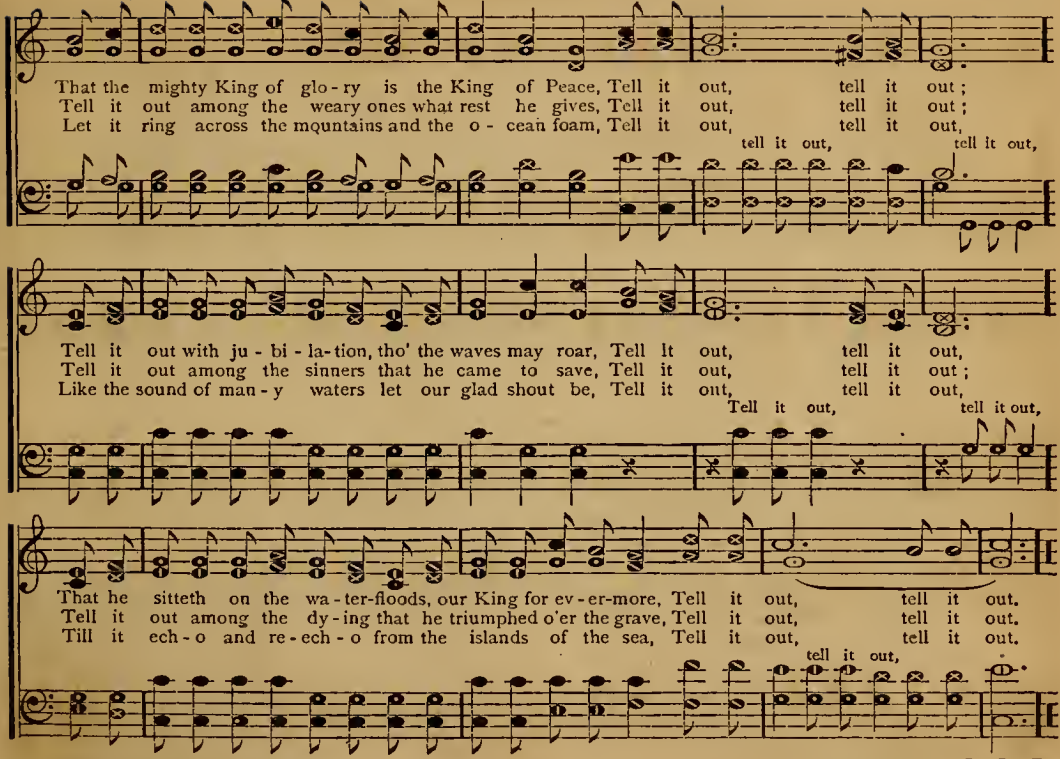

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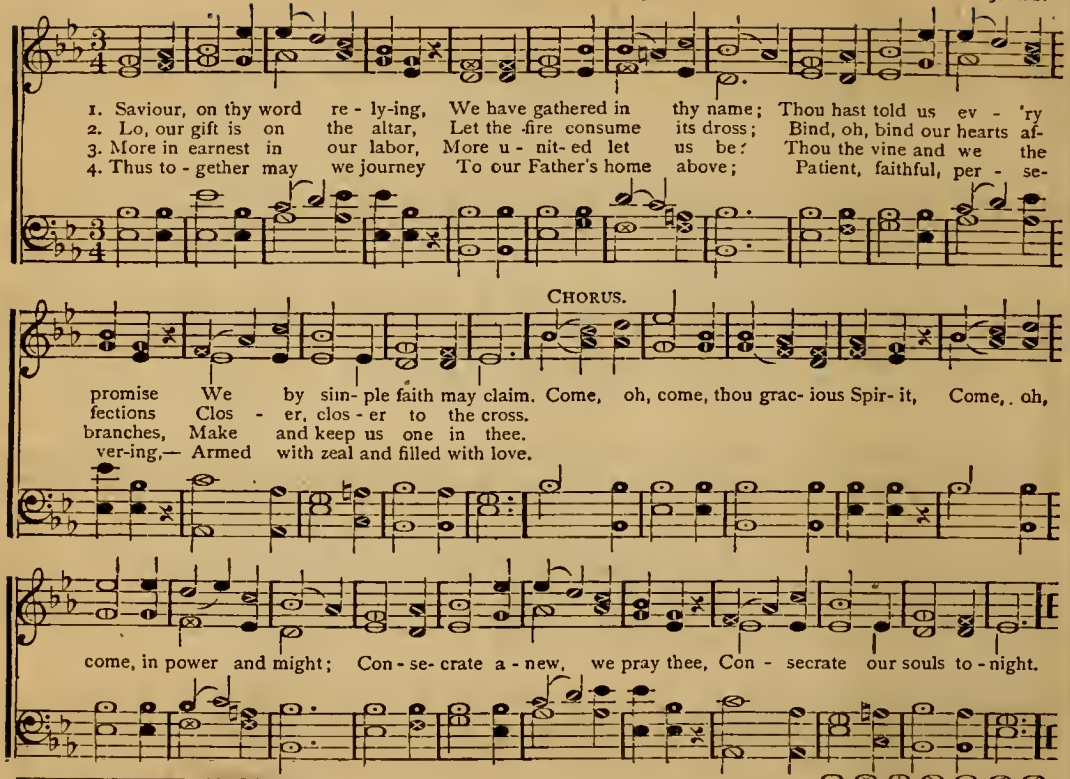
Consecration Hymn.

J. R. S.



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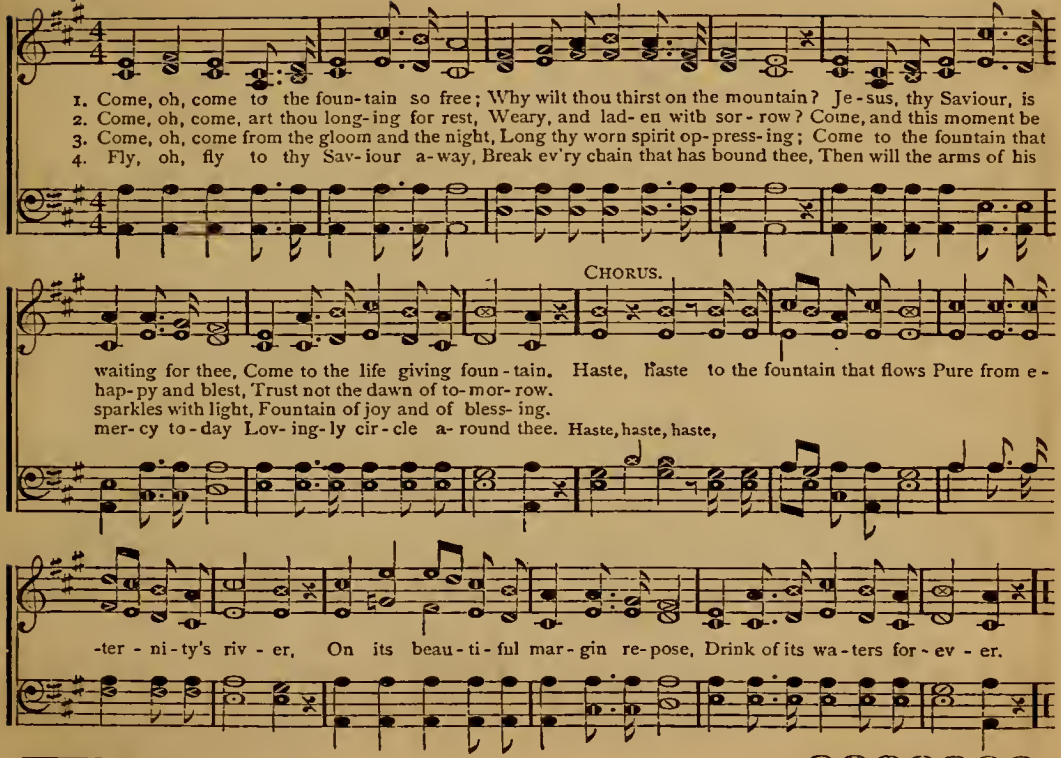
The Life-giving Fountain.

F. J. C. W. J. K.



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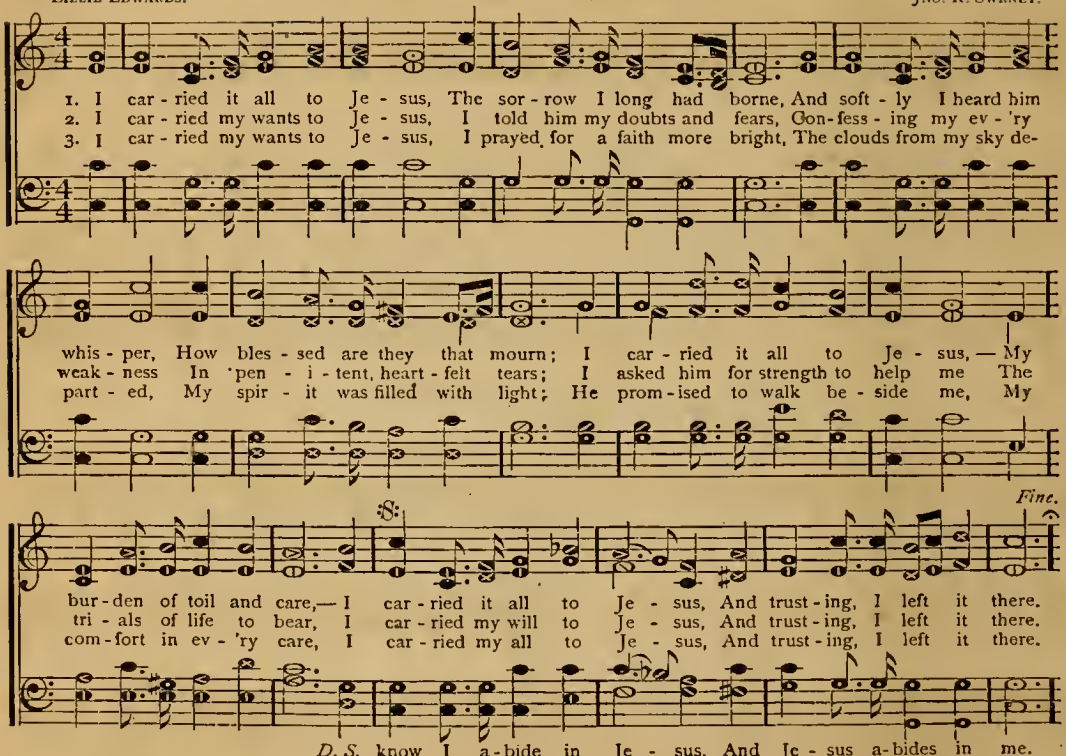
Abiding in Jesus.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.



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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Yes, trust - - - ing the grace that saves me, The song of my heart shall be: I

Yes, trust - ing grace that saves,

Assurance.

CHARLES WESLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri - fice In my behalf ap-pears:
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - tercede; His all - redeeming love, His precious blood to plead;

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands, My name is written on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

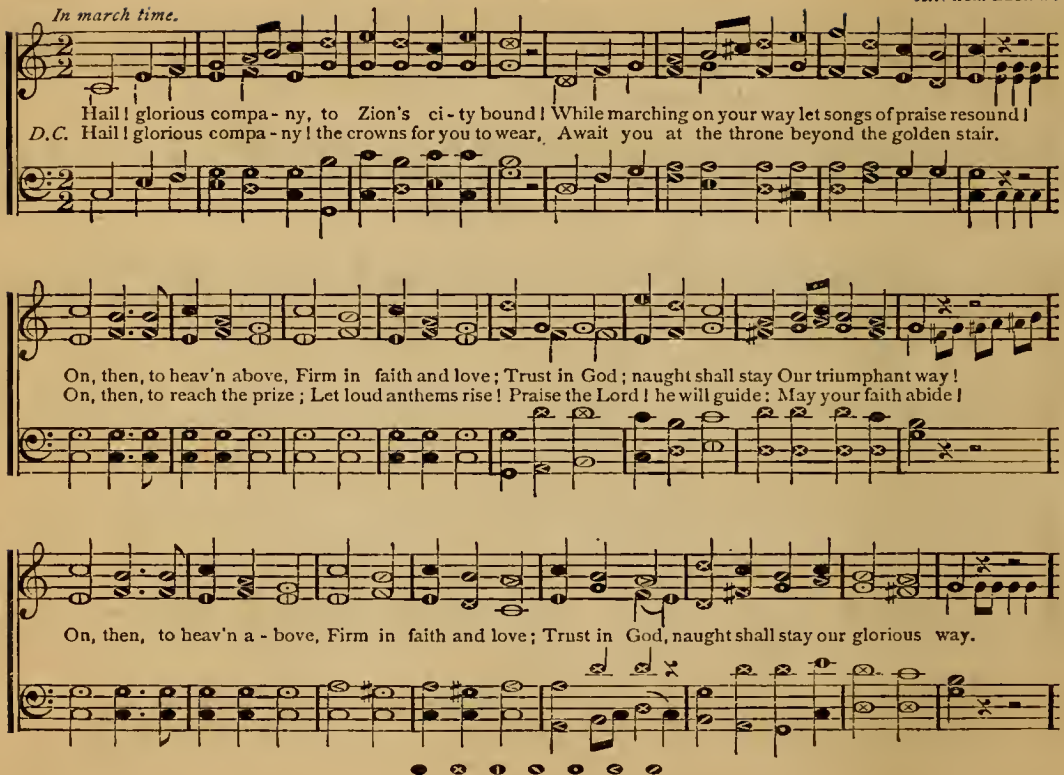
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

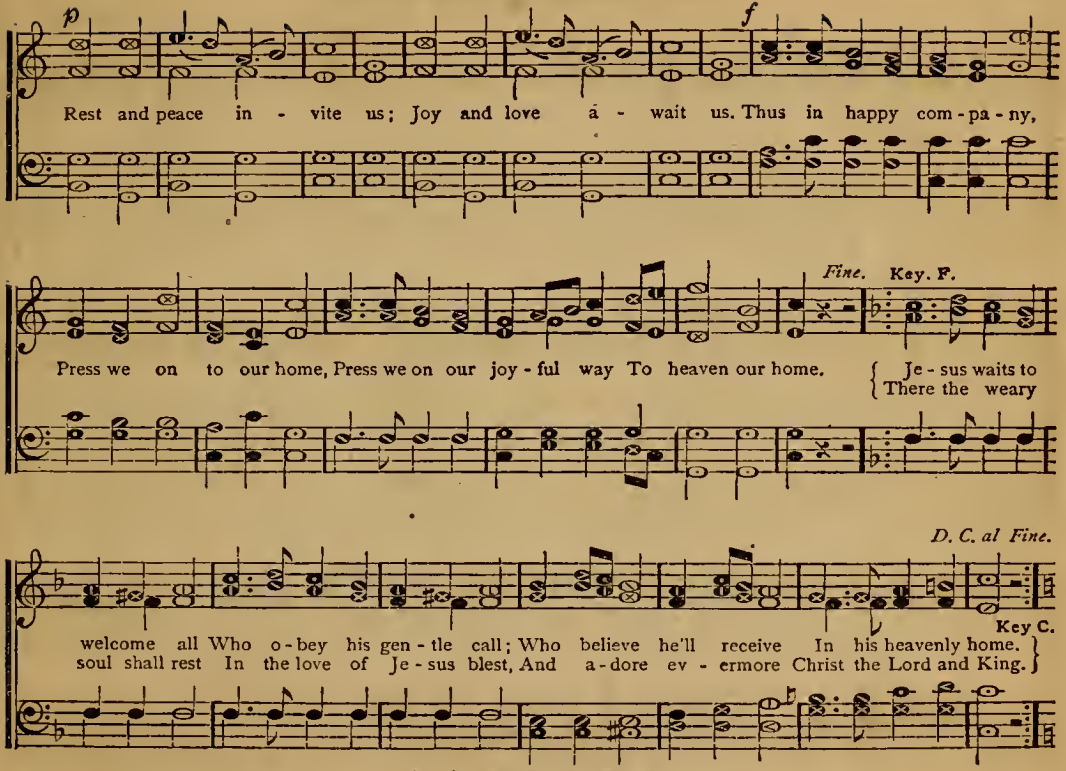
5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Hail, glorious Company.

Arr. from BECHER.

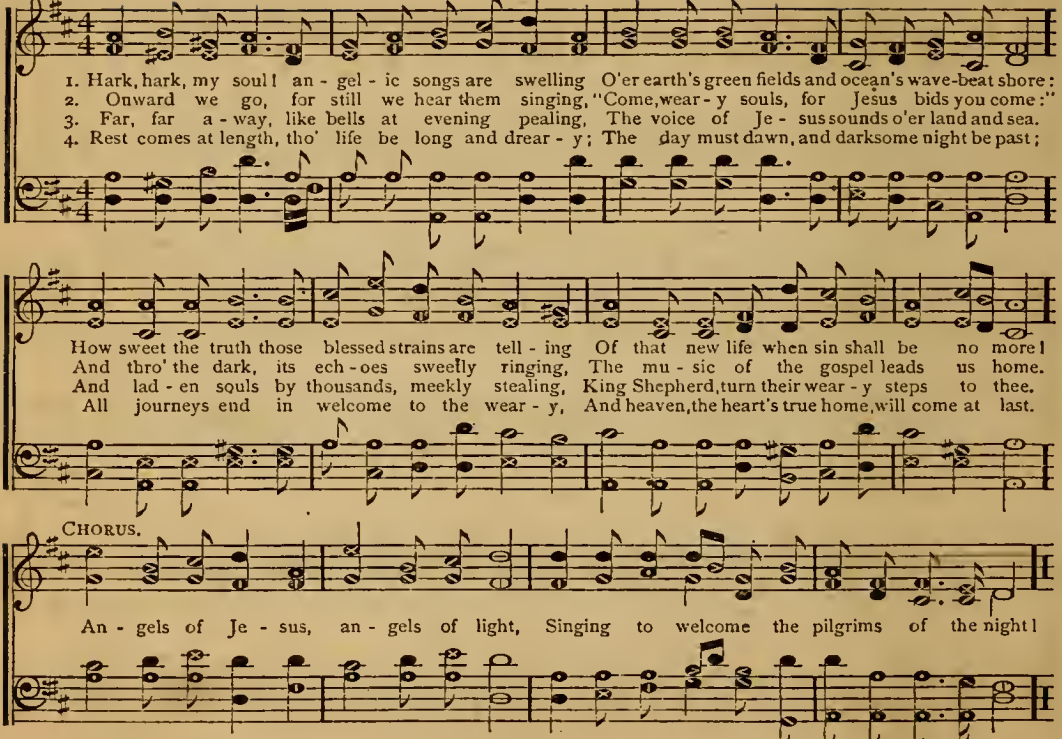
In march time.




p
f
Rest and peace in - vite us; Joy and love a - wait us. Thus in happy com - pa - ny,
Fine.
Key. F.
Press we on to our home, Press we on our joy - ful way To heaven our home.
Je - sus waits to
There the weary
D. C. al Fine.
Key C.
welcome all Who o - bey his gen - tle call; Who believe he'll receive In his heavenly home.
soul shall rest In the love of Je - sus blest, And a - dore ev - ermore Christ the Lord and King.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Hark, Hark My Soul.

FABER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

O to be Like Him.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.

1. O to be like him, Ten-der and kind, Gen-tle in spir-it, Low-ly in mind;
2. O to be like him, Quick to o-bey, Child-like and truth-ful, Read-y to say,
3. O to be like him, Tempted in vain, Dwelling with sin-ners, Yet with-out stain;

More like to Je-sus Day af-ter day, Filled with his spir-it Now and al-way.
"I and my Father Pur-pose have one, Thine, not my will, Ev-er be done."
Giv-ing our life-work Sin-ners to save, Triumph-ing o-ver Death and the grave.

CHORUS.

Yes, to be like him We must a-bide Near to our Sav-iour, Close by his side.

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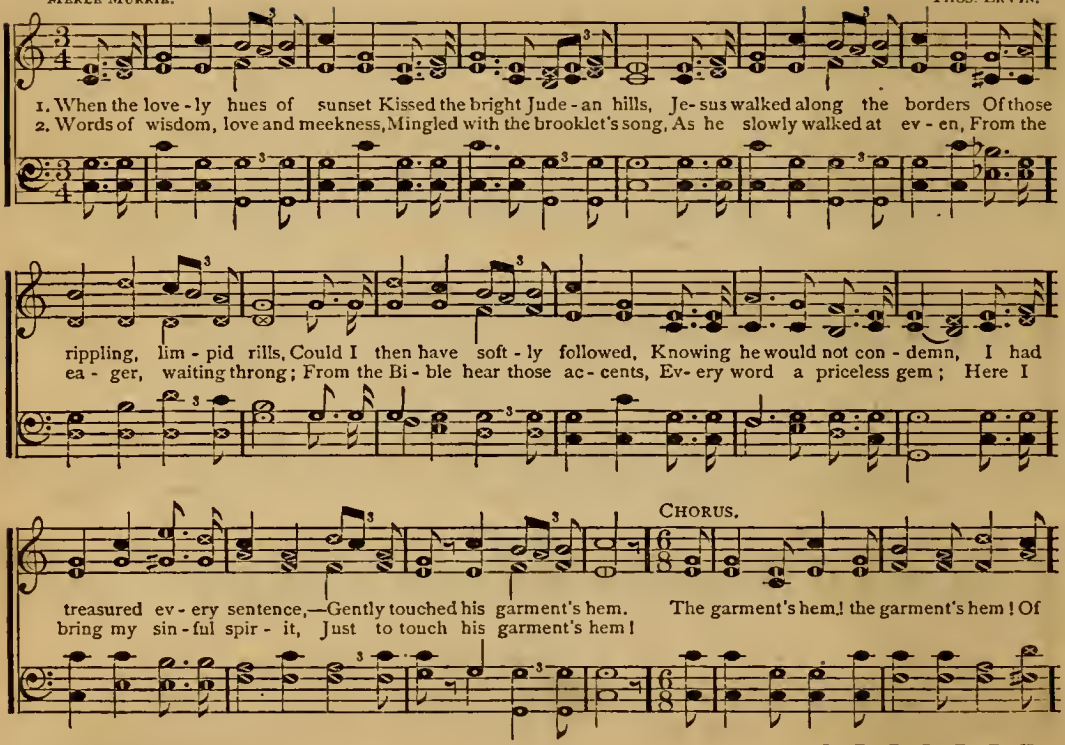
His Garment's Hem.

MERLE MURRIE. THOS. ERVIN.



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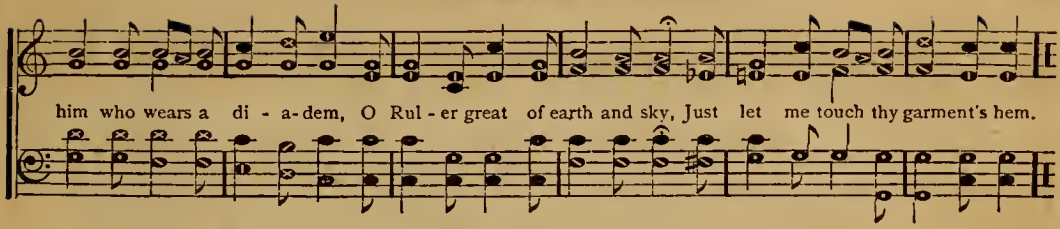
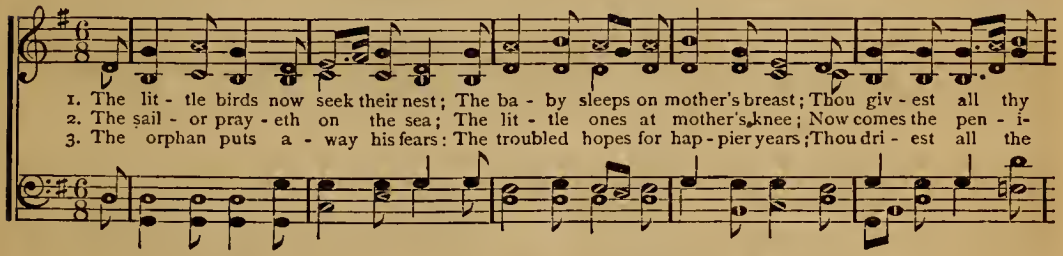
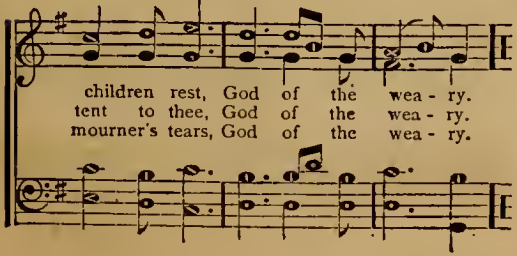


God of the Weary.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





4 Thou sendest rest to tired feet;
To little toilers, slumbers sweet:
To aching hearts, repose complete;
God of the weary.

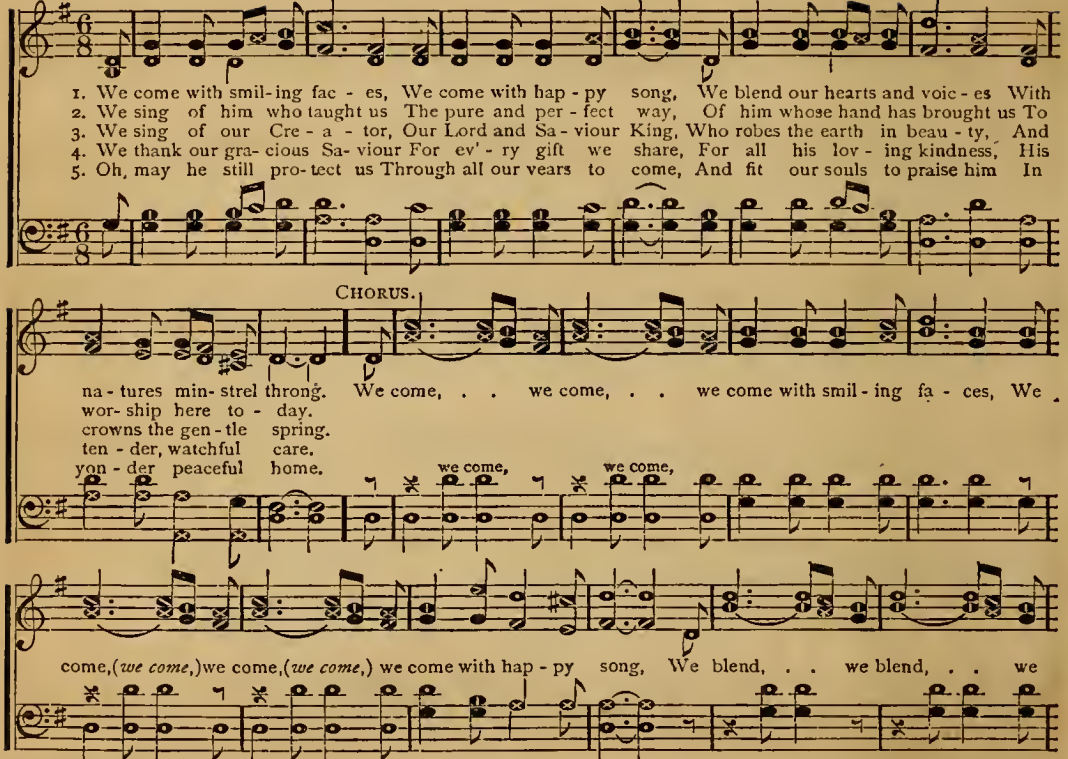
5 In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to thee in vain;
Thou makest life and joy again,
God of the weary.

6 We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve thee as thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

F. J. C.

We Come, a Happy Throng.

W. J. K.



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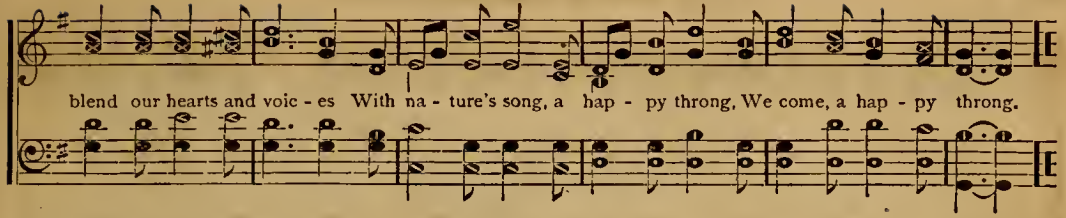
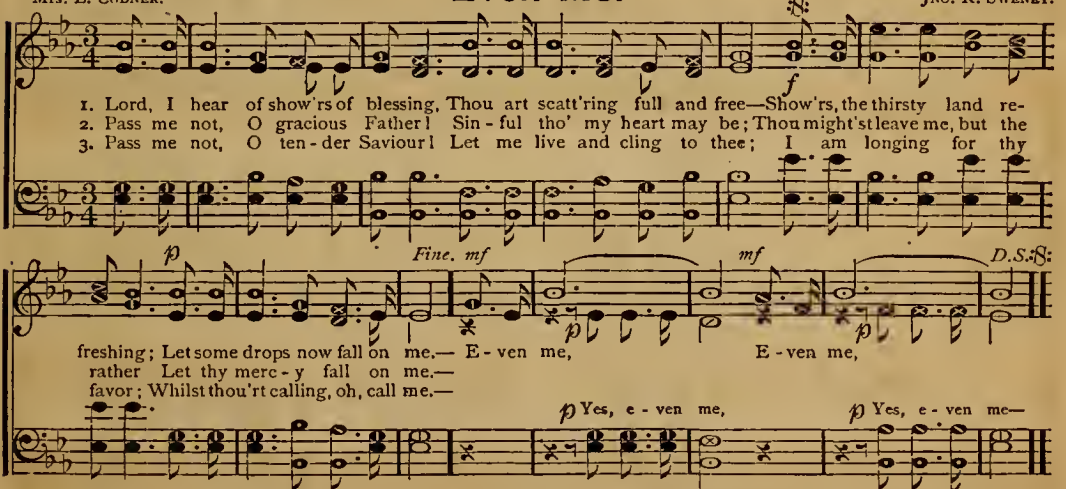


Even Me.

Mrs. E. CODNER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

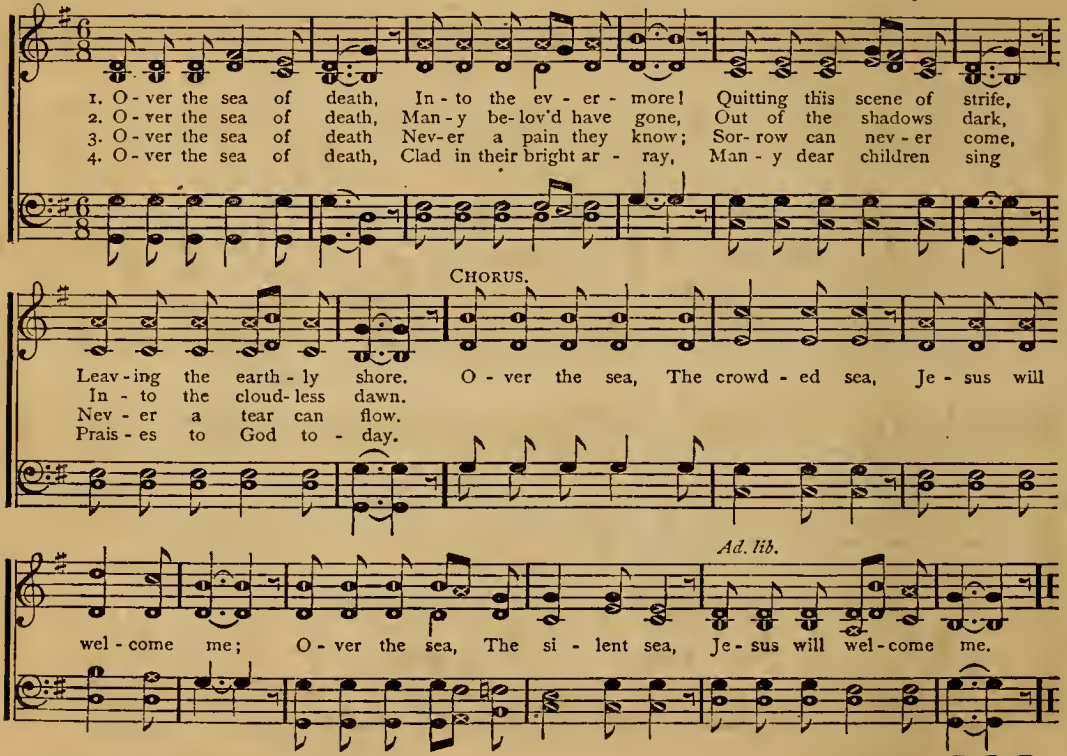


4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—Even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—Even me, etc.

Over the Sea.

E. R. Latta. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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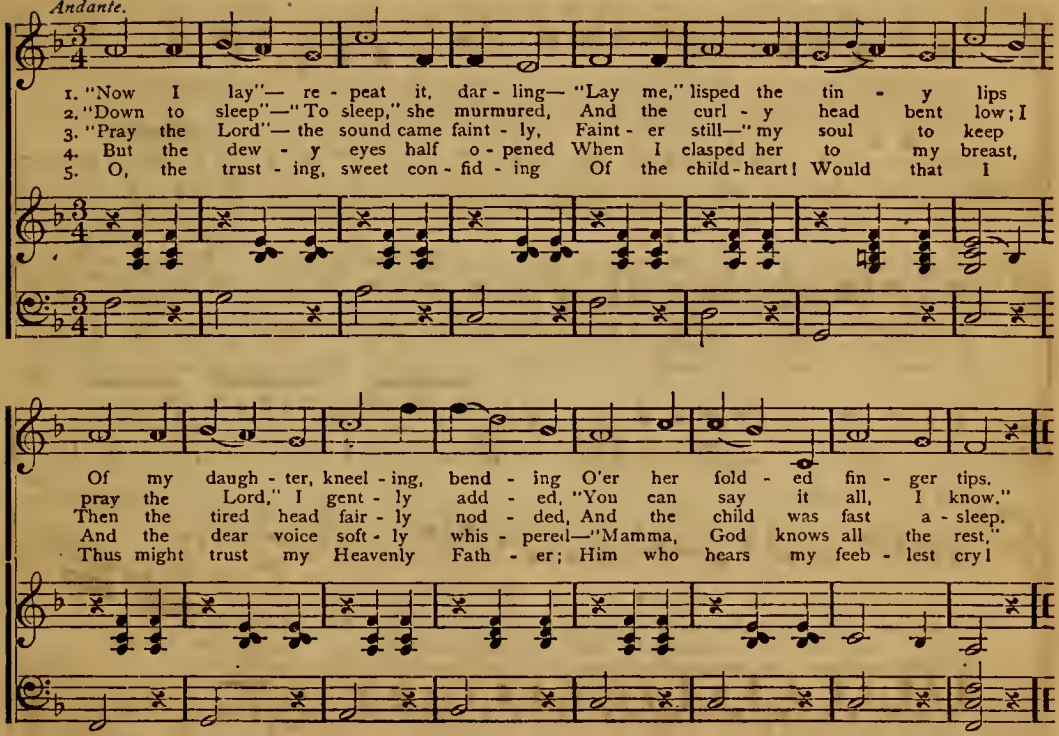
The Unfinished Prayer.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.



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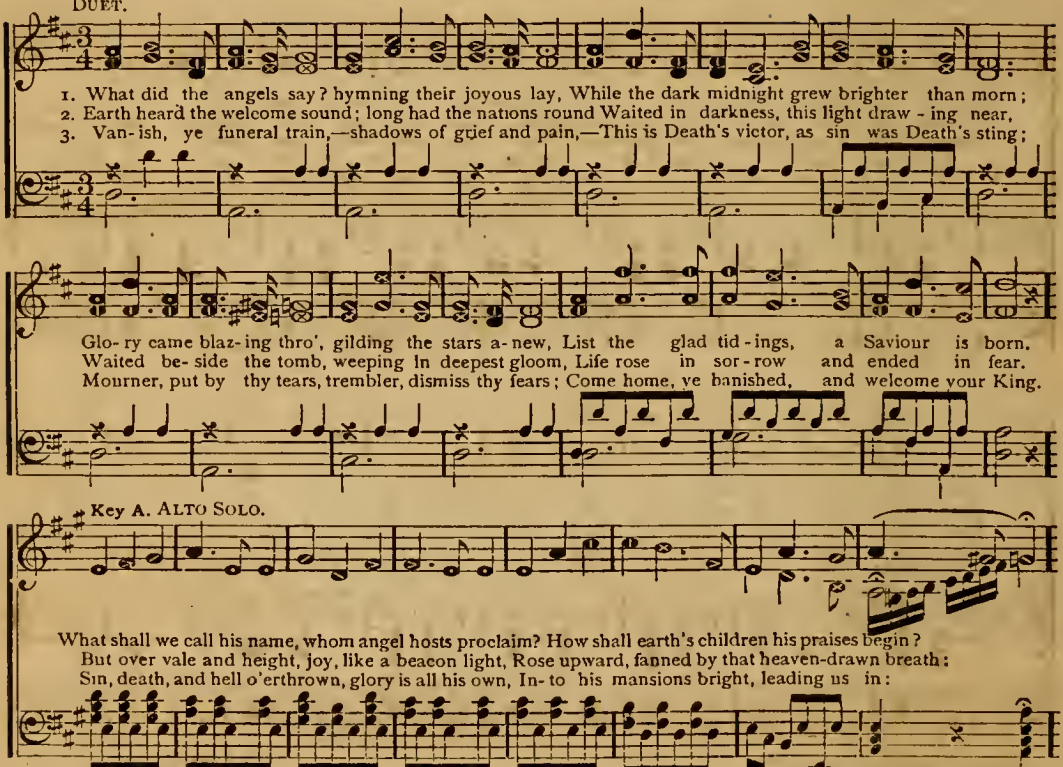
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

The Wonderful Name.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.



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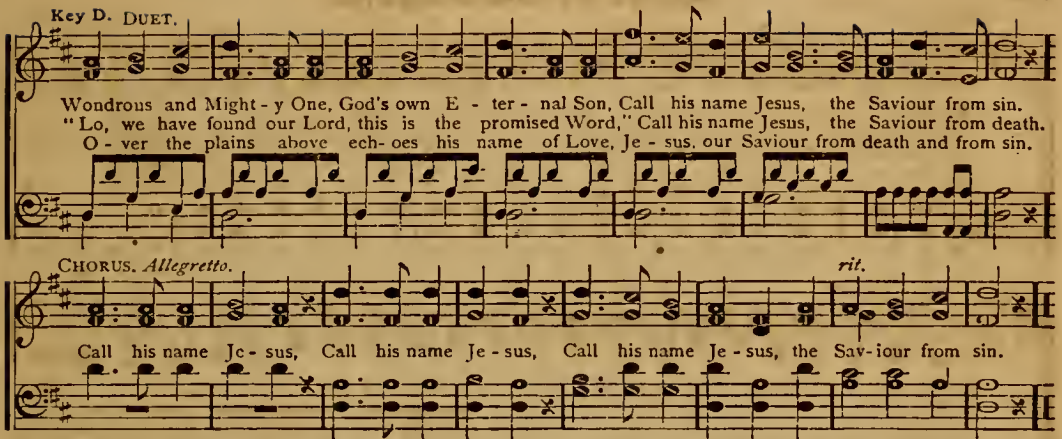
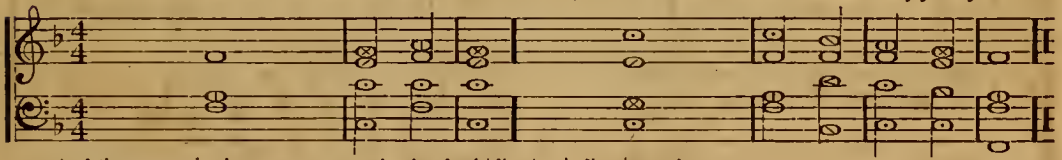


Good Tidings.

Luke ii. 8–14.

Arr. by JOHN J. HOOD.



1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their | flock by | night. ‖ And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and | they were | sore a- | fraid.

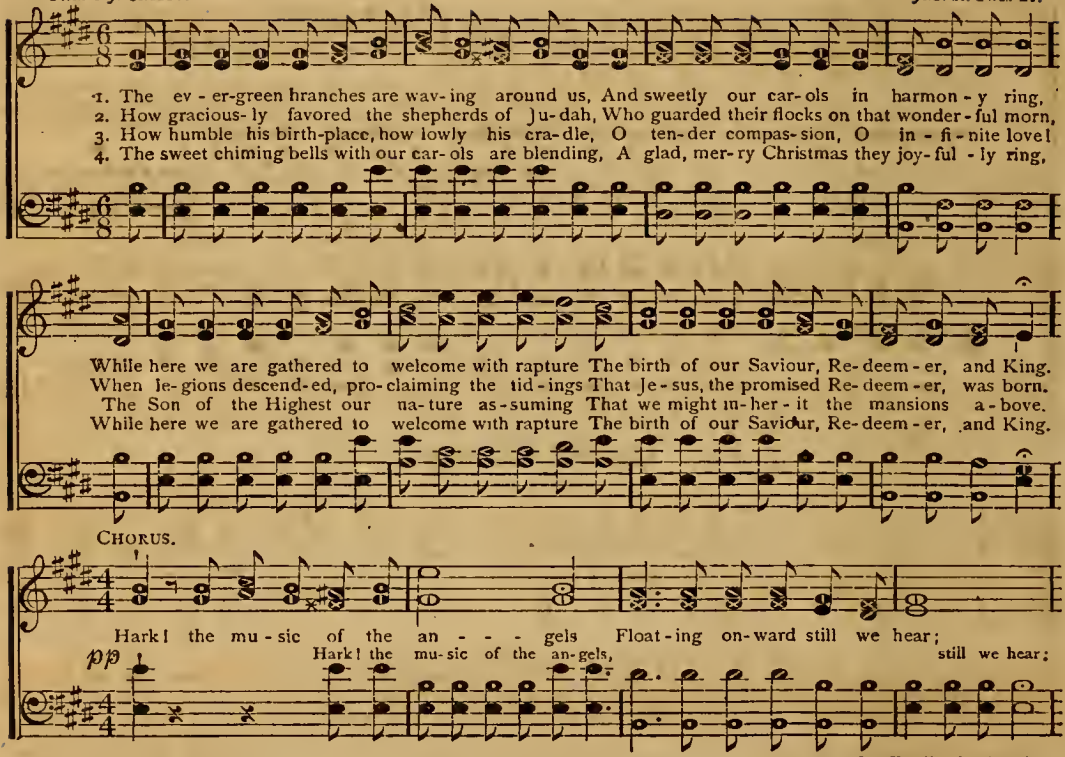
2 And the angel said unto them, | Fear— | not: ‖ for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall | be to | all— | people.

3 For unto you is born this day in the | city of | David ‖ A | Saviour, which is | Christ the | Lord.

4 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising | God and | saying, ‖ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth | peace, good | will toward | men.

Music of the Angels.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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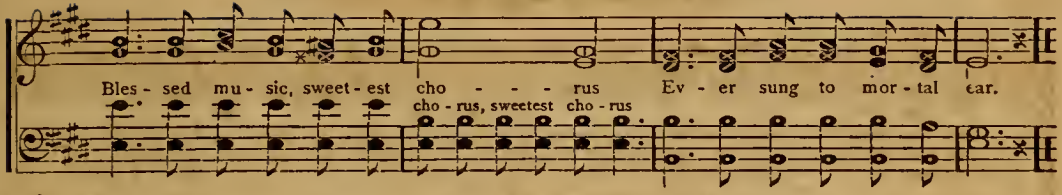
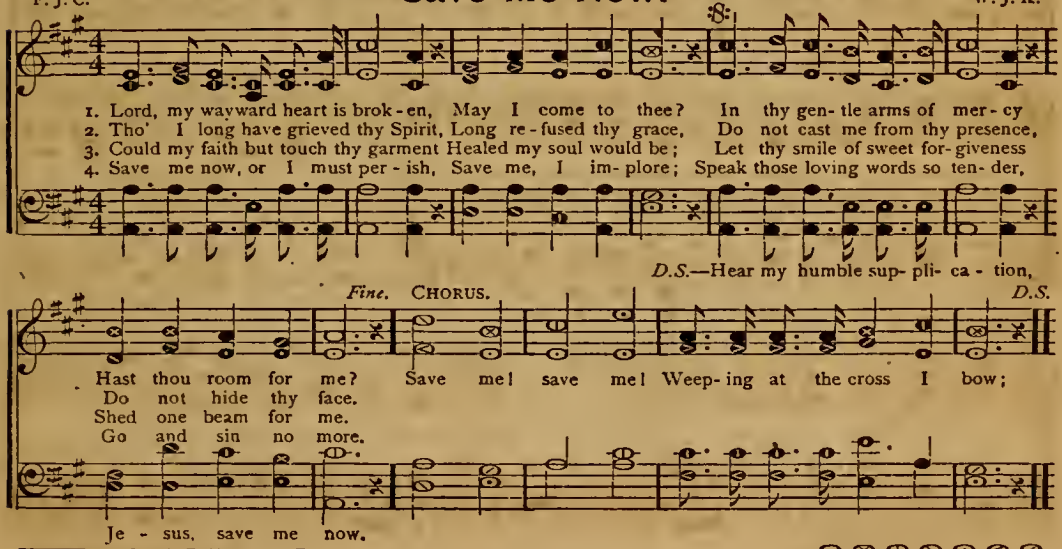


Save Me Now.

F. J. C. W. J. K.



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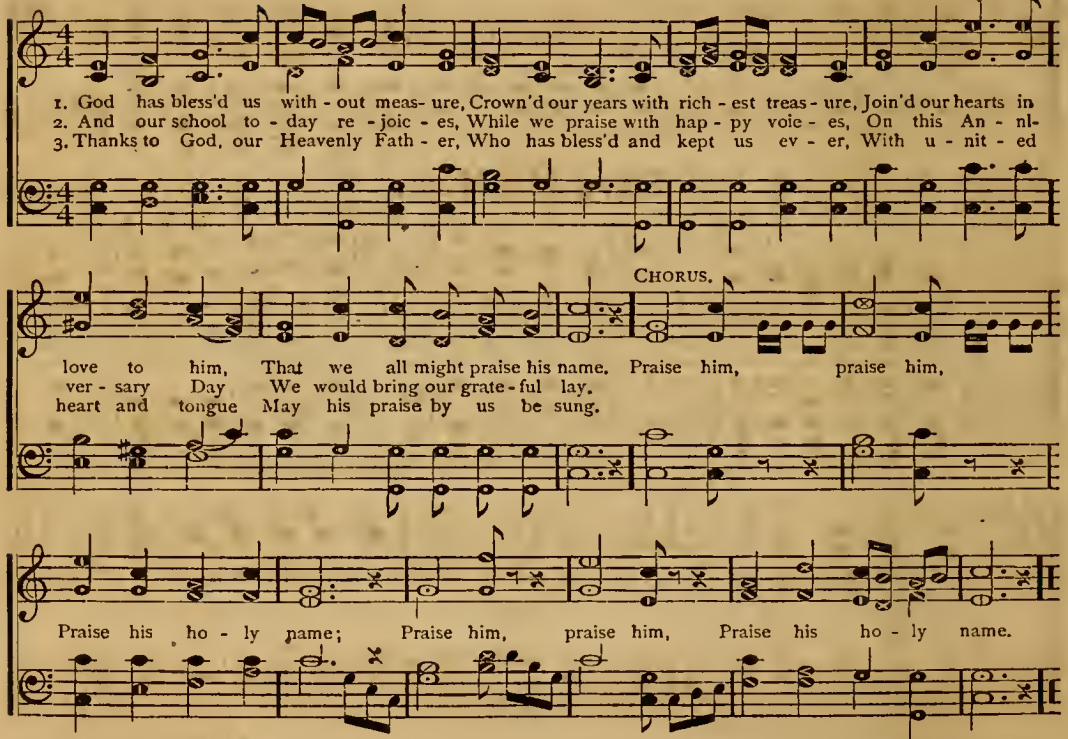
Anniversary Song of Praise.

Mrs. A. M Chance. Jno. R. Sweney.



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[Small notes for Cornet or Organ.]

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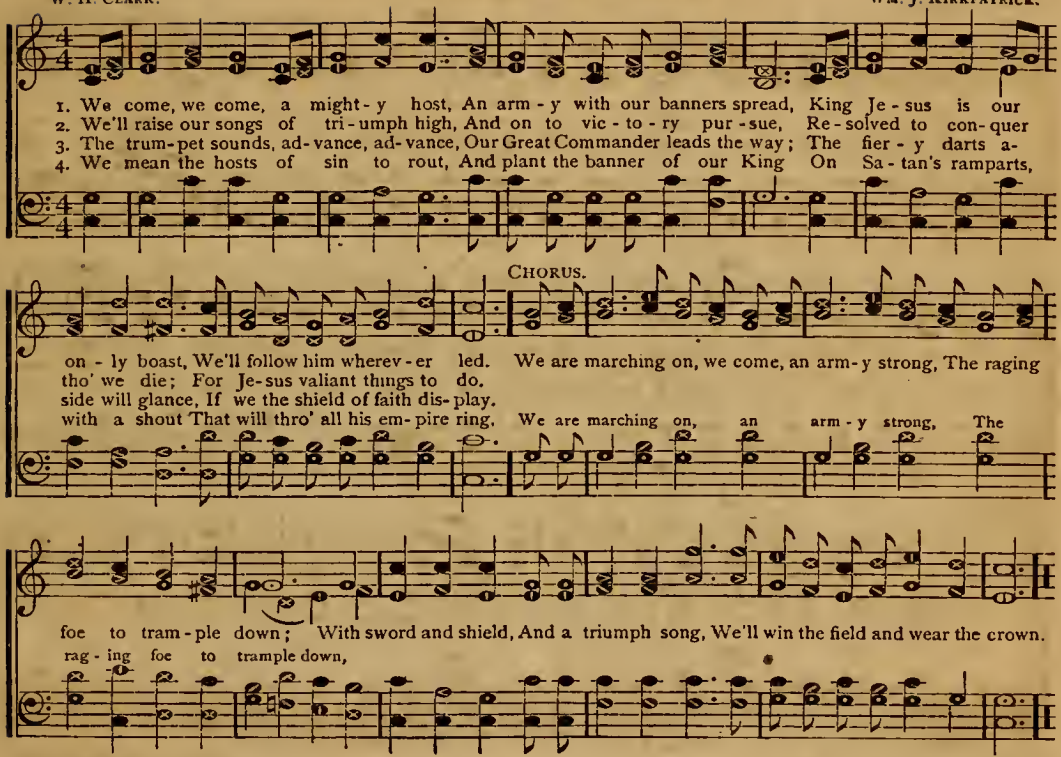
Marching Song.

W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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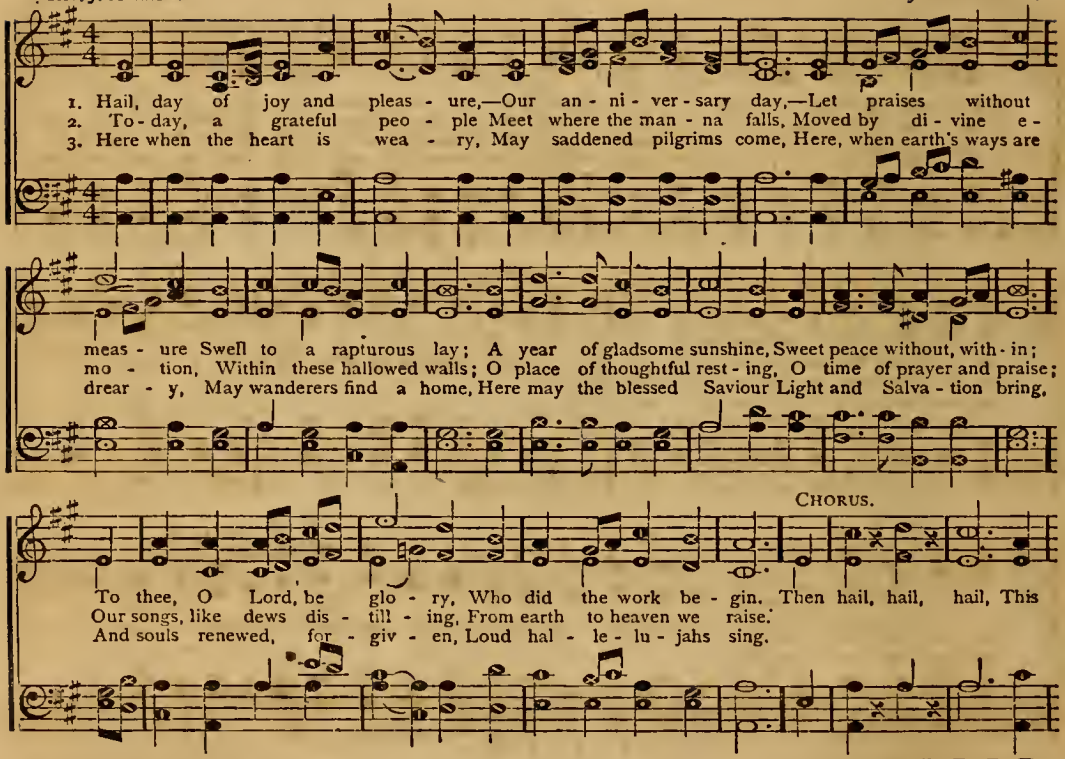
Anniversary Hymn.

Rev. J. Morrow. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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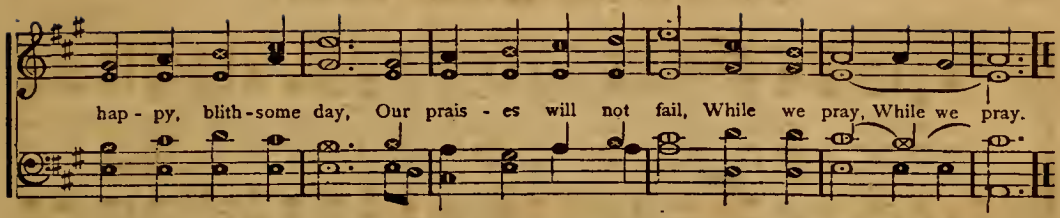
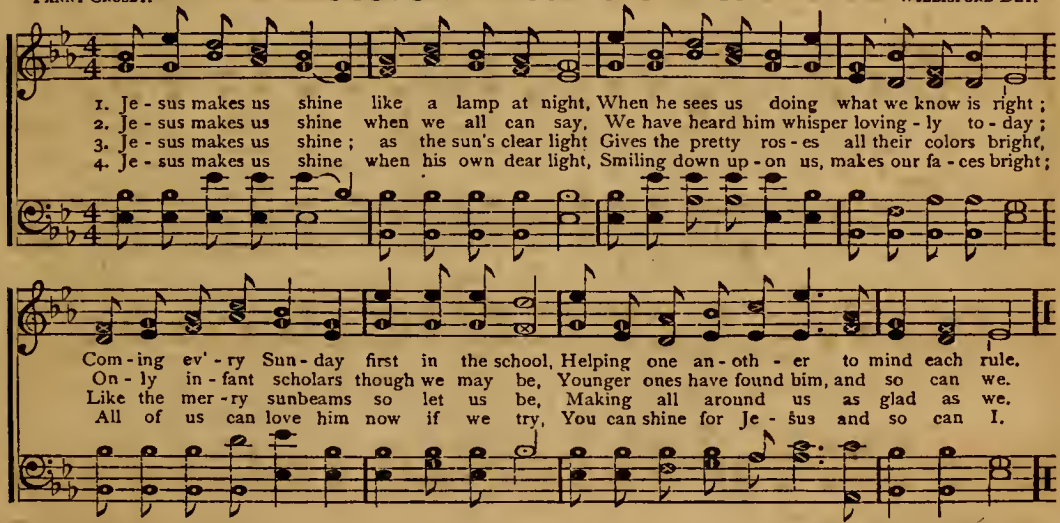


Jesus Makes us Shine.

FANNY CROSBY. WILLISFORD DEY.



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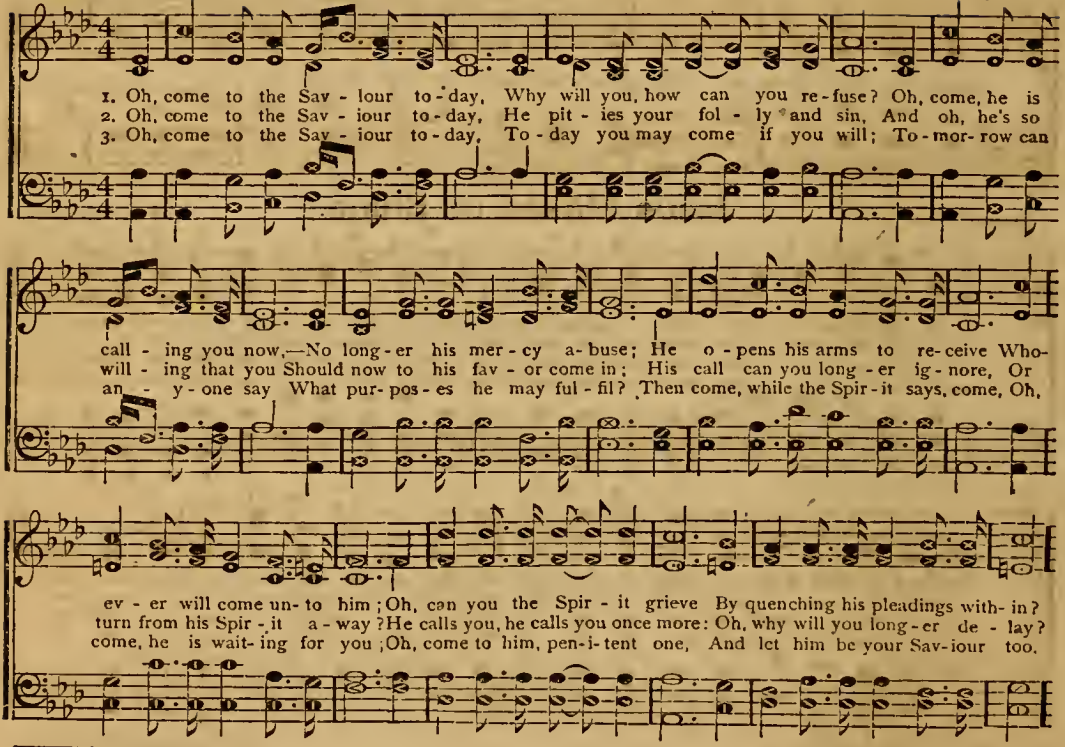
Come to the Saviour To-day.

W. H. Flaville. J. R. S.



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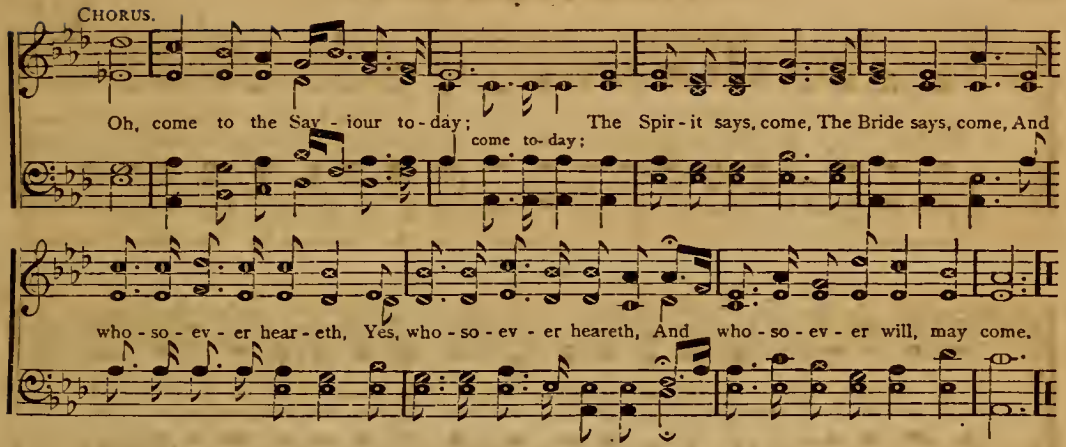
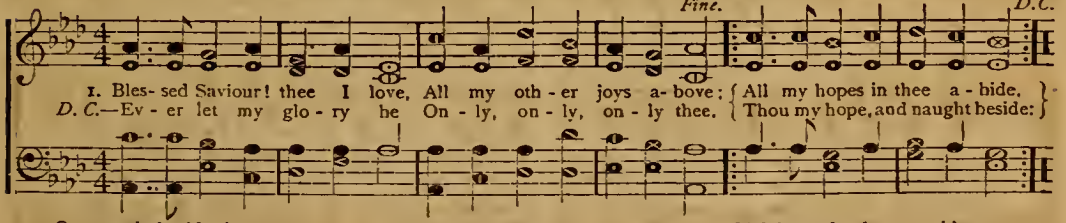


Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love.

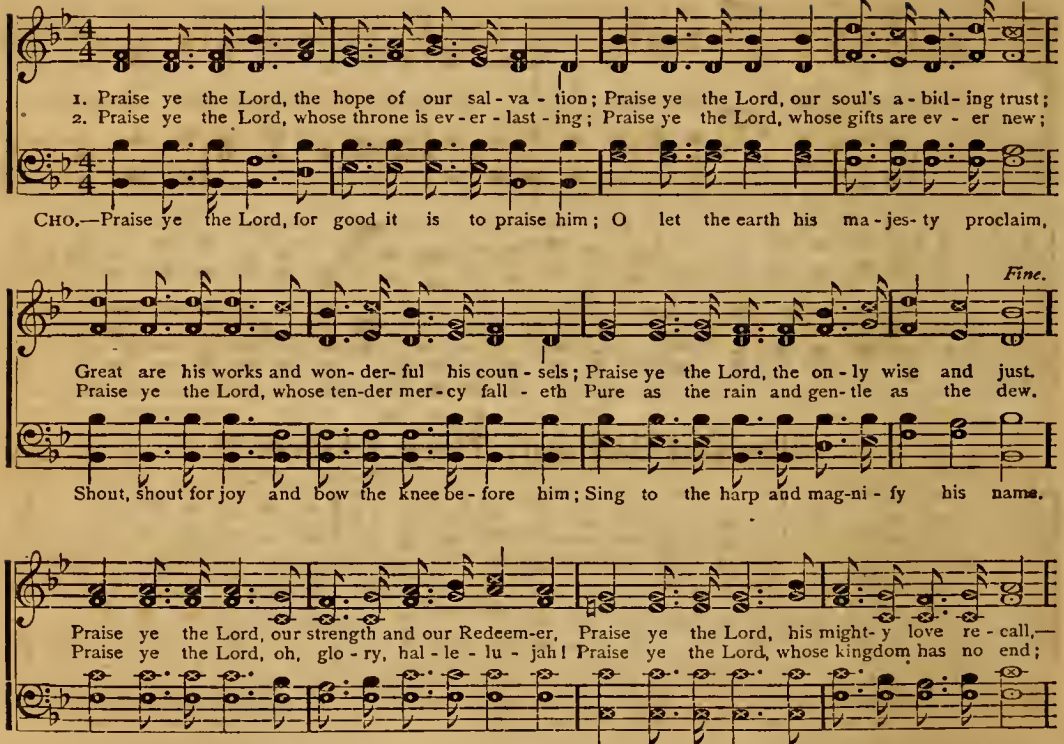


2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee!

Praise ye the Lord.

F. J. C. W. J. K.



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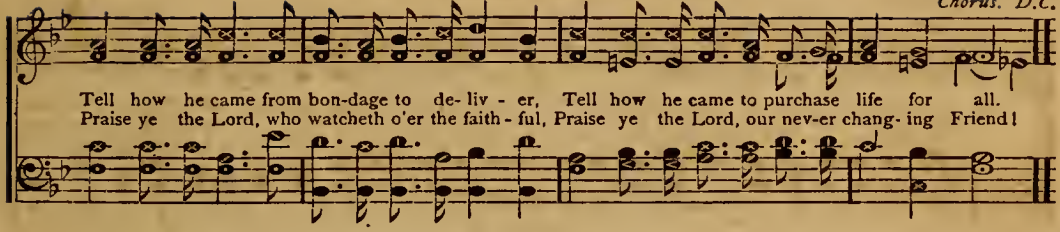
Chorus. D.C.

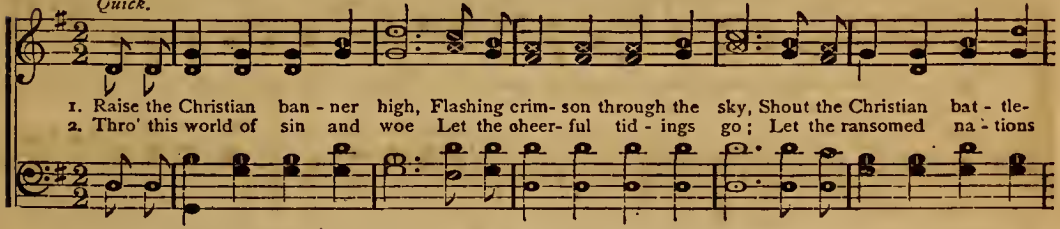


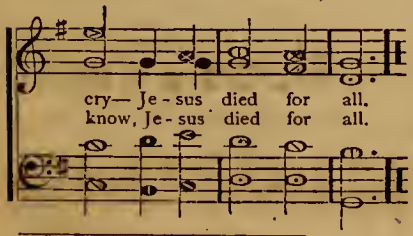
Rev. M. SORIN. D.D.

Jesus Died for All.

W. J. K.

Quick.





3 While the hand can hold a sword,
While the tongue can lisp a word,
Publish loud with one accord,
Jesus died for all.

4 Lo, the signs upon the sky,
Victory's coming—victory's nigh,
The nations catch the battle-cry,
Jesus died for all.

5 Soon the triumph will begin,
Soon he'll make an end of sin,
Soon he'll bring his kingdom in;
Jesus died for all.

6 O'er the land and o'er the sea,
To the bondman and the free,
Sound the holy jubilee,
Jesus died for all.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Lift Me to the Rock.

MERLE MURRIE. J. R. S.

1. I scarce can whisper a prayer, Nor tell when the day begins, I am lad-en so hea-vy with doubting,—
2. Oh, lift me out of the shadows, The shadows of sin and care, And fill my soul with thy presence,
3. Oh, lift me out of the highway, Its ter-ri-ble, blinding heats, To those calm, far heights, where never

CHORUS.

So wea-ry with fighting my sins. Oh, lift me up . . . . . to the Rock, Is my
And show me where hideth a snare.
The sun of tempta-tion beats. Oh, lift me up to the Rock, to the Rock,

weak heart's pleading cry; Firmly plant my feet on the Rock, The Rock that is higher than I.
on the Rock,

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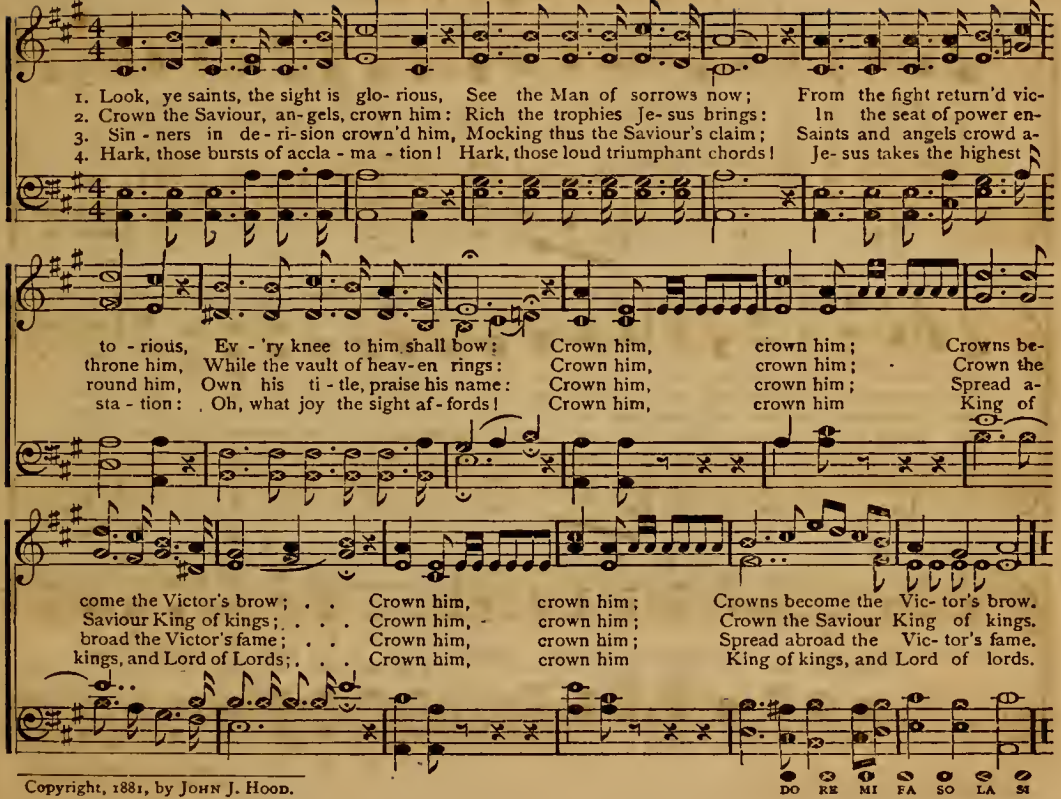
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Crown Him.



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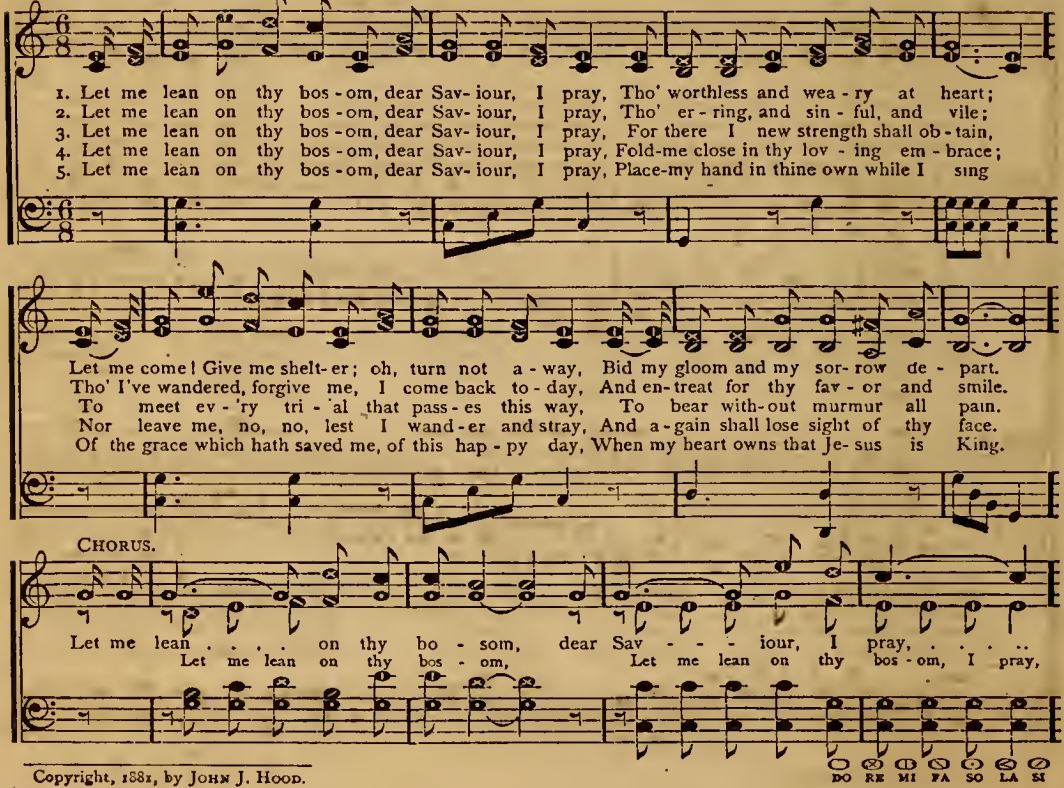
MARIA L. JAMES.

Let me lean on Thy bosom.

J. R. S.



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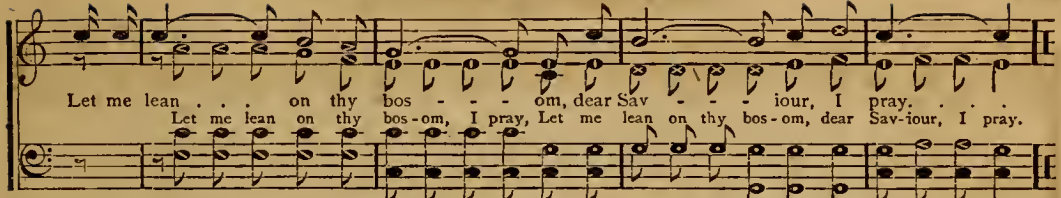
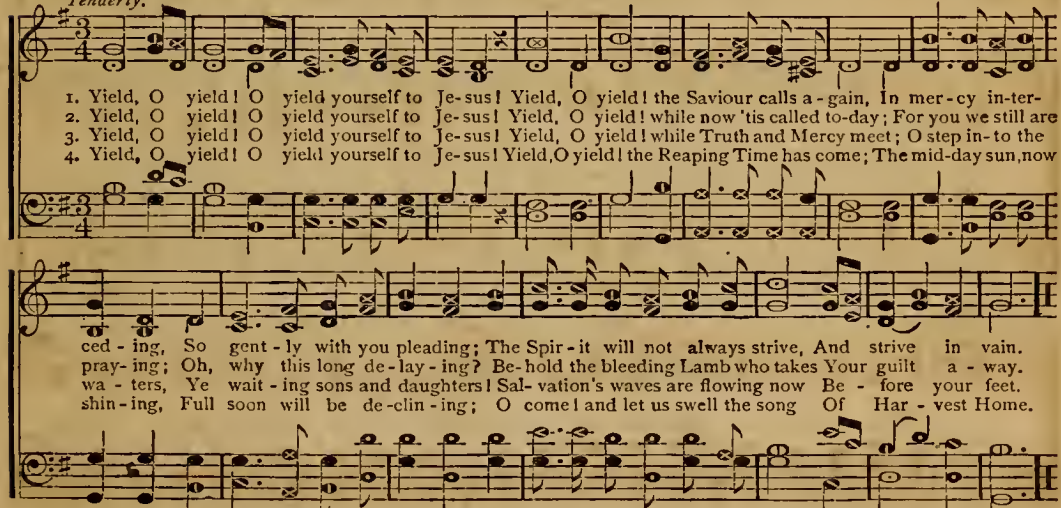


Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

Yield, O Yield.

R. Lowry.

Tenderly.



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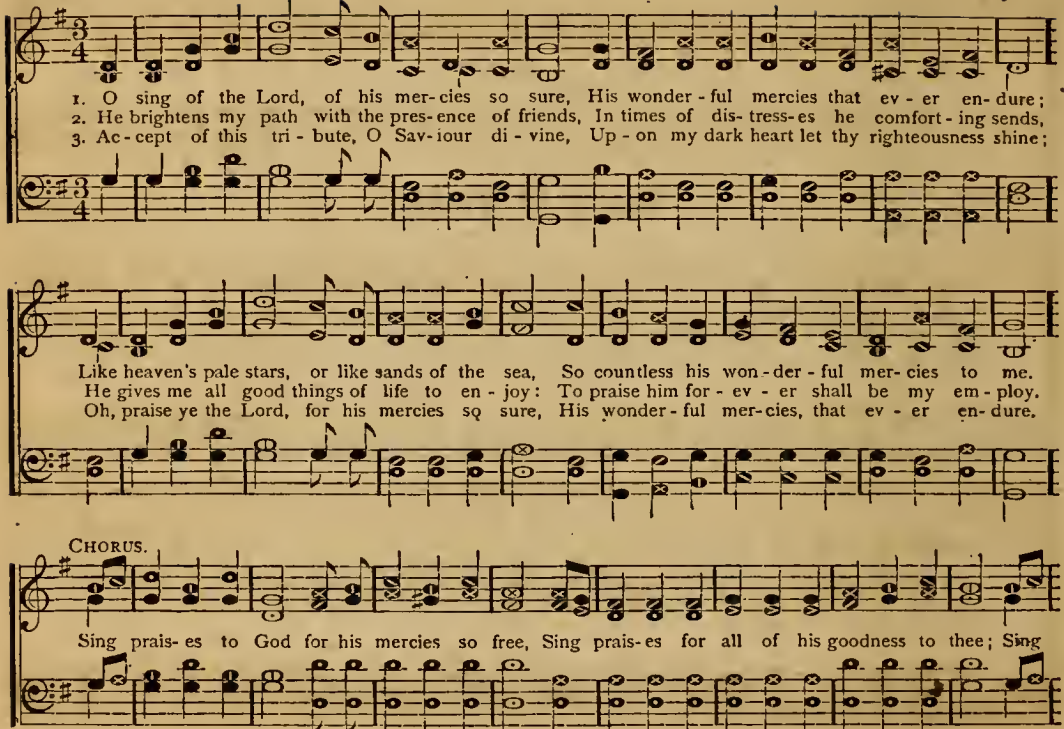
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Wonderful Mercies.

MERLE MURRIE. W. J. K.



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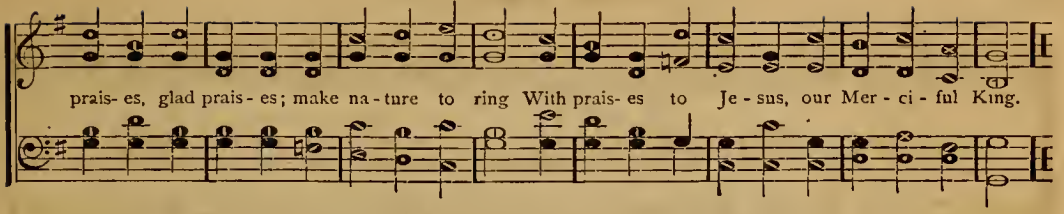
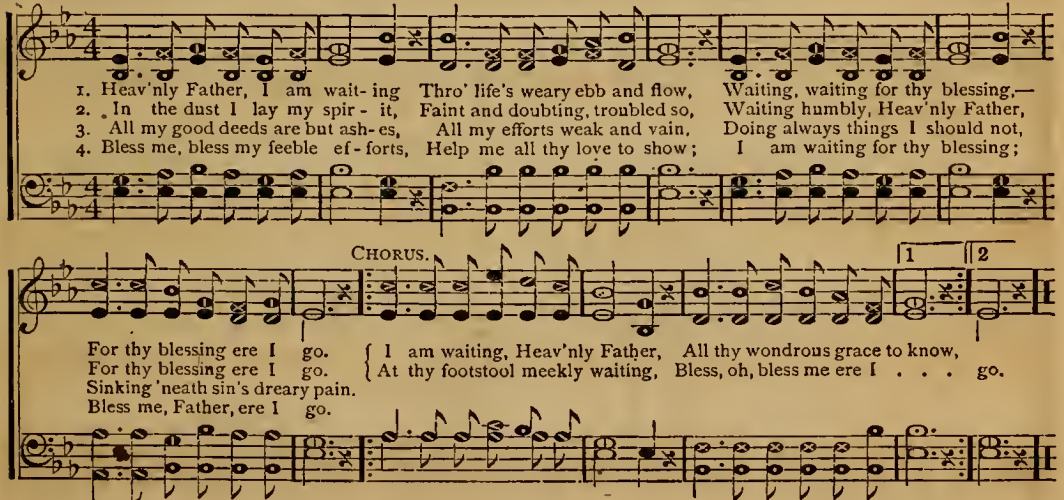


MERLE MURRIE.

Bless Me, Father, ere I go.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.



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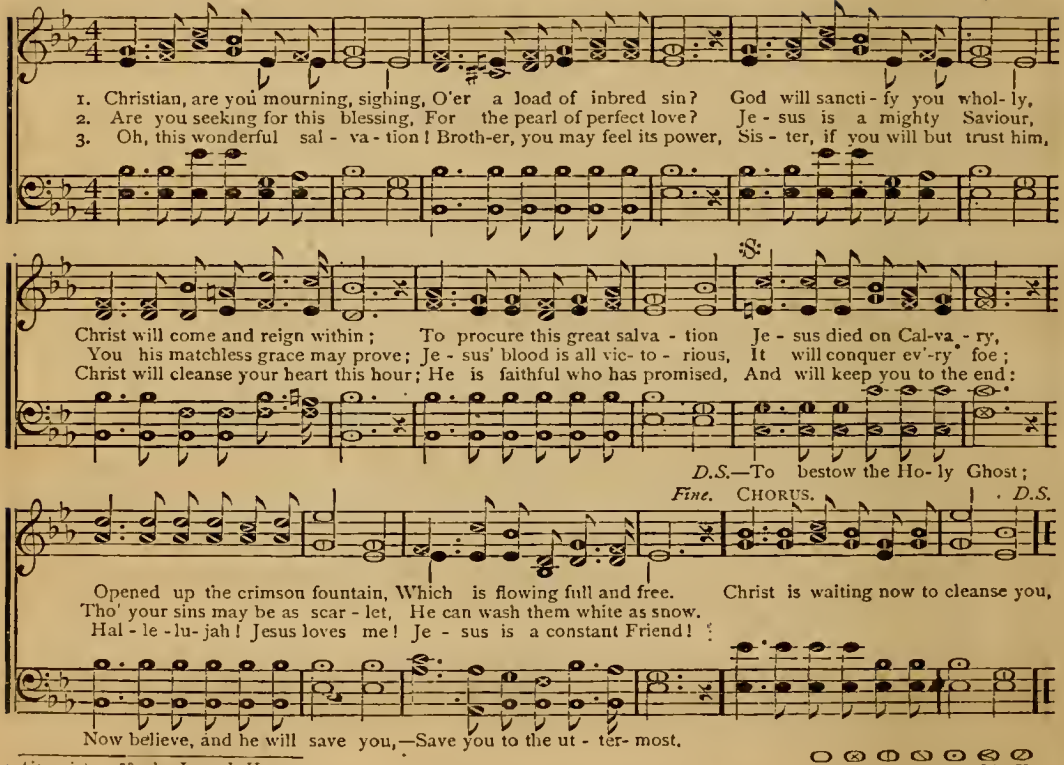
To the Uttermost.

Mrs. M. Sparkes Wheeler. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. J. R. S.



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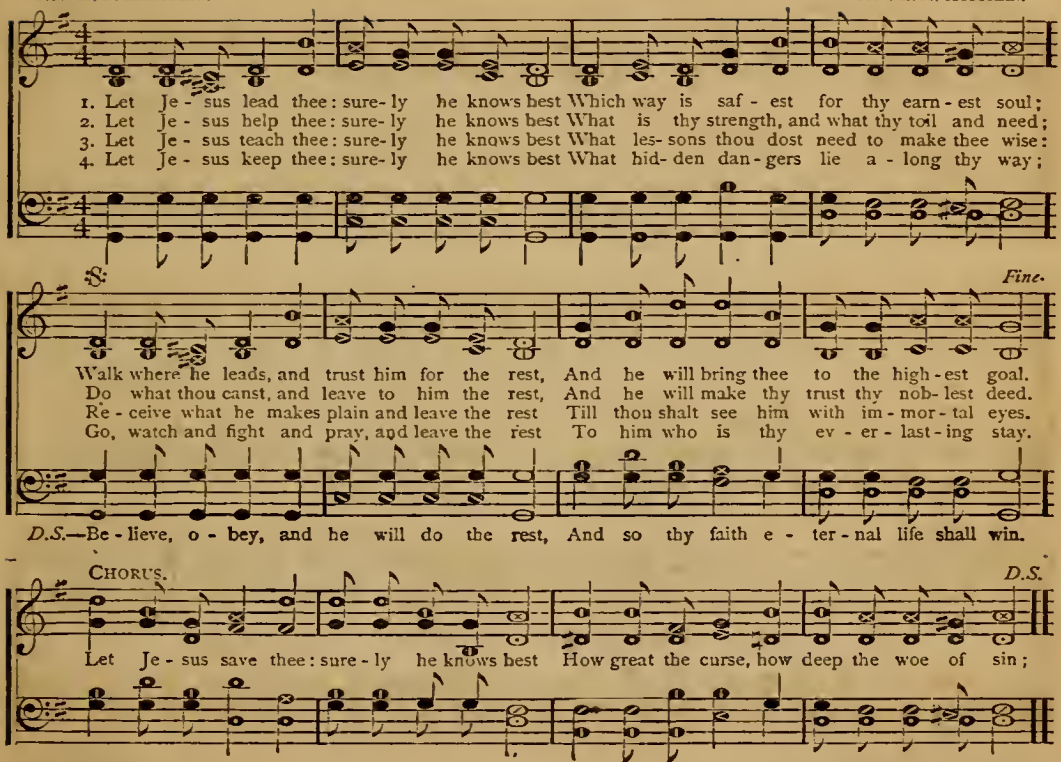
He Knows Best.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



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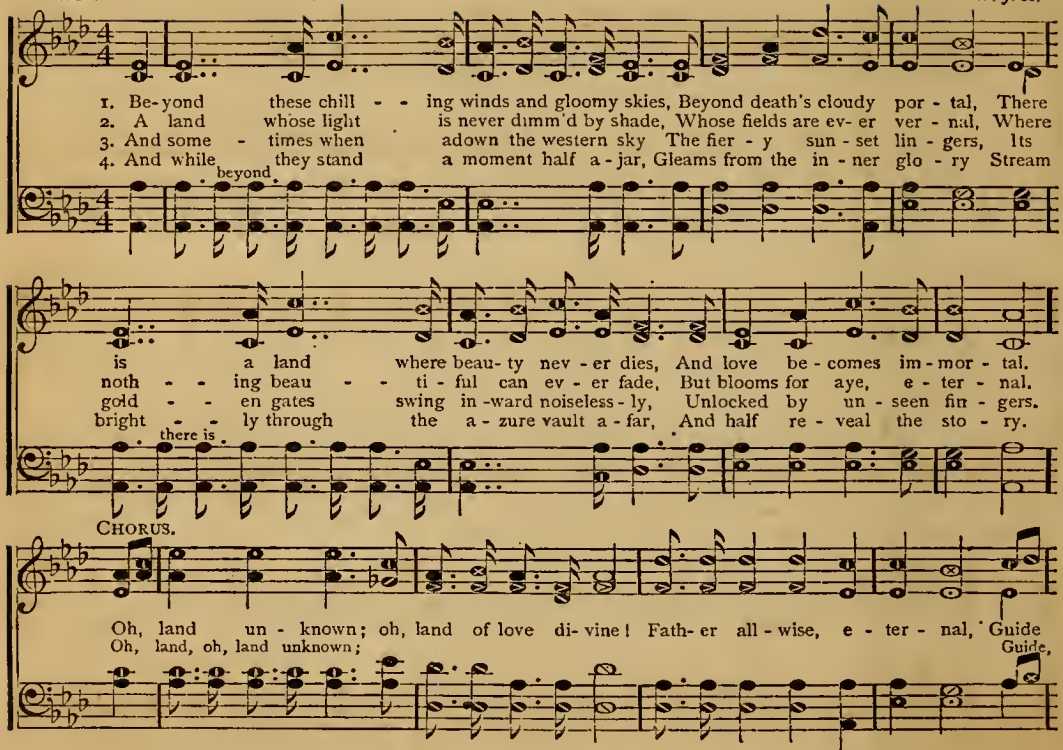
Beyond.

ANON. W. J. K.



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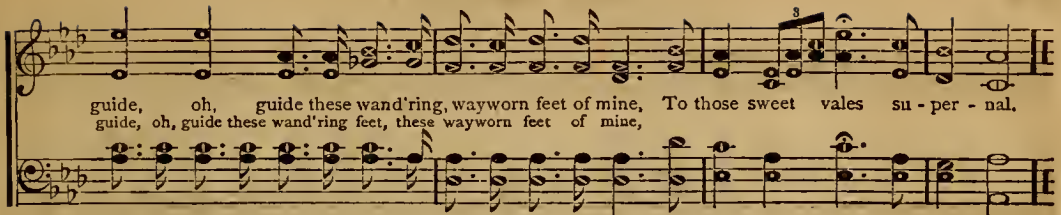
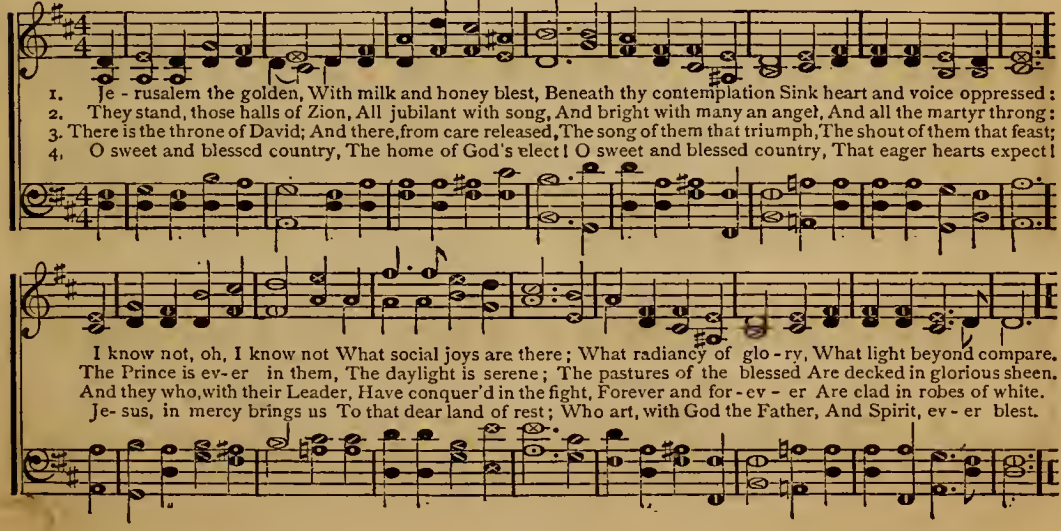


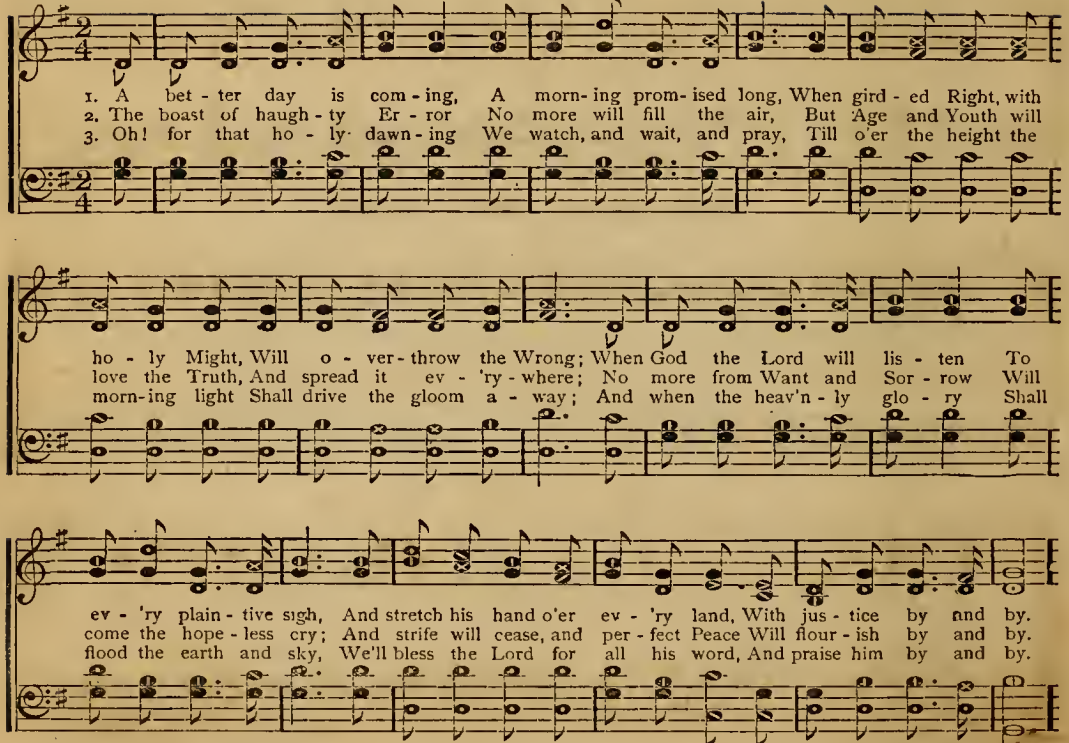
Jerusalem, the Golden.

EWING.



Coming By and By.

R. L. "It shall come to pass in the last days."—Isa. ii. 2. R. LOWRY.



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From "Brightest and Best," by per.

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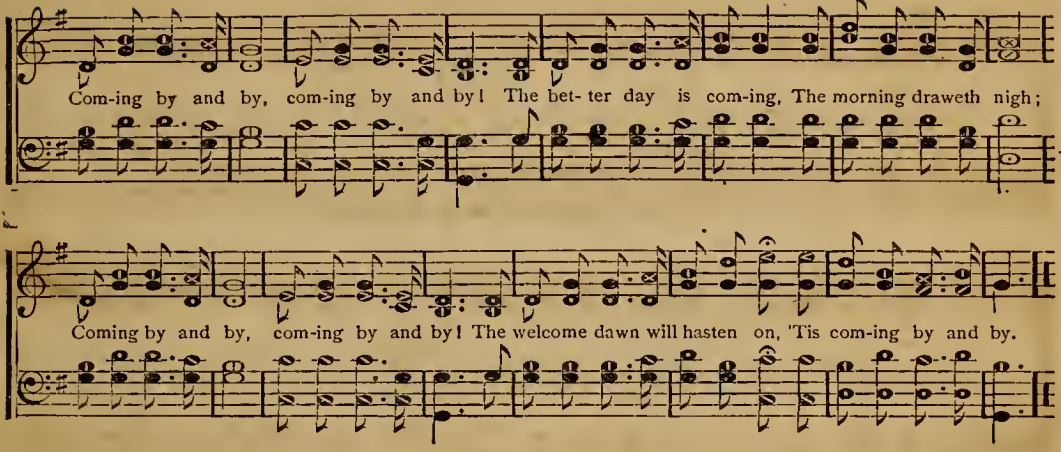
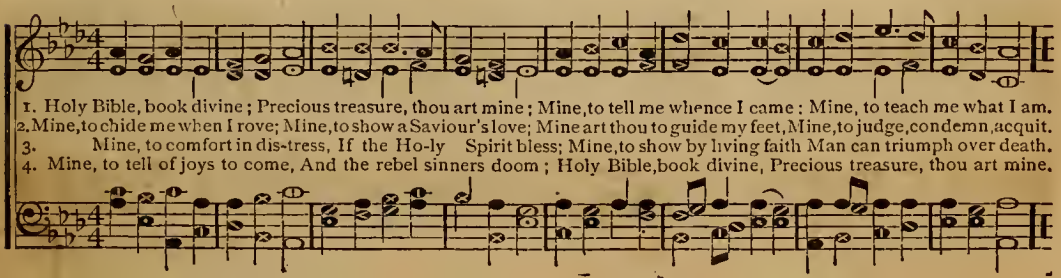


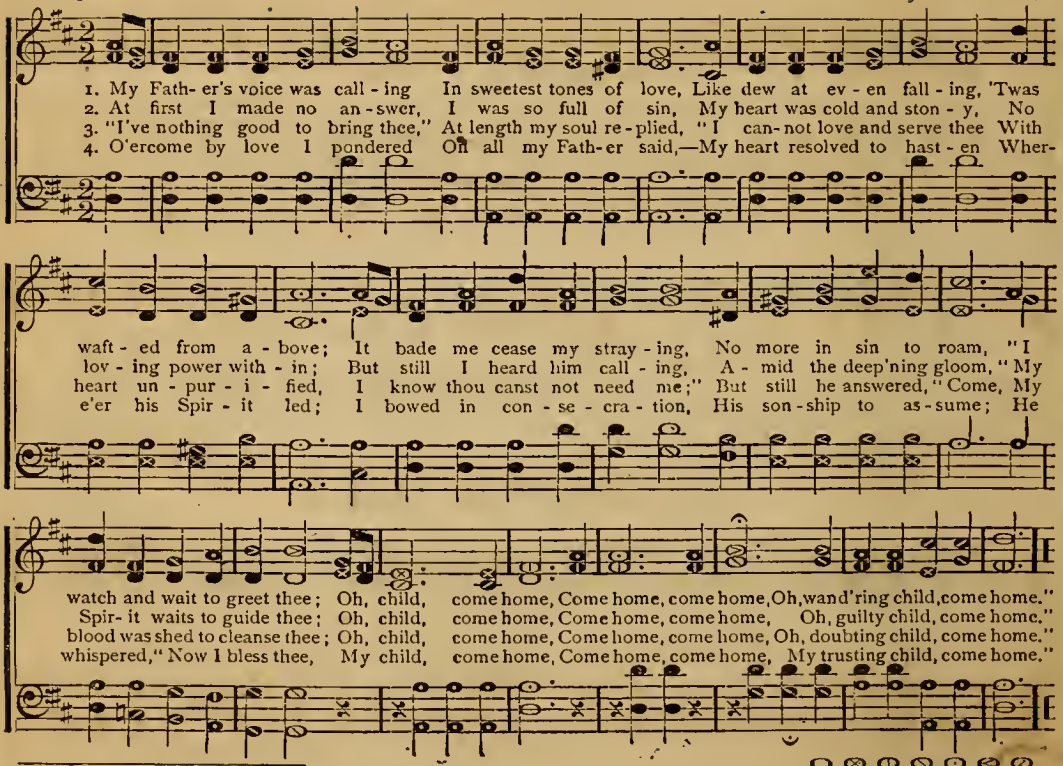
Holy Bible, Book Divine.

J. BURTON. R. R. CHOPE.



Come Home.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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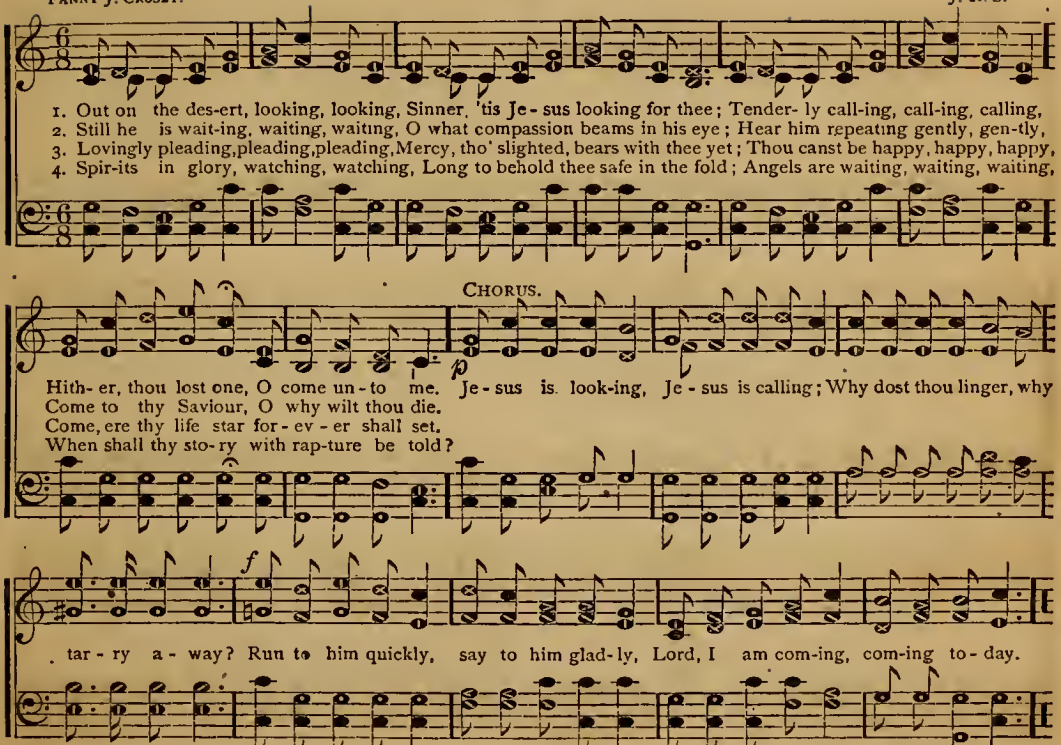
Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. R. S.



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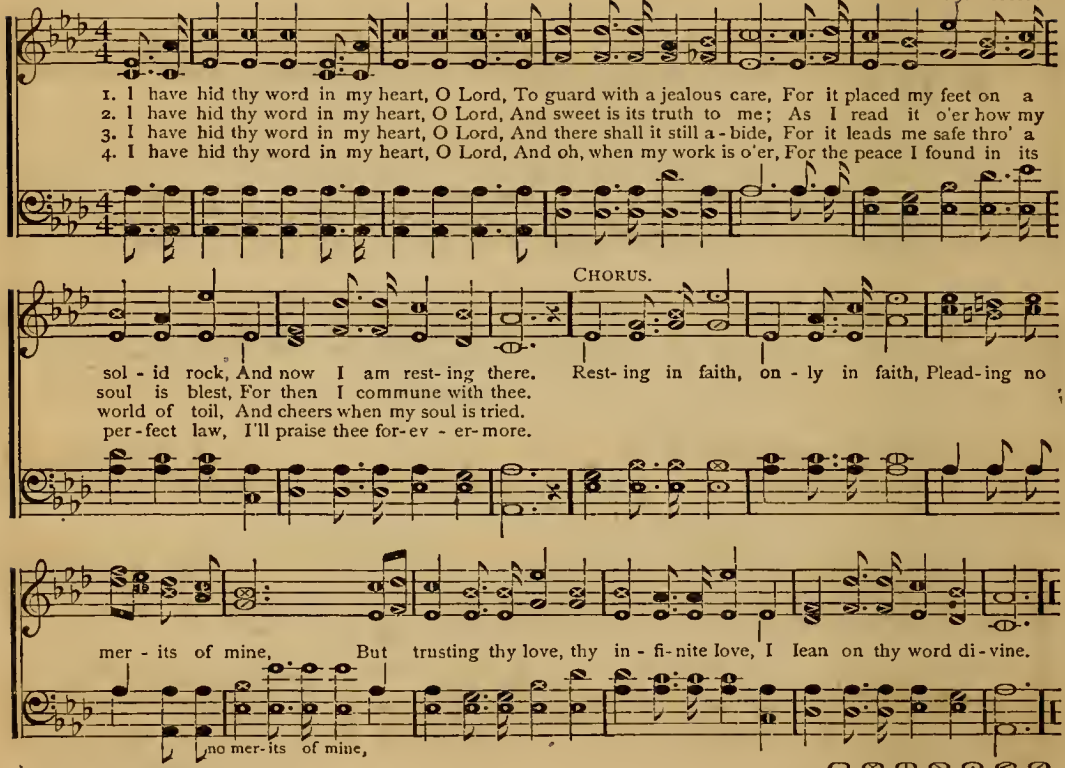
Thy Word have I hid in My Heart.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. S. J. ROBSON.



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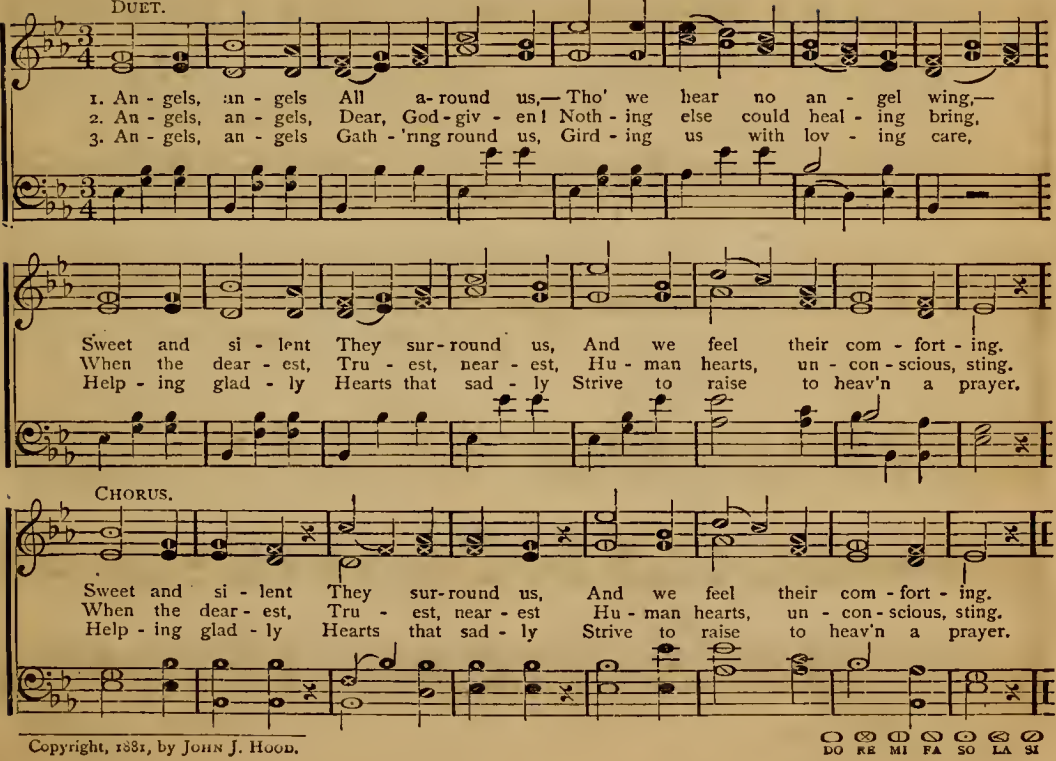
Angels all around us.

EMMA J. STILLWELL. "He shall give his angels charge over thee."—Ps. xci. 11. J. R. S.



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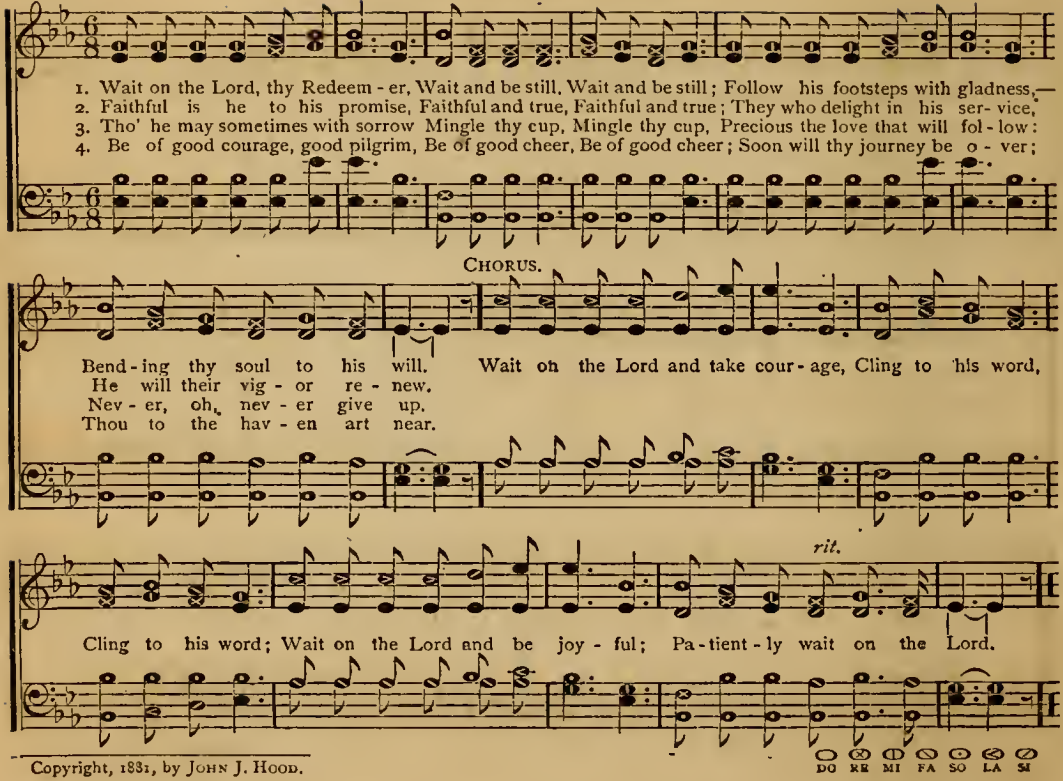
Wait on the Lord.

F. J. C. J. R. S.



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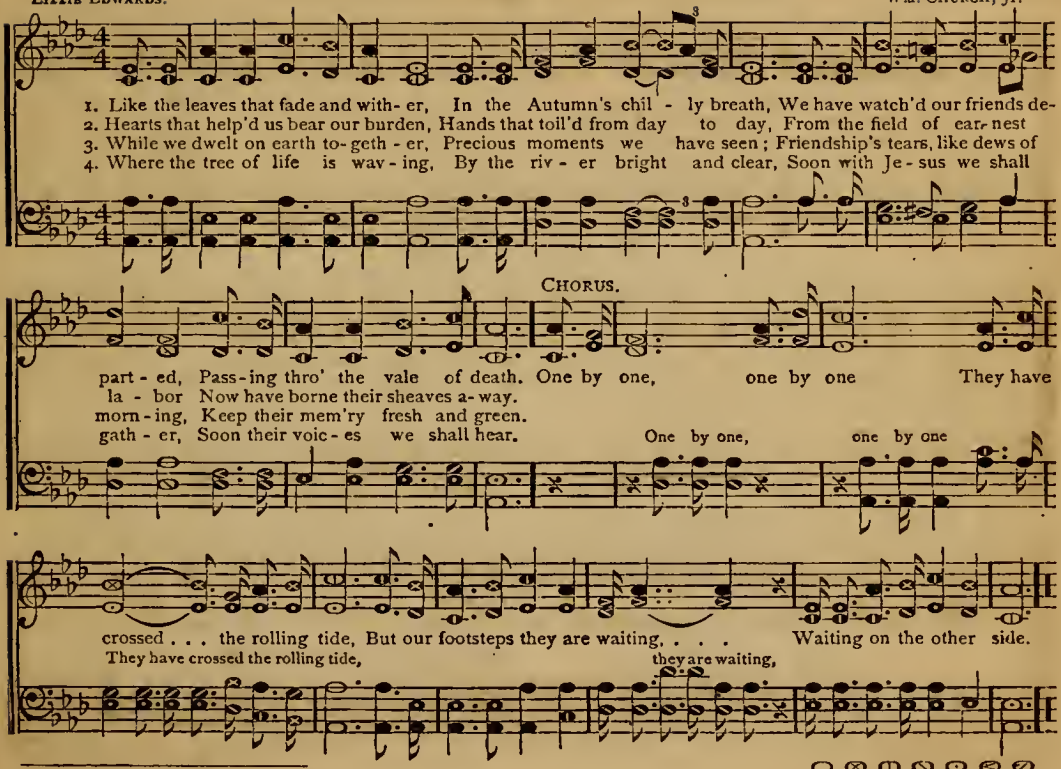
Waiting on the Other Side.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. CHURCH, JR.



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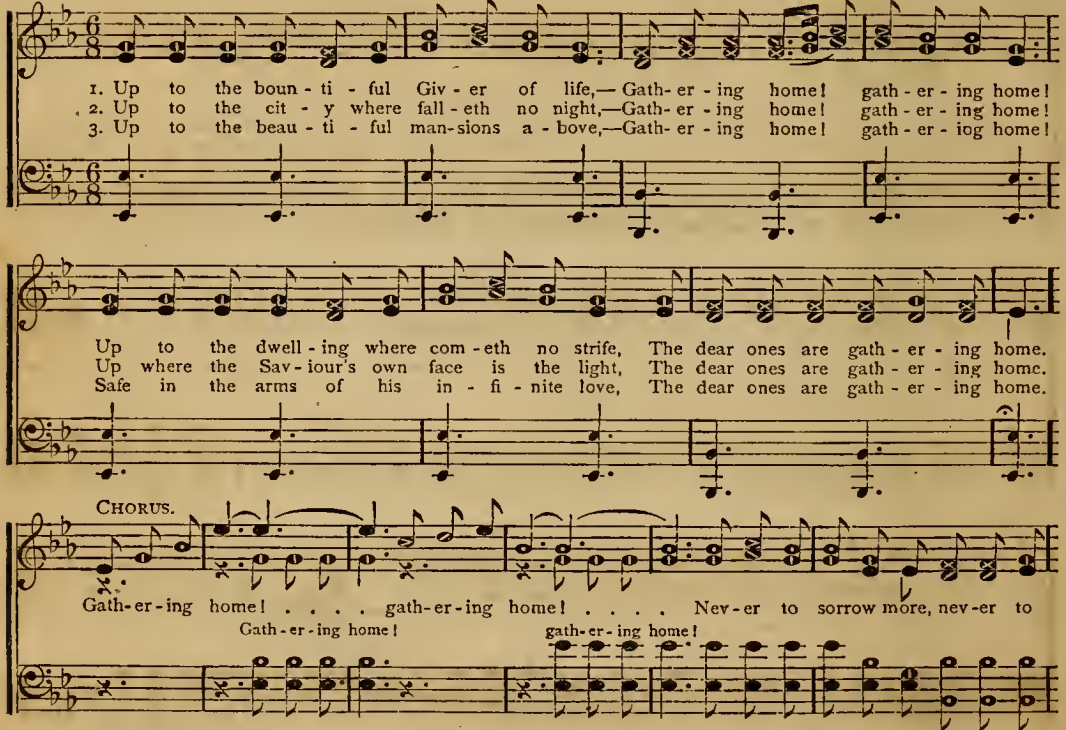
Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."—Rev. xiv. 13. R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.



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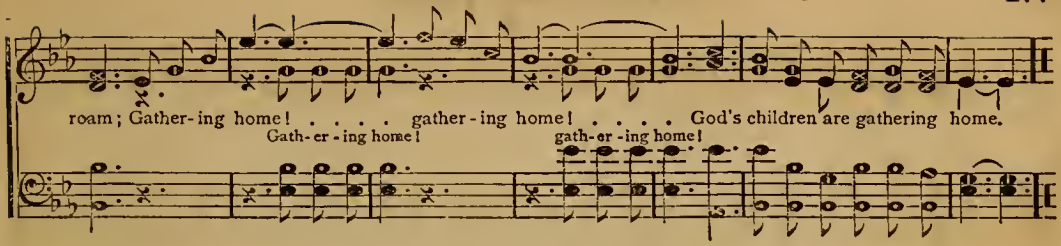
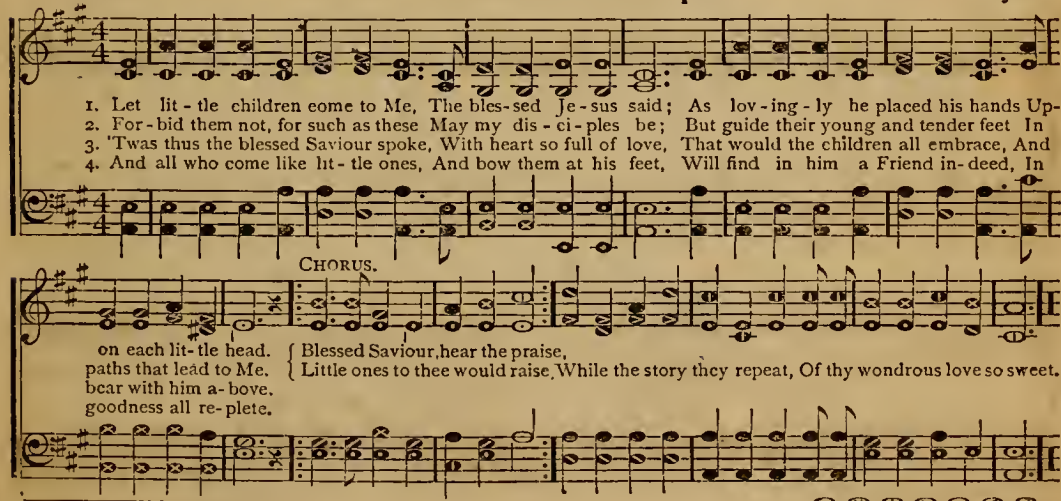


WM. H. CLARK.

The Children's Gospel.

W. J. K.



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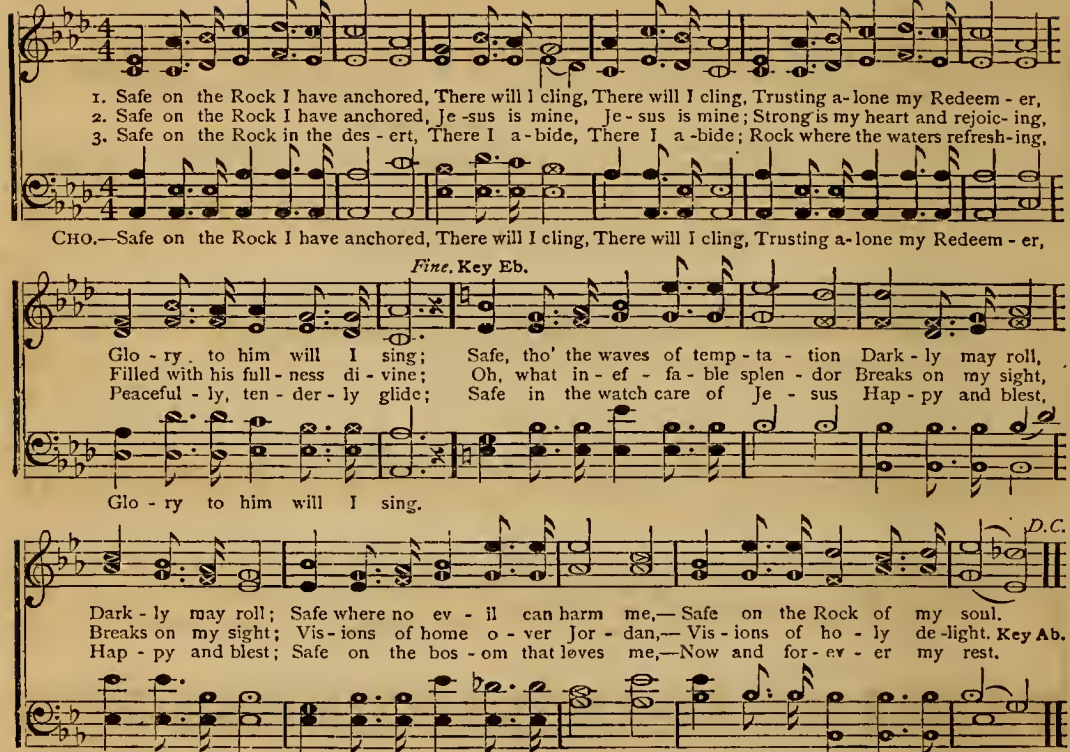
Safe on the Rock.

J. R. S.



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Precious Saviour.

F. J. C.

THOS. H. ERVIN.

1. Precious Sav - iour, Lord of all, Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall, Thou dost clothe the li - ly
2. Precious Sav - iour, bless us now, While be - fore thy throne we bow; Give our teach - ers, Lord, we
3. Precious Sav - iour, as we go From thy earth - ly courts be - low, With thy pres - ence still de-

CHORUS.

fair, Sure - ly thou wilt hear our prayer. Smile up - on us from a - bove, Fill our
pray, Sirength suf - fi - cient for their day.
fend Ev - 'ry soul till time shall end.

hearts with ten-der love, Near-er draw our hearts to thee, Thine for - ev - er let us be.

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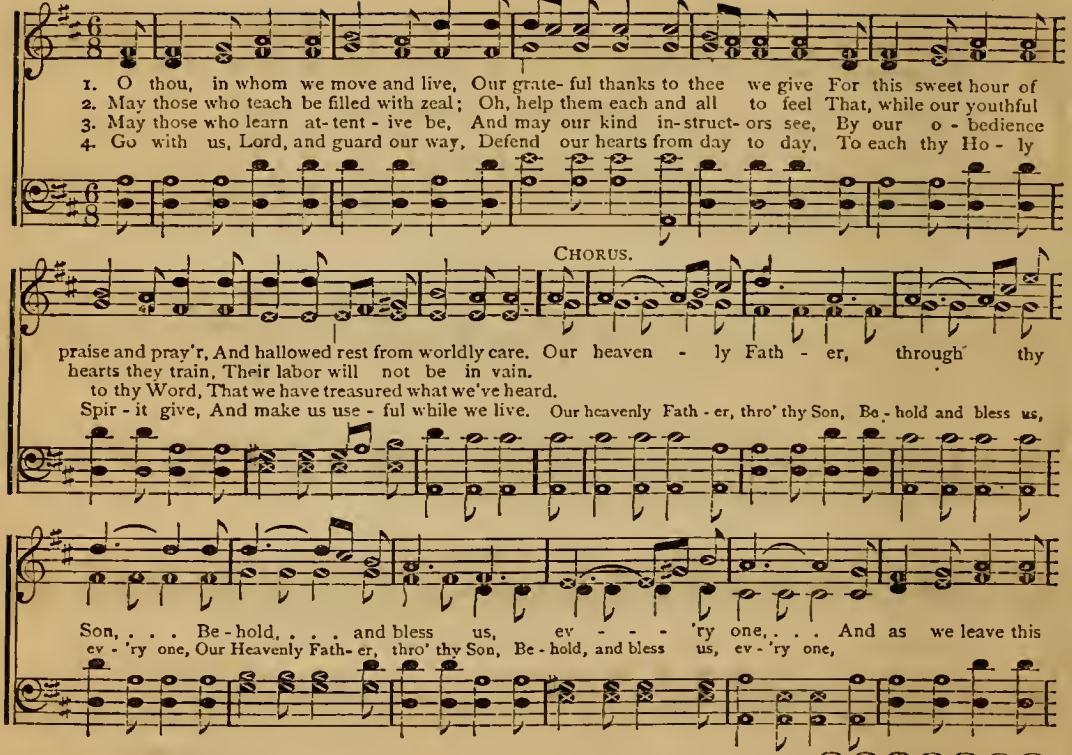
Closing Hymn.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. J. R. S.



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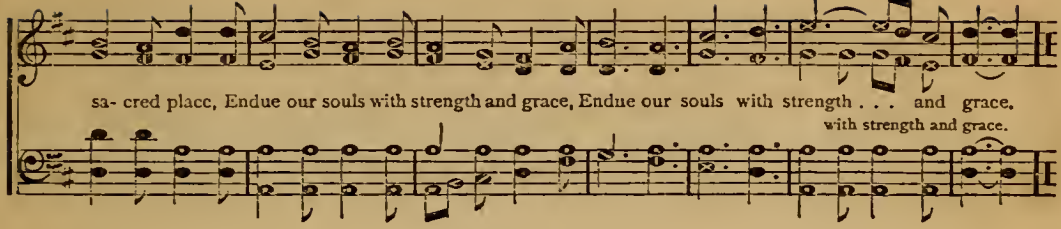
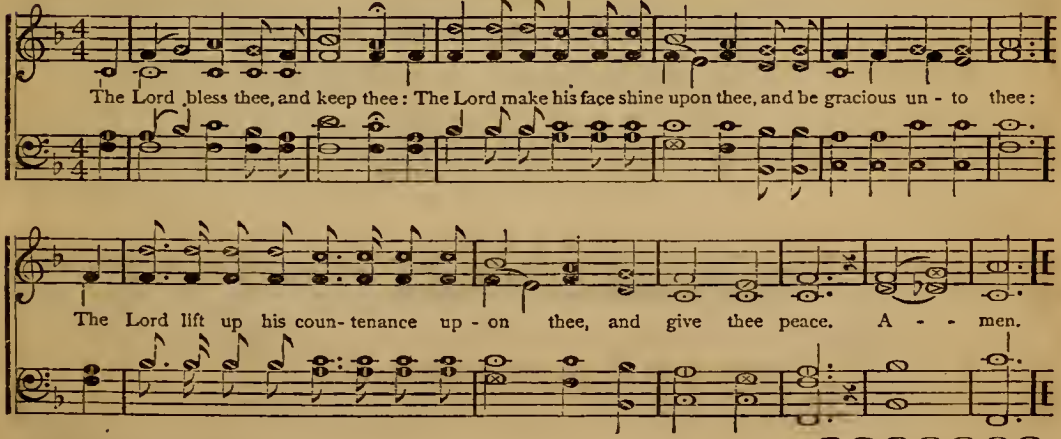


Blessing.

NUM. vi. 24-26. W. J. K.



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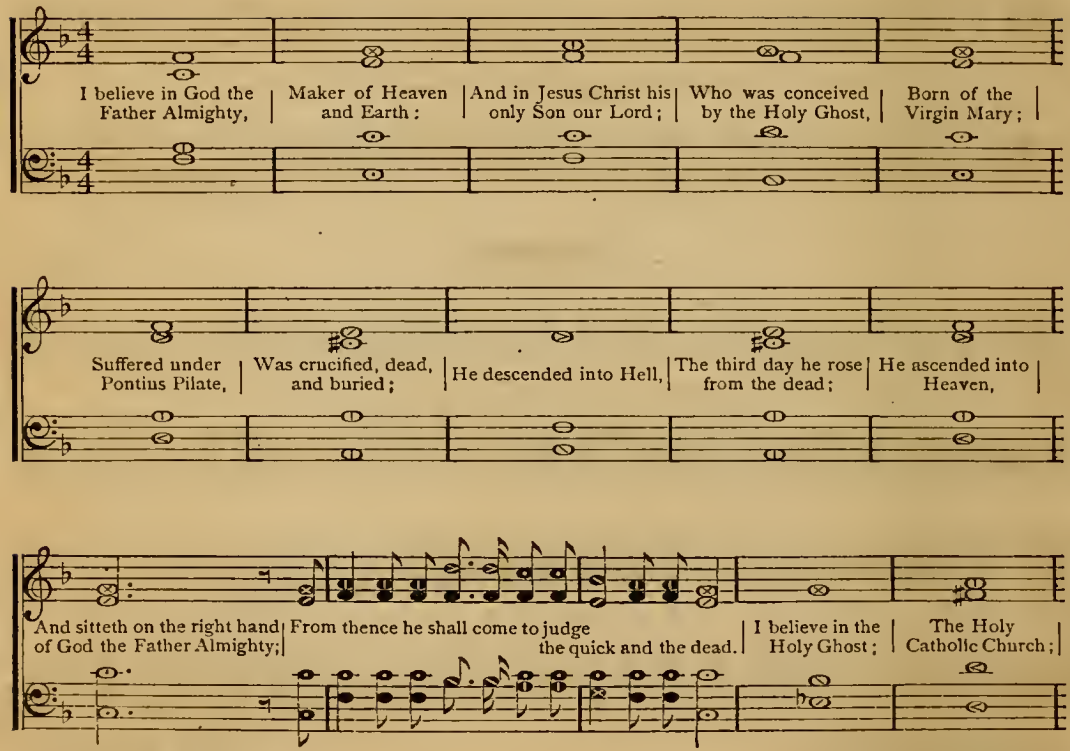
The Apostles' Creed.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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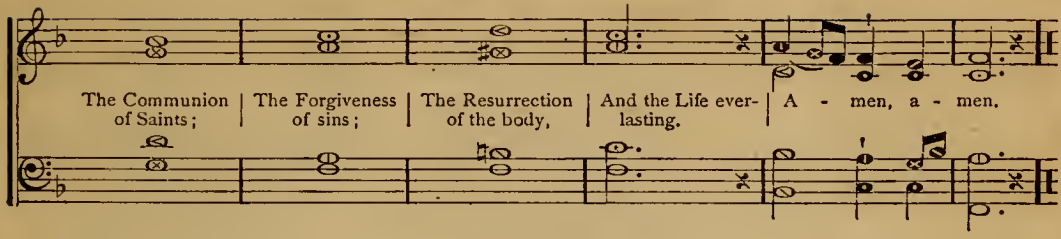
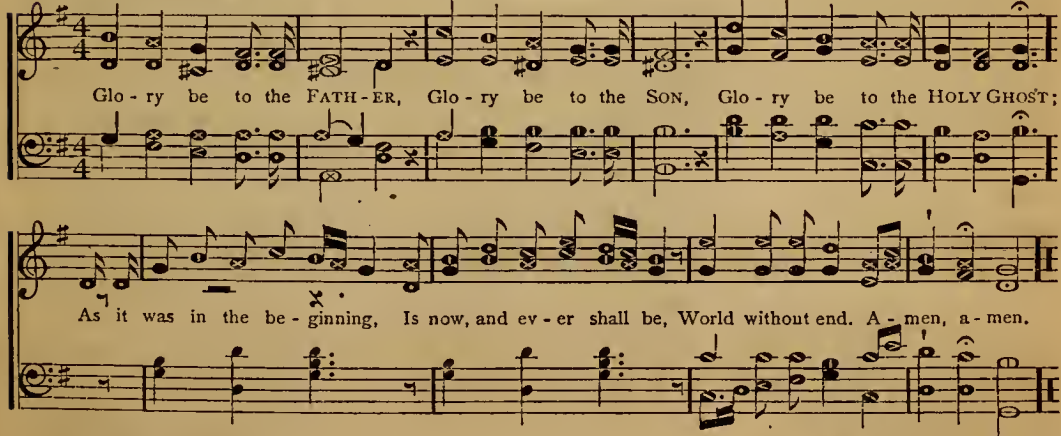


Gloria.

Words arr. by B. M. A.
Slow, with dignity.

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.



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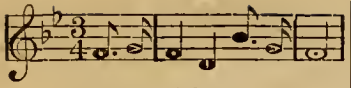
184 Rock of Ages.

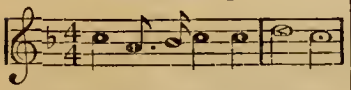


1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death.
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

185 Work for the Night.

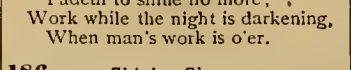


1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

186 Shining Shore.



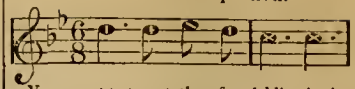
1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger.

Cho.—
For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever! O forever!

187 Yield not to temptation.



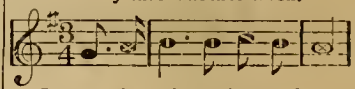
1 YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain; [true,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown,
Through faith we will conquer, though often cast down; [new,
He who is our Saviour our strength will re-
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

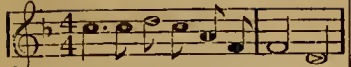
188 Safely thro' another week.



1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best:
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
Make thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

189 **What a Friend.**

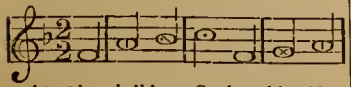


1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

190 **Alas! and did.**



1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

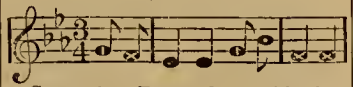
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature,'s sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

191 **Come, thou Fount.**

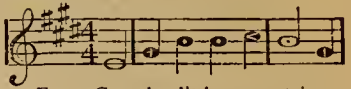


1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal
Seal it for thy courts above. [it,

192 **Missionary Hymn.**

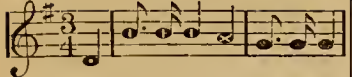


1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

193 **Beulah Land.**



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

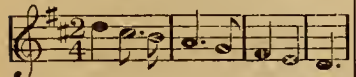
Cho.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

194 **O for a thousand tongues.**



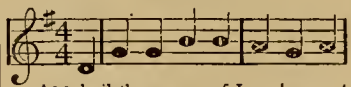
1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

195 **Coronation.**



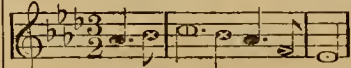
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

196 **Blessed Bible.**

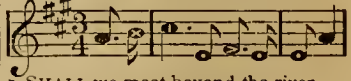


1 Blessed Bible! how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What on earth like this to covet?
Oh, what stores of wealth are here
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wandrings
Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death! no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

197 **Shall we meet beyond the river.**



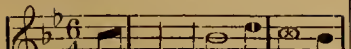
1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

198 Must Jesus bear the Cross.

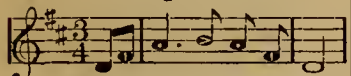


1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

199 Redeeming work is done.



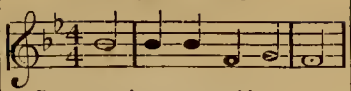
1 REDEEMING work is done,
The debt of sin is paid;
The precious Lamb of God,
My sacrifice is made.

Ref.—Jesus paid it all;
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,
And plead his grace so free;
I'll wash me in his blood,—
That blood was shed for me.

3 Yes, Jesus paid it all;
To him the glory be;
His love my pardon speaks,
And grace has set me free.

200 Blow ye the trumpet.

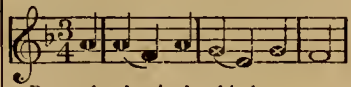


1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

201 Blest be the tie that binds.

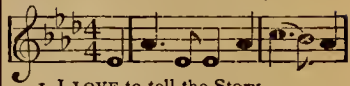


1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

202 I love to tell the Story.



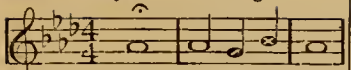
1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story,
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY,
That I have loved so long.

203 **Beyond the smiling.**

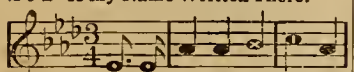


1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

204 **Is My Name Written There.**



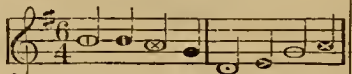
1 LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

205 **Fill me now.**



1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

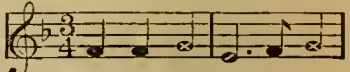
Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

206 **My Country, 'tis of thee.**

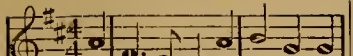


1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

207 He Leadeth Me.

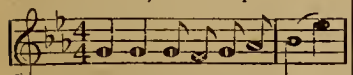


1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught?
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Rep.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

208 Saviour, like a Shepherd.

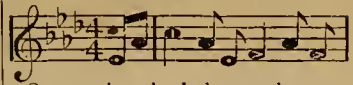


1 Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosom fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

209 The Rock that is higher than I.



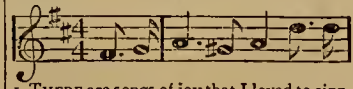
1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Cho.—𝄆: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I. :𝄇

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep
Or walking the shadowy vale.

210 The New Song.



1 There are songs of joy that I loved to sing
When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;
But the song I have learned is so full of cheer
That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

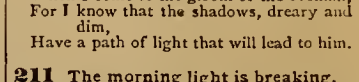
Cho.—Oh, the new, new song! Oh, the new, new song,
I can sing it now with the ransomed throng:
Power and dominion to him that shall reign;
Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

2 There are strains of home that are dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee?"

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

211 The morning light is breaking.



1 The morning light is breaking·
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

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